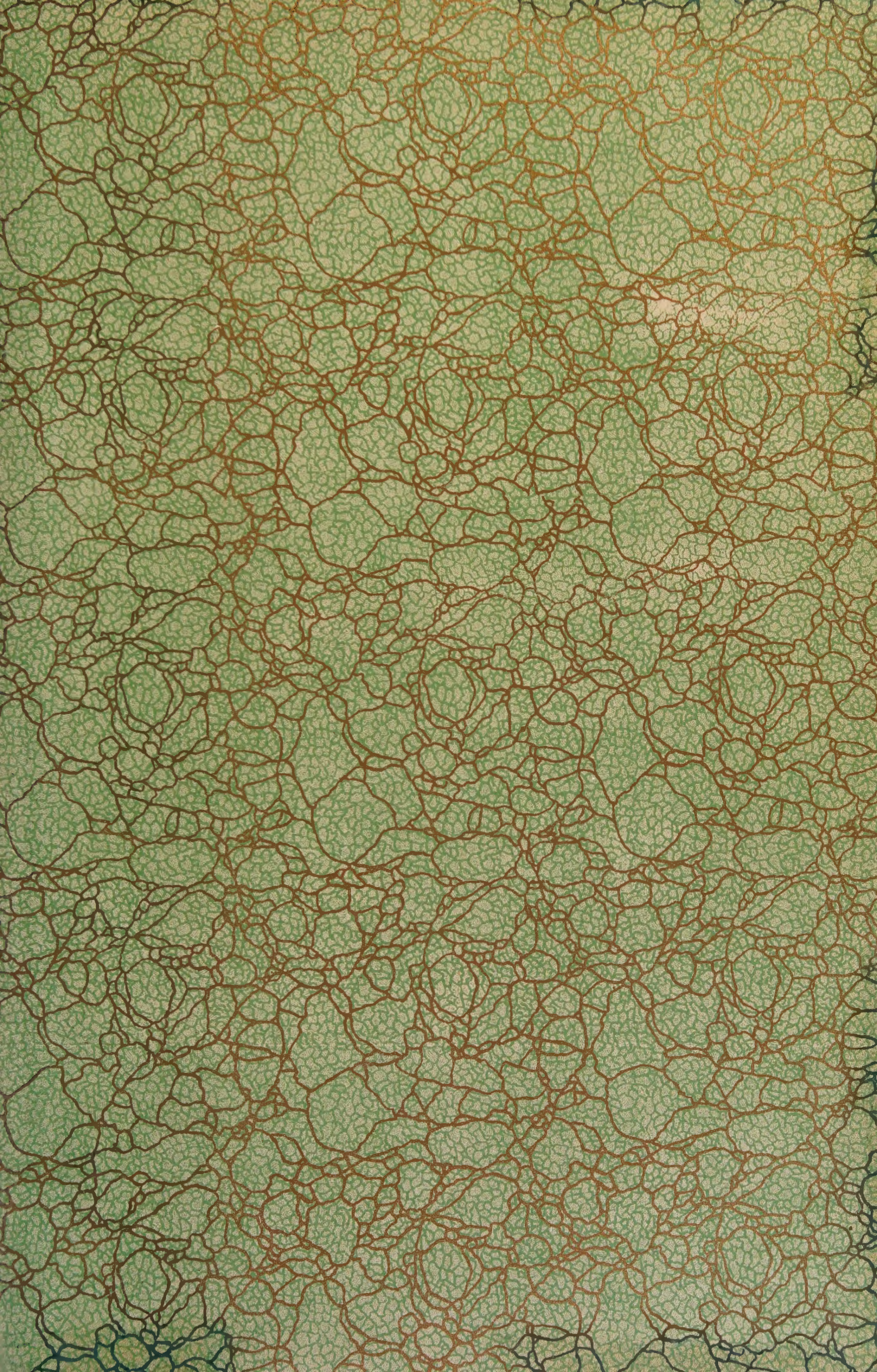

THE GREAT REPUBLIC
THE AGE OF AGGRESSION
1824-1854

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"WESTWARD HO," AN ALLEGORICAL CONCEPTION OF THE WESTWARD ADVANCE OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. *(From the painting by Leutze in the Capitol at Washington)*

The Real America in Romance

THE GREAT REPUBLIC

THE AGE OF AGGRESSION

1824-1854

EDITED BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS,"
"LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS," "VIRGILIA, AND OTHER
POEMS," "THE POETRY OF JESUS," ETC.

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THE GREAT REPUBLIC

THE AGE OF AGGRESSION

FAR beyond the limits of the United States as conceived a generation before, a band of hardy men were engaged in pushing American civilization to the banks of the Rio Grande. A mere handful in number, their ranks recruited from the descendants of Cavalier and Puritan, they withstood to the death the attempt of Mexican tyranny to trespass upon their rights as freemen. War ensued, one of the most picturesque in history. In the face of a gallant foe greatly outnumbering them, a thousand Anglo-Saxons, asking no quarter, selling their lives dearly, pressed on until the flag of the lone star was added to the republican banners of the world.

The entrance of Texas into the sisterhood of the Union was as inevitable as filial and paternal affection. Just as inevitable was the resentment of Mexico, leading to another and vaster war. The outcome, when the same stock that conquered at San Jacinto met the tyrant Santa Anna at Buena Vista and Monterey, at Churubusco and Chapultepec, required no prophet for its telling. Never have American arms been more greatly distinguished, not one defeat sullying the flags of the Armies of the North, of the West, and of the Center.

This generation brings us within the shadows of the coming crisis between the States. The bitter sectional feeling so soon to rend the nation is here more clearly discernible. The destined leaders of the sundered States are beheld for the first time. Within the flickering light of a single campfire in the Black Hawk War may be seen the forms of Lincoln and Davis. Shoulder by shoulder in the fighting about the City of Mexico stand Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston, Thomas and Pillow, Stevens and Beauregard. Their distinction then so bravely earned was an earnest of the world-wide distinction to come.

California and all its gold were won; New Mexico and Arizona, youngest of our commonwealths, became ours both by conquest and fair purchase; and in the north the Oregon country, long in dispute, now settled itself in safety beneath the flag. The strip of English-speaking people along the Atlantic coast begins to balance itself with a similar fringe on the Pacific, from Columbia to Noma Point, of eager, alert, pushing Americans. The Red Frontier, which had always lain to westward, was now pushed back from the West to meet the East, and the peaceful occupation of the Louisiana Purchase was assured by the mighty reach of the nation from ocean to ocean.

History can never be more interesting than here, where every gallant deed is the forerunner of a greater gallantry in the crisis which threatens from the generation yet to come. Of a piece with it is the romantic interest in the book, which binds the history into an engrossing whole. On the field of battle the descendants of Stevens the Cavalier and Stevens the Pilgrim meet the lost remnant of the Estévan family, sprung from Felipe, the grandson of Hernando, companion to Columbus, who had sought the family fortunes among his fellow Spaniards in Mexico.

Romance and history combine, each adding interest to the other as it receives interest from the other, until before the reader's eyes stands a picture of a puissant nation, planted firmly on the shores of this earth's two greatest seas, at last and always The Great Republic.

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THE GREAT REPUBLIC

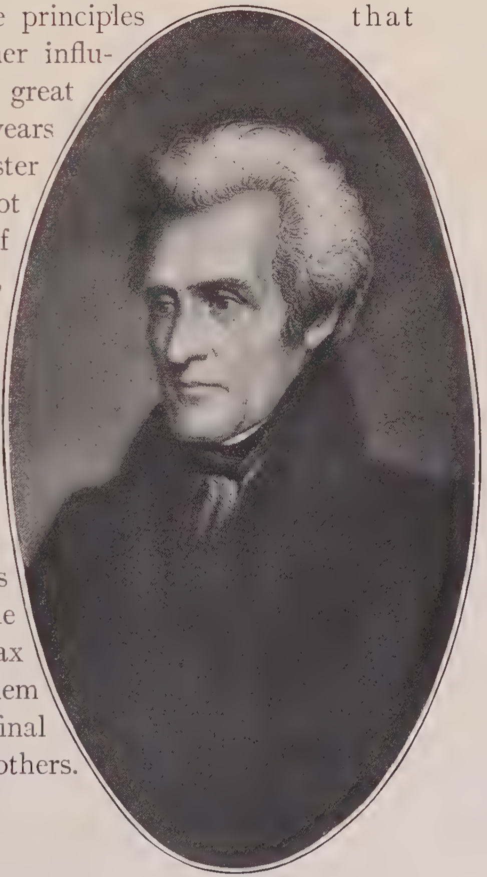
THE GREAT REPUBLIC

CHAPTER I

LEST HEAVEN BE LONELY

IT was summer in the year of our Lord 1825. The victory of Yorktown was still fresh in the memory of living men. Battle-scarred veterans who had been with Washington had survived to see the infant republic demonstrate the soundness of the principles that gave her birth. Already her influence was felt among the great peoples of the earth. Two years before she had said to her sister nations that they must not lay hands on the children of liberty in the two Americas, and they had acquiesced. So great a truth is liberty.

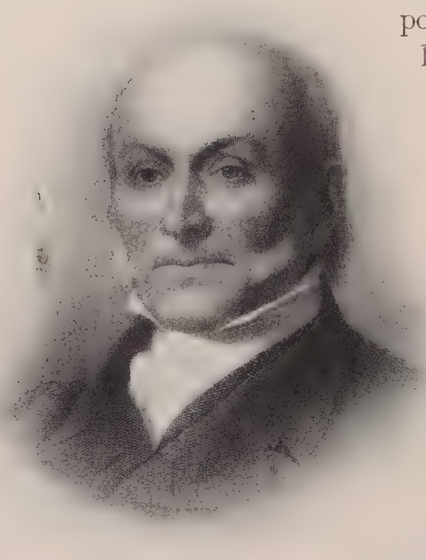
Heroes of peace had led her through the devious ways of early life. The great conflict between strong central government and individual state rights had been deferred, giving the young nation time to wax strong before that problem should come up for its final solution in the blood of brothers.



Andrew Jackson (*From the drawing by J. B. Longacre*)

The spirit of nationalism had swept the country at the close of the second war with England. The United States of America had found herself. The experiment had succeeded. She was a nation among nations.

True, the federal question was only submerged. Sectional interests muttered and rumbled, threatening the integrity of the Union, warping her policies, distorting the perspective of her destiny. New England, commercial and manufacturing, was in conflict with the South, where the cotton gin had established agriculture, and slavery with it. But the spirit of the people was distinctly and strongly nationalistic.

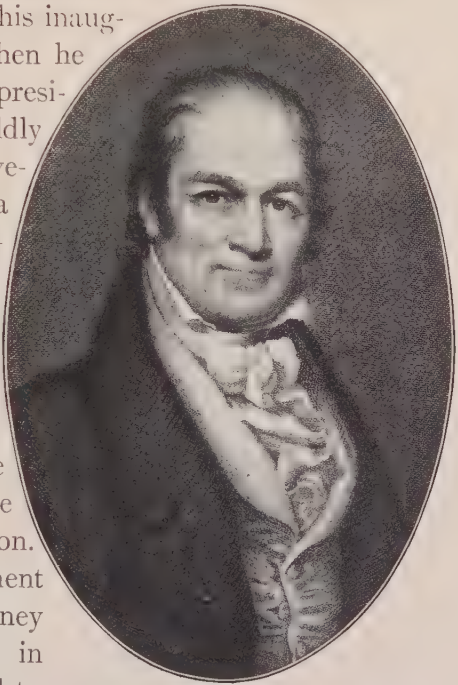


John Quincy Adams (*From the painting by G. P. A. Healy*)

It defined the policies of the nation abroad. It entrenched her diplomatists in foreign courts behind a bulwark of patriotic enthusiasm. It made her to be reckoned with, respected, deferred to. But more than that, it led the people of the country into an expansion movement whose irresistible force has raised her high above all other nations in wealth of field and forge, of agriculture and manufacturing, of industry and commerce.

Her borders now lay along the great rivers of the West: the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Illinois, the Missouri, the Red. Settlements were gathering along the Great Lakes. Hardy frontiersmen were pushing into Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi. Steamboats plied to Cleveland. The Erie Canal, just opened, had already let loose a growing flood of commerce which was to give New York City preëminence over all the cities of the land.

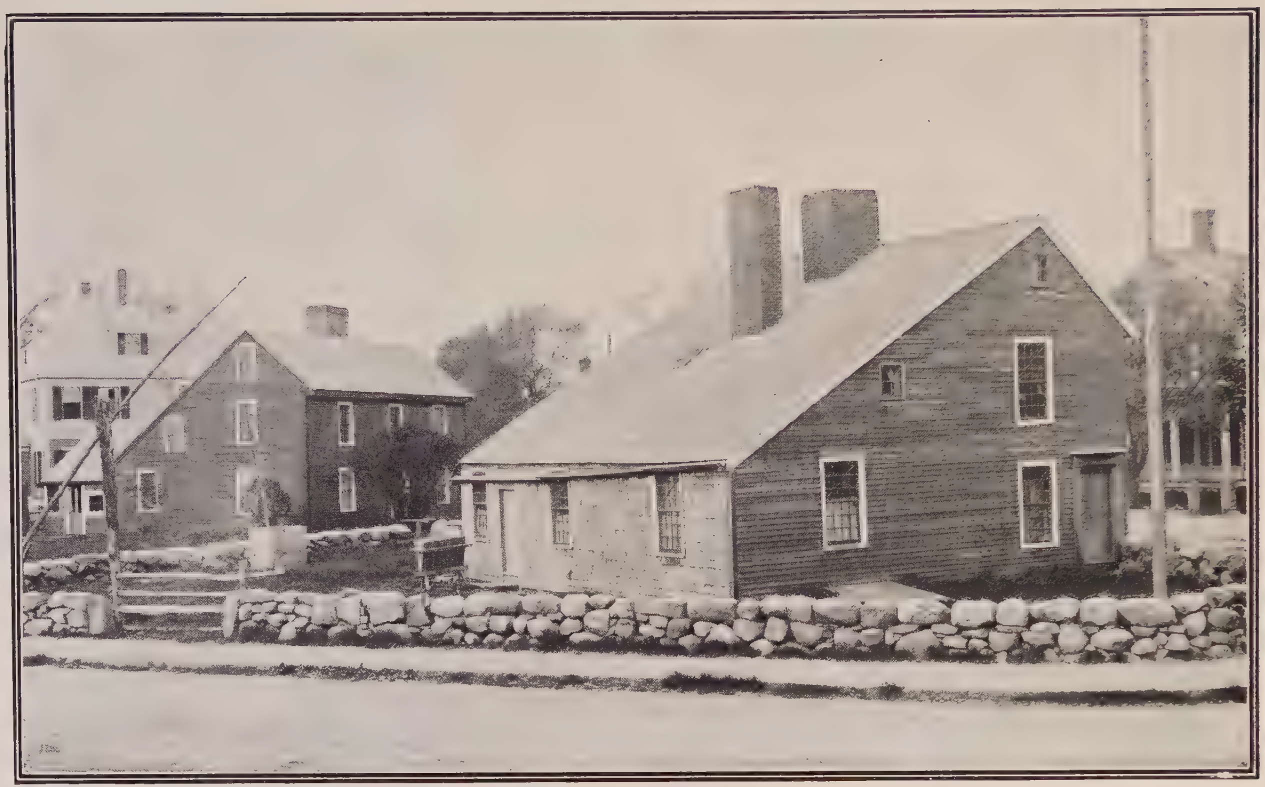
John Quincy Adams, who had broken with the Federalist party years before, had showed his sympathy with the nationalist tendencies in his inaugural message to Congress when he had been inducted into the presidency this same year. Boldly he declared for internal improvements — for canals, roads, a national university, encouragement to commerce — to be undertaken by the central government. It was a startling programme to urge in those times. Many there were who believed that it did not lie within the powers granted the government by the constitution. It was argued that the government had no right to spend money belonging to all the States, in improvements that were local to any one State. Those who favored such improvements had gone no further than to propose an amendment to the constitution. It was the first "loose construction" of that great instrument. But it met with the approval of the nation at large.


WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD *(From the portrait by J. W. Jarvis)*

John Quincy Adams, son of John Adams, had been elected by the house of representatives, the electoral college having failed to elect. Andrew Jackson received ninety-nine electoral votes in the country at large; Adams eighty-four, William Harris Crawford of Georgia forty-one, and Henry Clay thirty-seven. Under the Constitution, Congress must decide between the three leading candidates. Clay, as speaker of the house, had the power in his hands to swing victory. He pitched upon Adams as least dangerous to his own political aspirations and a logical champion of his own policies. Adams was elected. A cry of bargaining went up against the successful candidate and Clay. It was unfounded; but it never ceased to weigh against Clay.

John Quincy Adams was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, July 11, 1767. Much of his youth was spent abroad, where he accompanied his father in his diplomatic residences. He himself was the most distinguished American diplomatist of his time. He had been minister to The Netherlands, Prussia, Russia, and England. His most distinguished service abroad was in negotiating the Treaty of Ghent, made between the United States and England in 1814. For five years he had been senator from Massachusetts. He was professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres at Harvard from 1806 to 1809. He was secretary of state under Monroe, and in that capacity negotiated the treaty with Spain for the acquisition of Florida, and for the settlement of the western boundary of Louisiana. To him is due the inception of that policy which denies to European governments the right of interference in the affairs of the American hemisphere, popularly known as the "Monroe Doctrine."

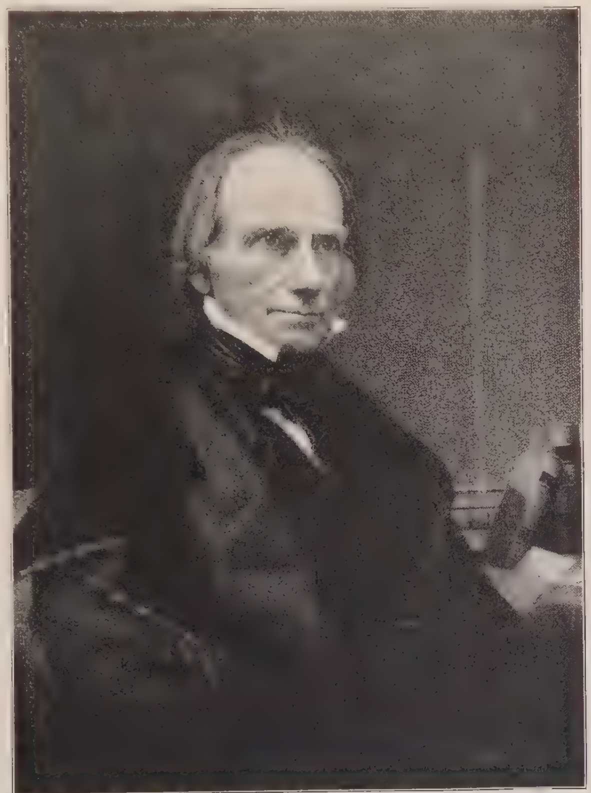
The manner of his election caused deep dissatisfaction. Opposition sprang up against him. He forbore striking at it through federal patronage. He would not compromise with his conscience, but declared his views on policies with a disregard of their political effect which sometimes dismayed Clay, his secretary of state. Party strife was high. Adams had not the support of the senate in the beginning. He lost his following in the house at the next election. But



Birthplace of John Adams, Braintree, now Quincy, Massachusetts, Showing at the Left the House in which John Quincy Adams was Born

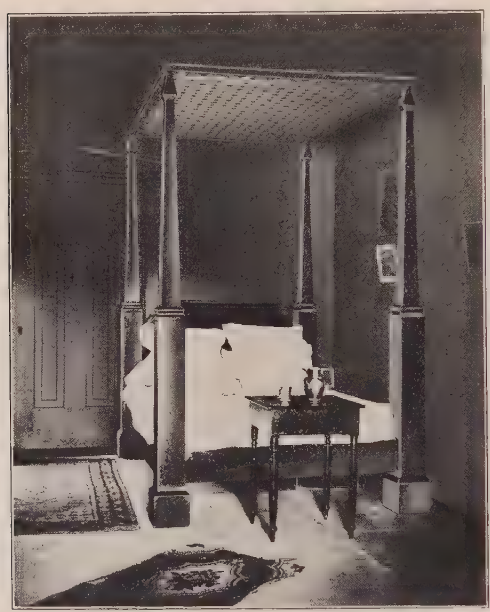
the party strife, for the most part, was only a turbulent eddy at Washington. It sucked a few into its turgid whirl, but the mass of the people went its several ways in peace.

In the North the hum of the shuttle and the clatter of the factory called men to their day's work, and long trails of smoke shut out the larger prospect. In the South the songs of negroes in the fields made sweeter music in the ears of their masters. For, whoever might be President at Washington, cotton would continue to grow and be spun into cloth, and negroes would continue to sing as they planted and hoed and picked it.



Henry Clay in His Seventy-first Year (*From an engraving after several daguerreotypes made by A. H. Ritchie*)

Fernando Stevens, planter of many acres and owner of many negroes in Boone County, Kentucky, sat on the pillared veranda of his mansion in the hush of an August afternoon. The broad fields of hemp, wheat, and tobacco that swept away before him buzzed with myriad life, reviving after the heat of the midday. The sun itself, relenting, was gathering up his shafts into golden bundles as he hurried down the west. Up from the fields came the droning song of the blacks, singing as they bent to their tasks, in joy that another day was done.


Henry Clay's Bedstead at Ashland

Sitting there alone in the warm hush of the late afternoon, Fernando Stevens gazed with eyes that saw not over the spreading acres that were his. Ineffable grief was graven on his features. Wide eyed, motionless, he stared over his fields, taking no heed. At last the songs of the negroes broke through into his consciousness. His eyes left their vision. He stirred and sighed.

"My God!" he whispered to himself, "if I could sing like that again!"

The tiny piping wail of a young babe shrilled from the upper story of the house. At the sound a look of pain crossed the man's face. He arose, turned a piteous face toward the place whence the sound came, and fell to pacing the floor.

"Where will it lead me?" he sobbed. "Father of mercy, where will it all end?"

Tears were running down his cheeks. He turned to enter the house. As he crossed the threshold, a cry of another child gave him pause; the lusty, hurt cry of a man child of three years. A tangle of yellow curls thrust above the top step of the veranda, followed by a chubby, grimy face, streaked with tear courses, distorted with childish pain.

"Mamma! Mamma!" wailed the boy.

The words were like a knife to the heart of the man. He flinched, closing his eyes for an instant, as he hastened to the child. He lifted him into his arms, sitting in the chair he had left, soothing the little hurts with awkward tenderness, the shadow of a deep compassion on his features.

"Mamma! Mamma!" sobbed the lad.

"Hush, Daniel, my little man; you must not cry so. What is it, my son?"

"I fell down and hurted myself, 'n I yants my mamma!" His wailing was subsiding under the father's fondling.

Hart's Statue of Henry Clay, in Capitol Square, Richmond, Virginia

"But brave little men don't cry when they are hurt," pursued the man.

The little fellow struggled to sit upright on his father's knee, rubbed his eyes, sighed deeply, his sorrows fallen from him. There was silence, Fernando Stevens looking wistfully upon his son with a sorrow which nothing could loose from his heart. The child, musing on his father's lap, grew puzzled. He turned to the man a face full of questions.

"Daddy," he asked, "daddy, 'ere has mamma done to?"

"God took her away with Him," he said, at last. "He brought your little sister to us, and took your mother away."

"Won't I never see my mamma any more?"

The man could only shake his head.

"What made Dod tate her?" after a pause.

The everlasting mystery was come early into his life.

"Heaven would have been lonesome with both of them gone," the man made answer, his eyes pressed close, his face tense with a struggle against grief.

Little Daniel, full of wonder, comprehending not, whimpered as he stared at his father's face. The man heard him crying softly. Pressing him close to his breast, stroking his curls, kissing him, he told the child what he could about the mystery of death, told him what he hoped about the life beyond; that the little sister whom God had brought when He took their mother away would grow up to take her place, — and much more to comfort his son,—and himself.

Ashland, the Home of Henry Clay, Lexington, Kentucky

CHAPTER II

IN A MATTER OF HONOR

THEY still sat in the long golden shadows of the setting sun when a young woman came softly from the door of the house, across the veranda, and paused near the chair, unwilling to disturb them. As she stood, a slanting shaft of gold from the sun struck through her hair, lighting it into a glory of red and gold. She was beautiful with the beauty of youth at floodtide, clear-skinned, full-blooded, vigorous, glad. Vitality and intelligence shone from her blue eyes, strength was graven in her chin, tenderness nested at the corners of her mouth, sympathy glowed warm in the gaze she turned on the motherless child, and the man.

"Pardon me," she said, softly, "it is Daniel's bedtime now, Mr. Stevens."

"All right, Luella, you may take him now," responded Fernando, without looking around.

A Typical Country Seat in the Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky

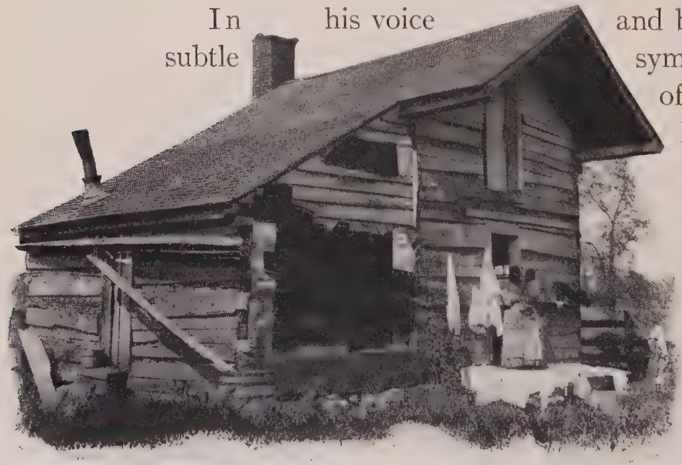
Father and son parted in silence. The child toddled after Luella, who had turned her back in delicacy of feeling. They came to the door, where the girl stopped abruptly. In the doorway stood a young man of twenty, tall, lithe, graceful, with warm brown eyes, warm brown hair, a warm brown color in his cheeks and on his brow. He had the air of one fully assured of himself as he looked ardently into the face of the girl and reached forward to steal a kiss from her, first glancing swiftly at the silent man to see that they were not observed.

The girl, clutching his hands, withdrew her face and cast him off with a smothered exclamation of rebuke. The ardent look in the face of the young man changed to astonishment. He clung to her wrist, staring at her. Daniel, spying the young man in the doorway, cried out to greet him. Fernando, turning in his chair, saw the pantomime; — saw the girl struggling slightly, saw the toss of her head, saw the look on the man's face, and scowled.

Without more ado the girl passed by him into the house, followed by Daniel, whom the young man caught up to toss and kiss. There was a trace of surprise and pique in his expression as he crossed the veranda. He clearly was not accustomed to such a reception at Luella's hands.

"Good evening, Uncle Fernando," he said.

In his voice and bearing there was a subtle sympathetic recognition of the other's sadness. Fernando returned the greeting without changing his attitude. There were some commonplaces on the part of the young man



Primitive Slave Quarters

concerning the weather and the crops, which were received in silence.

"I 've been out all day looking for those runaway slaves," he observed casually. "I 'm right tired, too. We missed Corliss to-day. He 's usually such a warm hand on these chases. If we ever lay hands on that infernal abolitionist who is running off our slaves, I would n't give a drink of water for his life."

No response. The young man refrained from further remarks, fearing that he was inopportune. He smoked his pipe in silence for a moment, and arose to leave. Fernando detained him.

"I 've something to talk over with you, Montgomery," he said. There was an ominously formal dignity in his tone.

"It is a matter that would cause me great grief at any time," Fernando continued. "Just now it is especially painful, added to a burden of sorrow which is almost insupportable. I have loved you like a son, Montgomery, since my dear brother died and left you to my care, an orphan. We have been friends and companions. I have reposed the highest confidence in your honor as a gentleman. I have always thought that you regarded me with affection and duty. I am sorry to learn that I have been wrong."

Fernando spoke calmly, without passion, with only sadness. The other, coloring, looked at him blankly.

"What do you mean, uncle?" he cried, in alarm.

"I mean, sir, that your deportment toward this young woman, Luella Lawson, is reprehensible in the extreme!" Fernando went on, with some warmth of feeling. "Information which has come to me this afternoon concerning your conduct toward her fills me with chagrin and resentment; I might almost say anger, sir! This young woman, coming into this household to act as governess to my child, is entitled to every consideration of respect, and to the protection of my honor, sir! For you to presume upon her exposed and helpless condition to force your attentions upon her is detestable, is abominable! It fills me with shame for you!"

"I don't know what you-all can be meaning," he faltered.

"It does you no credit to dissemble, sir," rejoined Fernando, controlling his passion. "It would be ill-advised in you to make denial, after the incident which I chanced to witness at the door a moment since. I do not mean to be harsh with you, Montgomery. You have hurt me, and I spoke in my pain. I was wrong in that much. I was a young man myself once. I should have thought of that. Come, we will wipe it off the record. You will become discreet, we shall tell Corliss that he was wrong, Eleanor Lee shall never learn a word of it, and we shall go on as we were."

He placed his hand soothingly on Montgomery's

On the Kentucky River

shoulder. He saw with regret that the young man's resentment was aroused. Montgomery shook his hand off. Striding rapidly up and down the veranda for a few moments, he returned to confront his uncle. He was drawn to the full of his slender height. His eyes glowed with injured pride. His lips were close pressed, his nostrils dilated. Yet he spoke softly and calmly, when the words came at last.

On the Ohio in Early Days

"Uncle Fernando," he began, "you-all have been a mighty good friend to me. I don't know what I should have done it you had n't taken me in. I shan't ever forget your goodness to me. But I can't ever forget what you have just said to me either. You know I am an honorable gentleman, because I am the son of your own brother. And you-all ought to know that I could n't be the cur that you make out, because I have grown up right here under your eyes. I don't know where you got this idea. It don't make any particular difference with my feelings, where it came from. That ain't between you and me, anyhow.

What hurts me is that you entertained it in your heart. I can't ever forget that you believed this thing about me."

The young man, gripping himself with strength of will, still spoke calmly. The other, risen to his feet, attempted to stop him with little gestures of expostulation made imploringly with half-extended palms. Montgomery did not stop.

"I 'll tell you about that girl. I love Luella. I have told her that. I want her to marry me. I have already asked her. She did n't say she would be my wife. But I reckon I know why. I 'm not boasting; but I think I know why. I reckon it 's because she thinks the Stevenses are such a proud family that she could not be mistress of my house, coming as she does from a poor and obscure family. That 's why she won't be my wife, and I love her all the more for her spirit. And some day I am going to marry her, in spite of it. That 's what my dishonorable conduct under your roof has amounted to. No. Stop! Wait! I have n't finished yet. Don't interrupt me, if you please."

Fernando heeded him not.

"If that is the state of the case, my boy," he said, affected by the other's intensity, "if that is true, I regret what I have said. But what am I to understand concerning your betrothal to Miss Lee that they tell me of?"

"You are to understand —"

Montgomery was prevented from concluding by the appearance of Luella, who came from the house at the moment. She paused in the doorway, discovering them in close conversation; but Montgomery saw her with eyes trained to seek her out. He hurried past his uncle to where she stood in the dusk, with the last glow of the sun reviving an ember in her glorious hair.

"Luella," he began, "there has been an unfortunate misunderstanding between my uncle and me. It is about you. He has made accusations against me which only our kinship and his past kindness to me prevent me from resenting as a gentleman should resent a reflection upon his honor. I am going to ask you to set him right in the matter."

The girl eyed him distantly as he hurried through his speech. When he paused, she looked deliberately past him to Fernando, and said:

"I came to say that supper is ready, sir!"

Fernando, who had watched the scene minutely from where he stood, stepped quickly to them, confronting Montgomery, trembling with excitement.

"You have done me a great injury, sir!" he said, harshly. "You have deceived me, sir. My information seems to be correct. I — I shall speak with you further."

The Crevasse: A Mississippi River Scene

With that he strode past him and led the girl into the house.

The blood that coursed through the veins of Montgomery Stevens was hot Southern blood, warmed by the sun of the Southland. The soul that glowed within him was ardent, high with the pride of honor, quick to take offense. The charge his uncle had made against him aroused a violent, unreasoning resentment. Luella's rebuff killed within him the tenderness that might have been wrought into a spirit of reconciliation and forgiveness.

He knew that a mistake lay somewhere at the bottom of the tragedy. He knew that it could be cleared away. He knew that his uncle and Luella could be brought to see their error. He knew they would discover with poignant regret that they were wrong. He knew that it was selfish and cruel of him not to make the effort to remove the misapprehension. He fully understood in his conscience that it was brutal of him to permit this added grief to remain on his uncle's mind. He was conscious that it was treachery and disloyalty to Luella to permit her to continue in her misgivings.

These thoughts surged through his brain as he watched them until they disappeared at the bottom of the long hall, without once turning to look behind them. He bit his lips. His cheeks flushed with shame and indignation. With bitterness in his heart, he turned from the door and crossed the veranda. They had sinned against him. Let them pay the forfeit!

Without turning to gaze behind him, he walked along the path that led through the fields to the distant highway, passionate, reckless of what he did, thinking only of his wrongs. As he cast them over in his mind, it occurred to him as a strange circumstance that both should have been turned against him in one fatal hour. His sense of injury had not left room to consider that before. He fell to wondering what might be the cause of it.

He had not far to think before he was convinced that it was the work of Mat Corliss. Corliss was a young fellow slightly his senior who had come to Kentucky several years before from nowhere in particular, and who picked up a practice of medicine. Doctor Corliss he was called. He had attained a transitory popularity by a certain bluff good fellowship in which he included all whom he met, and had acquired somewhat of a competence. Since Luella Lawson had come to the Stevens mansion as the protégée of Mrs. Stevens, Corliss had been on terms of close companionship

On the Ohio

with Montgomery, though the younger Stevens had never taken him seriously enough to receive him into friendship.

He was led to believe that Corliss had intrigued in the matter because of the reference his uncle had made to him during their talk on the veranda. The supposition was credible on the theory that Corliss was infatuated with Luella; a theory which had many circumstances, now recalled as significant, to support it. He concluded, giving the matter further thought, that Corliss had convinced Luella he was attempting to beguile her, by fabricating a story involving him with Eleanor Lee; and that he had misled Fernando for the purpose of enlisting his aid in deceiving the girl. Strangely enough, he did not bear as much malice against Corliss for playing the villain as against Luella and his uncle for permitting themselves to be imposed upon.

In this mood he proceeded down the highway, fighting his better impulses to return, nursing his wound, justifying himself as best he could. He had no clearly defined plan. He had it in mind only to lose himself. At a cross-roads he turned off toward the Ohio River, which ran about five miles from the plantation. A short distance ahead of him at the side of the road stood a man, who had dismounted from his horse and held it by the bridle. He had the appearance of a traveler uncertain of his directions.

"Young man," he said to Montgomery when he had come close, "can you direct me to the farm of Fernando Stevens?"

By the twang of his speech, by the unconscious bruskness of his manner in asking the information, by his calling the plantation a "farm," and by a dozen other signs the young Southerner knew the stranger to be from the North, and surmised that he was from New England. The traveler, of medium stature, had a dark face, a Roman nose, and snapping black eyes. When he moved it was with jerky, nervous forcefulness. He was full of impatient energy, a desire to be doing.

Montgomery gave him his directions, helped him to mount, which he did awkwardly enough, and watched him as he turned into the road that led to Fernando's mansion. A longing to follow gripped him as he saw this stranger going to the home that had been his home for fifteen years, from which he was now banishing himself to salve his honor. He threw it off, however, and continued down the road toward the river.

Louisville, from across the Ohio (*From a drawing by J. W. Hill*)

A short distance from the road, in a clump of woods, was a log cabin where a family of poor whites lived. Their name was Phillips. They were friends of his. He had often stopped there for a drink of cider or milk on his hunting expeditions, and thither he turned his steps now. They gave him to eat of pork and potatoes, with milk to drink, without curiosity that he should be there at that time of night, taking it as a matter of course.

When he came to pay them, as he always insisted upon doing, he found that he had only forty cents in the world.

He gave it all to them, in spite of their protests, and left, exulting in the feeling that now his two naked hands were his only weapons, rejoicing as a strong man about to run a race.

He stopped that night in a deserted log cabin near the river, close to a point where boats landed to gather the produce of the neighborhood. Still without plan, he lay on the floor smoking his pipe, sad and obstinate, to fall asleep at last and dream of his uncle and of Luella, dreams that tore his heart asunder, dreams that accused him pitilessly, dreams that finally roused him from his slumber to a conflict more pitiless than they.

THE PUBLIC LANDING AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY (*From a lithograph*)

He could sleep no more. He rose, and sat in the window sill, watching the moon coming through the trees. He filled his pipe, and was about to light it, when he thought he heard the sound of voices in the path that led to the landing. Tense, rigid, breathless, he listened. All doubt was dispelled. There were a number of men approaching the landing, conversing in low tones.

Montgomery hesitated a moment, debating whether it was consistent with his honor to play the eavesdropper.

Concluding at last that it would be permissible in his new character as a soldier of fortune, and convinced that the men were there for a purpose that set them outside the conventions of polite society, he slipped through the door, thrusting his unlighted pipe back into his pocket, and made his way stealthily to the point whence the voices came.

A group of men stood on the margin of the river. A boat lay alongside the sod that overhung the water. Montgomery was able to come close enough to observe that some in the group were negroes. As one of them turned, he saw that it was Rollo, pet slave of Fernando. His heart leapt at the sight; for he had come upon an outcrop of the underground railroad, then in its beginnings. He muttered a curse because he was unarmed and alone. In the same breath, he laughed harshly and silently; for what was it to him now that Northern abolitionists ran off with Southern slaves?

The scene became at once one of purely casual interest. He watched the proceedings without other emotion than curiosity. He saw each negro pass something that clinked and rattled into the hand of a man who stood with his back toward the witness. He saw them all, one after the other, enter the boat, followed by the one who had received their money. That one, seated in the stern, gave an order, and the craft swung into the river

As the order was given, Montgomery arose from his place of concealment quivering with excitement. For the voice of the man who gave the order, the voice of the leader of the slave smugglers, was the voice of Mat Corliss! This, then, was the manner of man who had clouded his honor by malicious falsehoods! His anger burned forth again, and again it was not so much against the man as against his own loved ones who had listened to the man and believed. If there had been any leaven of remorse working within him which might have led him back to the plantation in the morning to forgive and be forgiven, the detection of this treacherous scoundrel engaged in his nefarious work more than neutralized it. For they had doubted him on the word of this villain.

He watched the boat making its slow progress under the oars in the midstream. It was barely distinguishable now. Placing his hands to his mouth to form a megaphone, Montgomery filled his lungs and sang out across the water to the evil man in the craft.

"Hello, Mat Corliss!" he cried, in a voice that rolled echoing across the wide river. "My compliments to you, Mat Corliss! Montgomery Stevens's compliments! You are a splendid villain! You do it well! *Pax vobiscum,* Mat Corliss!"

Chuckling viciously at the thought of the mental anxiety which Corliss would suffer from the knowledge that he was detected, and by his injured victim at that, Montgomery turned back to the deserted cabin, threw himself on the floor again, and slept the sleep of the self-justified.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI (*Drawn and engraved by J. W. Watts*)

CHAPTER III

THE WOMAN WHO SCORNED

LEAVING Montgomery on the veranda, the planter and the young woman passed into the dining-room, to their supper. His food, delicately set out with all the tempting devices of Southern cookery, lay untouched before Fernando Stevens until it turned cold and was taken back to the kitchen by a soft-footed slave. His glass of wine rested where it had been placed, untasted. He sat at table, lost in revery, disconsolate, hopeless. Now and again he looked across to where Luella presided at the tea-pot. She, being a woman, could eat at such times as his observation of her made it necessary. To his masculine eyes there was no sign of the dismal woe into which the events of the past few hours had precipitated her.

Webster's Birthplace, Salisbury, New Hampshire

When Montgomery did not follow them, Fernando sent a servant to his room, requesting him to appear. He was not there. Orders were given that he be searched out. A half-hour passed. A negro came, frightened and apologetic, to say that he could not be found. Fernando turned pale and looked quickly at Luella. That young woman, wholly unconcerned, was helping herself to another roll.

"He will come back, he will come back," the man repeated to himself. His restless actions, his anxious looks, showed how far he was from convincing himself; for he feared the temper of the boy. Luella, finishing her supper, decorously withdrew, and went to her room. Fernando continued at table. If his nephew came back, he should find a welcome. Furtively glancing for the hundredth time down the road that led to the house, the unhappy man sprang eagerly to his feet and rushed to the front door. A man on horseback was approaching the mansion. It was he! He had relented, and taken horse, the quicker to relieve their anxiety!

WEBSTER'S BIRTHPLACE TO-DAY (*From a photograph*)

Fernando descended the steps, napkin in hand, his face alight with gladness.

"My boy, my boy!" he said, fervently, when the rider had come within hearing. "God bless you, my boy! I knew you would come! God bless you! God bless you!"

The equestrian, so addressed, drew his horse beside the stepping-block and swung himself to the ground.

"I have heard much of Southern hospitality," he said, "but your welcome quite exceeds the bravest story that ever came to my ears."

Daniel Webster

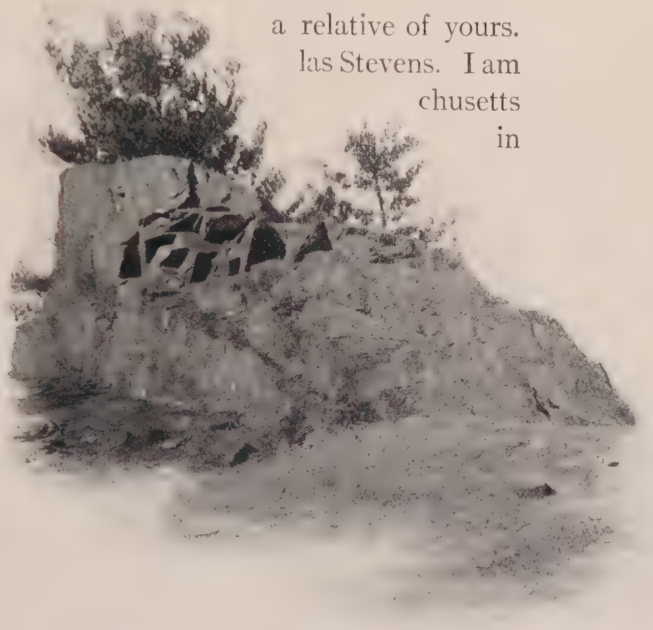
It was not the voice of Montgomery. It was a brazen voice, with the tang of New England in it. The owner of the voice was a man of medium height with a prominent nose and black eyes that glinted with nervous energy. It was the man who had sought direction from Montgomery.

Fernando, seeing his mistake, changed his tone and manner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, more formally, but warmly withal. "I mistook you for my nephew whom I expected. I am glad to see you, sir! I hope I shall not give you occasion to be disappointed in the hospitality of the South. I beg of you to come into the house. You are in good time. I am just finishing my supper. My name is Fernando Stevens, sir, Captain Fernando Stevens, late of the United States Navy. I am glad to see you, indeed, sir!"

"Glad to meet you, Mr. — Captain Stevens," returned the other, in his brusk, terse manner. He had no time for affability in its refinements. "I 'm a Stevens, too. I 'm a relative of yours. My name is Douglas Stevens. I am from the Massachusetts Stevenses. I live in Connecticut myself. It 's a fine name, sir, and I have reason to be proud of it."

"Indeed, sir, it has been a name of some distinction; although the old strain is becoming pretty well attenuated, sir! It is losing some of its significance, I fear," rejoined Fernando, without intending to be rude, but feeling at the same time the necessity of suppressing to some extent a relative so obtrusive.



Oration Rock at Franklin, New Hampshire: Where Webster is Said to have Rehearsed a Fourth of July Oration

"Well, I don't know," Douglas Stevens made answer, wholly unscathed by the delicate sarcasm. "We seem to be holding it up pretty well down our way."

Fernando, elaborately polite, led his newly discovered cousin into the dining-room. Douglas, volleying small talk, followed jerkily, an unabashed contrast to the elegant and polished gentleman, his host. Fernando made him a mint julep, which he drank off like water. The supper, heated over in the kitchen, was brought forth once more.

"Expecting somebody, were you?" he asked, pausing to take the glass of wine which Fernando poured for him.

"I was," Fernando answered. "I did not know but that my nephew might be returning."

The man from Connecticut looked up quickly.

"Fine looking young fellow, tall, brown hair, about twenty?" he asked, rapidly cataloguing the identifications.

"That describes him well, sir," returned Fernando, striving to conceal his excitement. "Did you see him?"

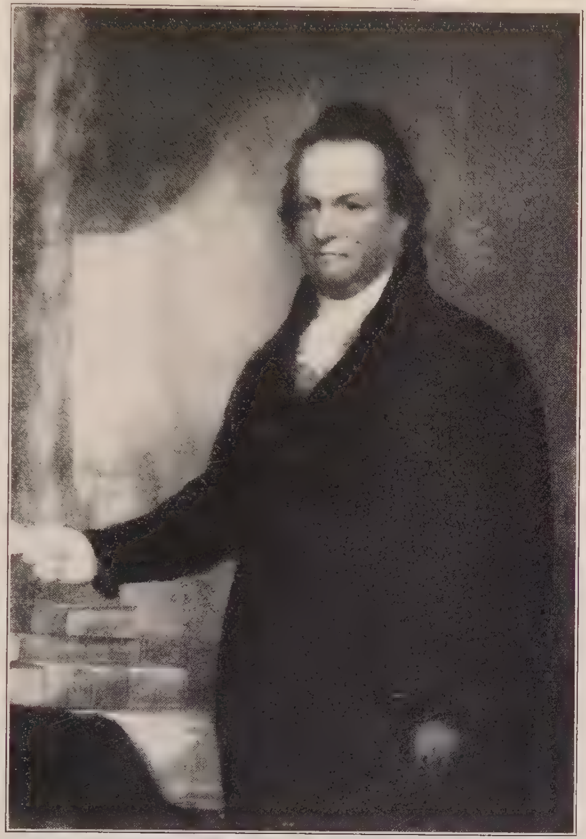
"Yep! Down by the cross-roads. He told me where you lived. Thought he knew pretty well how to get here. Looked mighty glum, though. What 's the matter? Some trouble, eh?"

"A slight and trivial misunderstanding in a matter that concerned us personally," he said, suavely, hoping to head the fellow off.

"I see," he said, "left in a huff and so forth. Too bad. If you want him to come back, you 'd better send for him. He did n't look as though he intended to return."

Whereupon he dropped the subject.

Webster's Home at Franklin, New Hampshire completely dismissing it from his thoughts; not so much from compunction or delicacy as from a consideration that it contained no matter of further interest or profit to him. Fernando, resenting his relative's intrusion in the affair, refused to accept his suggestion of sending after Montgomery. Learning which direction he had taken, he felt sure that the boy would spend the night at the Phillips's cabin for moral effect, and that there would be time enough in the morning to send for him, if he did not come home meanwhile. In addition to which, he was not ready, now that he had learned that his nephew was safe, to surrender the strategic advantage which he held over him in the circumstances, by making the first move toward peace.



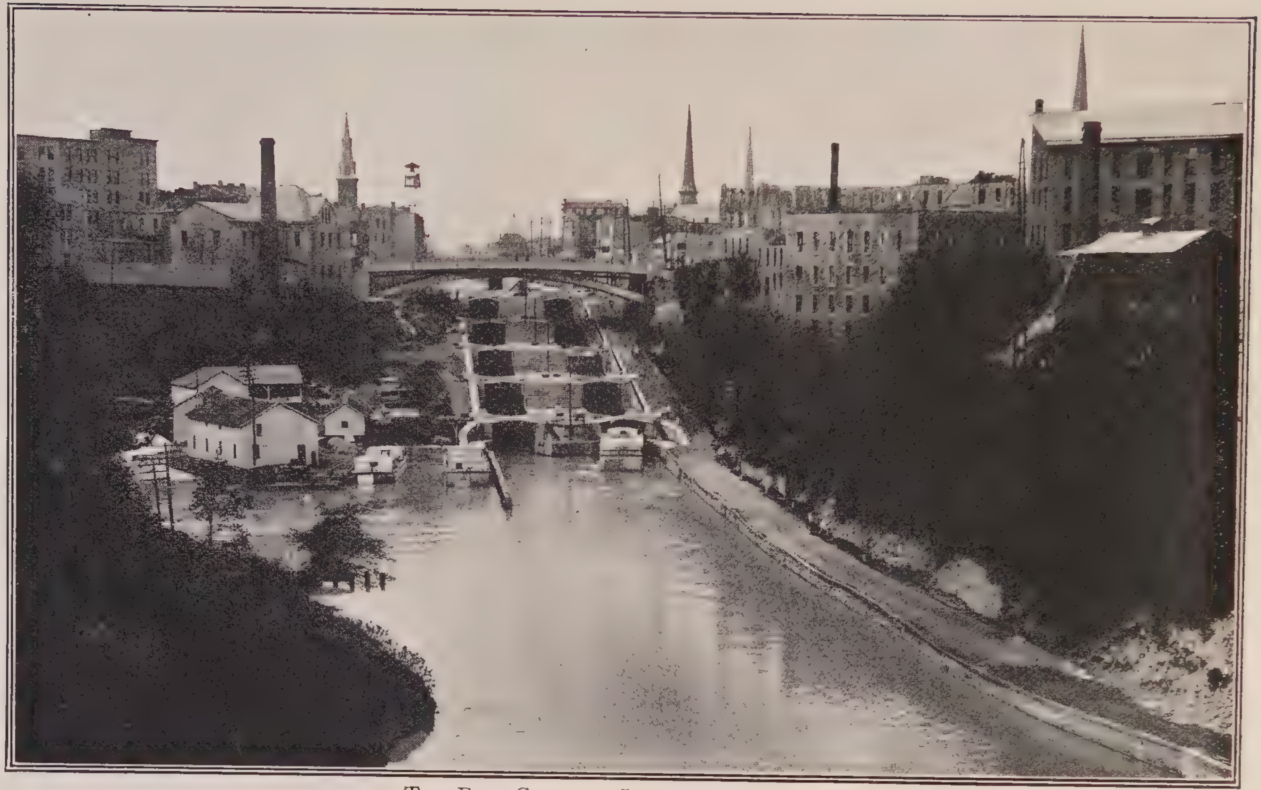
De Witt Clinton (*From the portrait in the City Hall, Albany, New York*)

"I came up through the Erie Canal on my trip," he went on, with a bewildering inconsequence consistent with his jerky mannerisms. "Great piece of work, that. Doing big things for New York City. Going to be the biggest city in the country, every way. De Witt Clinton had a long head on him when he put it through the legislature of New York. Opens up the Great Lakes country. Tremendous possibilities. I was there when they opened it a year ago. It was a big Fourth of July celebration. Have you any steamboats in this part of the world?"

Fernando told him that they had.

"Steamboats running regularly now, Buffalo to Cleveland," resumed the traveler. "Travel on the canal is by tow-path, though. Very slow; but fast enough for freight. Big argument in favor of Adams's and Clay's policy of internal improvements. Ought to have networks of such canals all over the country. Make it the greatest country in the world. Unparalleled resources, if we can only get at them. Look at the Mississippi Valley! Look at the plains out West! Look at the pine woods all through the upper lake country! We 'll need all of that some day. Let me tell you, my dear cousin, you may not live to see the day, but I 'll live to see a State on the Pacific Ocean, belonging to us! No, not a territory. A State. Flourishing cities, too. Why, in fifty years we 'll overrun this whole country. We 'll have railroads across it. Yes, sir! Pennsylvania celebrated the Fourth this year by breaking ground at Harrisburg for a railway to the West. But the fiftieth anniversary of our Day of Independence was marred by the deaths of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, a most singular coincidence." In this manner did he rattle on, discussing freely the events of the day, and then turning to Fernando for specific information of his country. "What do you raise here, mostly?"

Fernando informed him that his crops consisted principally of tobacco, hemp, and wheat, varying with the various years.



The Erie Canal at Lockport, New York

"Own slaves?" asked Douglas.

Fernando nodded his head.

"How many?"

"About a hundred and twenty."

"Phew!" whistled the Yankee. "That 's going to make trouble for us sometime. You fellows will find that you will have to give up your slaves sooner or later, and you will make an awful fuss about it, I suppose. About how much are your slaves worth, now?"

Fernando could not inform him on that point, explaining that it depended upon whether the owner wished more to sell them or the purchaser wished more to buy. With his striking discursiveness Douglas fell to talking about himself, a topic which he handled rather more exhaustively than any that had been introduced. He was in politics. He had come near going to Congress at the last election. He would make it yet. He believed that Clay was one of the great men of the world, and that Webster would be, if he were not so often wrong. From this point he digressed into a discussion of national politics and policies that was a revelation to Fernando for keen insight and shrewd inference.

As he talked, the gentleman of the South came into an opinion of him that differed from his first impression. Because of his impudent curiosity, his lack of delicacy, his abruptness, his impenetrability to hints couched in poignant sarcasm, he had put him down as an ignorant, unsophisticated boor. Now he saw that all this was simply a phase of his pushing, overweening egotism; that he missed the significance of nothing, but that he considered himself of such vastly greater consequence than others as to make it immaterial what others said to him or of him, so long as he got his point. In all of this Fernando saw the germs of ultimate success in material affairs.

Douglas was no sympathizer with State sovereignty. "If this nation is going to be a nation, it has got to be a nation, and not a miscellaneous confederation of individual States pulling at cross purposes," he declared. "Look at all this fuss about the tariff Clay put through last year. Ever see Clay as speaker at the house? Well, every American ought to. Now, that tariff would have been a good thing if a lot of the States had not blocked it where it happened to interfere with their peculiar interests. We need it to build up our industries, captain. We need it to make a market for our raw materials. The selfish interests of restricted localities must not be permitted to interfere with the welfare of the nation. You got your hemp in the protected list, all right, did n't you? Look at the nonsense John Randolph of Roanoke talks about breaking away from the Union! Look at the spirit of New England expounded in the Hartford convention! That sort of business must stop. It will be stopped some day. Do you know what will bring it to a final issue? Slavery! Yes, sir, slavery!"

Along the Erie Canal

So he rattled on through the evening, full of shrewd wisdom, compelling the respect of Fernando for his intelligence and vigor, compelling his admiration, his regard, and in the end his affection.

When he went to bed that night, his mind ran much to what he had heard, and less upon his grief for his wife and his anxiety concerning Montgomery.

When the boy did not come in the morning, however, his agitation grew acute. He sent his slaves up and down the country, going himself to the Phillips cabin for trace of him. He learned that his nephew had been there to supper, but could trace him no farther.

He had learned in the morning also that his slave Rollo, and two others belonging to him, had been spirited away during the night. Ordinarily that would have aroused him to a high pitch. Preoccupied as he was with the greater calamity, he paid little heed to the abduction, and did not join in the search, which was prosecuted for a day by others who had lost slaves at the same time.

Douglas Stevens remained with him for several days, acquiring an intimate practical knowl-

Site of the First Railroad in the United States, at Quincy, Massachusetts edge of Kentucky for such use as he might thereafter find opportunity to make of it. He had little to say concerning the disappearance of the boy. He was more interested in the escape of the negroes, as having a national bearing in its elements. At last he set off to Georgia, to pay his respects to Colonel Allen Stevens, a resident and politician of that Commonwealth, and to learn what he could in that quarter.

THE GRAVE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON AT MONTICELLO

Weeks passed. There was no news of Montgomery. Fernando settled into a patient expectation of his return. He could do nothing but wait. His grief for his wife softened under time. But his house was desolately lonesome. Luella made a successful effort to conceal her own distress from him, and in a measure from herself. However, a closer observer than Fernando would have detected a lassitude in her, a deadness of spirit which would have revealed much concerning the state of her heart. But the chivalrous captain courteously accepted appearances at their face value, and eliminated her from the tragedy.

He was destined to an amazing revelation. He was sitting on his veranda one afternoon in early October, watching his little son playing on the lawn with his dogs and endeavoring to conjure visions of the future that would bring him some comfort, when Luella appeared before him suddenly, silently, like a specter. Her face, too, was ghostly in its pallor, and her voice had a hollow deadness in it.

"I am going away," she announced, without preface.

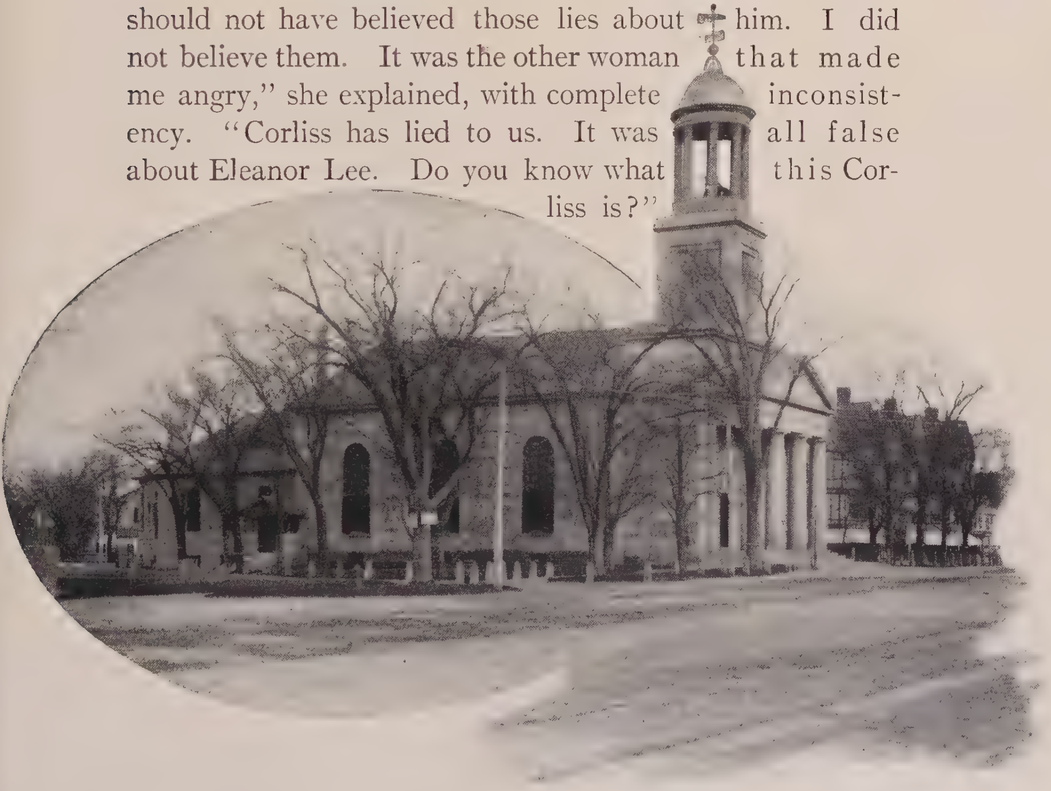
For reply, Fernando stared at her, mouth agape, tongue limp.

"I cannot stand it here another day," she went on. "Every moment reminds me of him. I loved him! Why did you send him away?"

Despair drove her. Woman-like, she blamed the man.

"I, Luella? I did not send him away!" the man made answer.

"You did," she rejoined, with proper respect. "You should not have believed those lies about him. I did not believe them. It was the other woman that made me angry," she explained, with complete inconsistency. "Corliss has lied to us. It was all false about Eleanor Lee. Do you know what this Corliss is?"



The First Unitarian Church, Quincy, Massachusetts, where Both the Presidents Adams are Buried with Their Wives

"I have no reason to believe that he is dishonest," Fernando ventured.

"He is a scoundrel!" cried the girl. "He is the man who ran Rollo off, and those other two slaves of yours! Mr. Phillips found him out. They would have lynched him, but he got wind of it, and ran away. The coward! That is the kind of a man whose lies we believed about Montgomery!"

Captain Stevens could only utter his surprise.

"I cannot stand it any longer. I am going away. I am going to find Montgomery, if I search till my dying day. When I find him I am going down on my knees and ask his forgiveness; and I am going to ask him for yours, too!"

Fernando arose in great perturbation.

"No! No!" he exclaimed. "You must not go! Montgomery will return!"

"He come back? You do not know him. Would you come back if you had been treated so?"

In vain did Fernando argue and plead with her to abandon her purpose. She met him with unswerving determination, ignoring his appeals, answering his arguments with feminine illogic, thinking only of Montgomery. He ceased his efforts, hopeless, stunned by his reflections.

"Good bye," she said. "These are the things I brought," — signifying the clothes she wore and the contents of her bundle. "You have been good to me. I — am sorry for you. Good bye!"

He took her hand in silence. His eyes were moist. He looked one last appeal to her. She shook her head, and was gone. He sat motionless in his chair, following her with his eyes as she went down the road, incapable of thought or action.

CHAPTER IV

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

ON the morning of January 26, 1830, the city of Washington was the scene of intense excitement. The attention of the nation was fixed in eager interest on the senate chamber. A great crisis had come to the republic. The question of the durability of the constitution had been brought forward in a manner admitting of no equivocation.

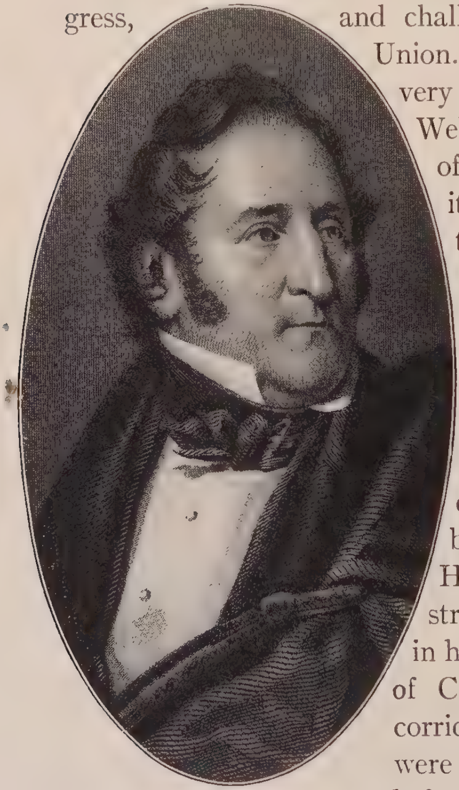
The day before, Senator Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina had maintained the right of the individual States of the Union to refuse to be bound by the laws of the land as passed by Congress. This day Daniel Webster of Massachusetts was to speak in reply.

Once before in the month had the two oratorical gladiators met in the national arena. The debate developed from a resolution submitted by Foote looking to the withdrawal of government lands from the market. The resolution called forth a vigorous attack from Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, in which he assailed New England, charging that the Eastern States desired to cripple the Western by interfering with their settlement. Hayne, brilliant, eloquent, followed, assailing New England in turn.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE (*After a drawing from life by J. B. Longacre*)

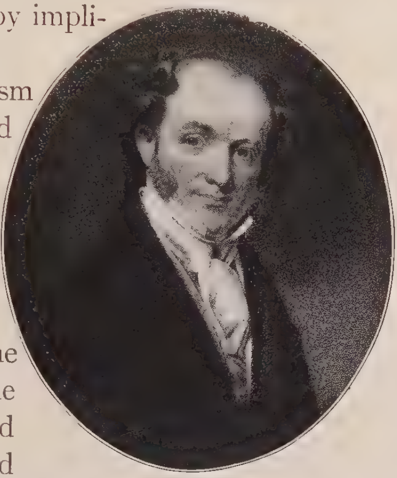
To this Webster effectually replied on January 20. On the next day Hayne began his rejoinder, which he concluded on the 25th, having been interrupted by other senate business. In his second speech he promulgated the doctrine of nullification, the right of the States to resist the laws of Congress, and challenged the integrity of the Union. It called in question the very life of the nation. Now Webster, scholar and champion of constitutional law, inimitable orator, was to reply; and the country waited in hushed expectancy.

In the North were doubt and dread. In the South were hope and jubilation; for the words of Hayne were strong words and bold. Men came three days' journey to be present at this vital debate. Hotels were overcrowded. The streets ran with people, hurrying in hushed expectancy to the halls of Congress. By 9 o'clock the corridors, lobbies, and galleries were congested with people. Long before noon, the hour of the senate's opening, every available space was filled to overflowing. Men and women clung along the stairways, trampling, crowding, struggling. They reached in a congested mass through the halls, even beyond the possible reach of the great champion's voice, waiting to know the fate that hung on the issue.


Thomas Hart Benton (*Engraved by William G. Armstrong from a drawing by Fendrick*)

It was an issue that events had called into active menace again. Submerged for a space in the tide of nationalism that inundated the country at the close of the War of 1812, it now arose once more, demanding solution. Did the supreme and ultimate authority lie in the national government, or in the individual States? Were powers not specifically delegated to the government under the constitution withheld, or were the powers not specifically withheld, conferred upon the government by implication?

The reaction from nationalism which brought the issue forward again had begun in Adams's administration. The turmoil resulting from the tide of protection, increased by the tariff of 1825, flowing among the rocks of sectional interest, lifted it to the surface of the political sea. The South, an agricultural section, held that the tariff was unjust to it and favored the manufacturing communities. Internal improvements, the spending of money belonging to the nation at large in restricted localities, as advocated by Adams, intensified the sentiment against centralized power. As yet slavery was not involved, further than that economically it determined the agricultural character of the South and so underlay the opposition of that region to protection.

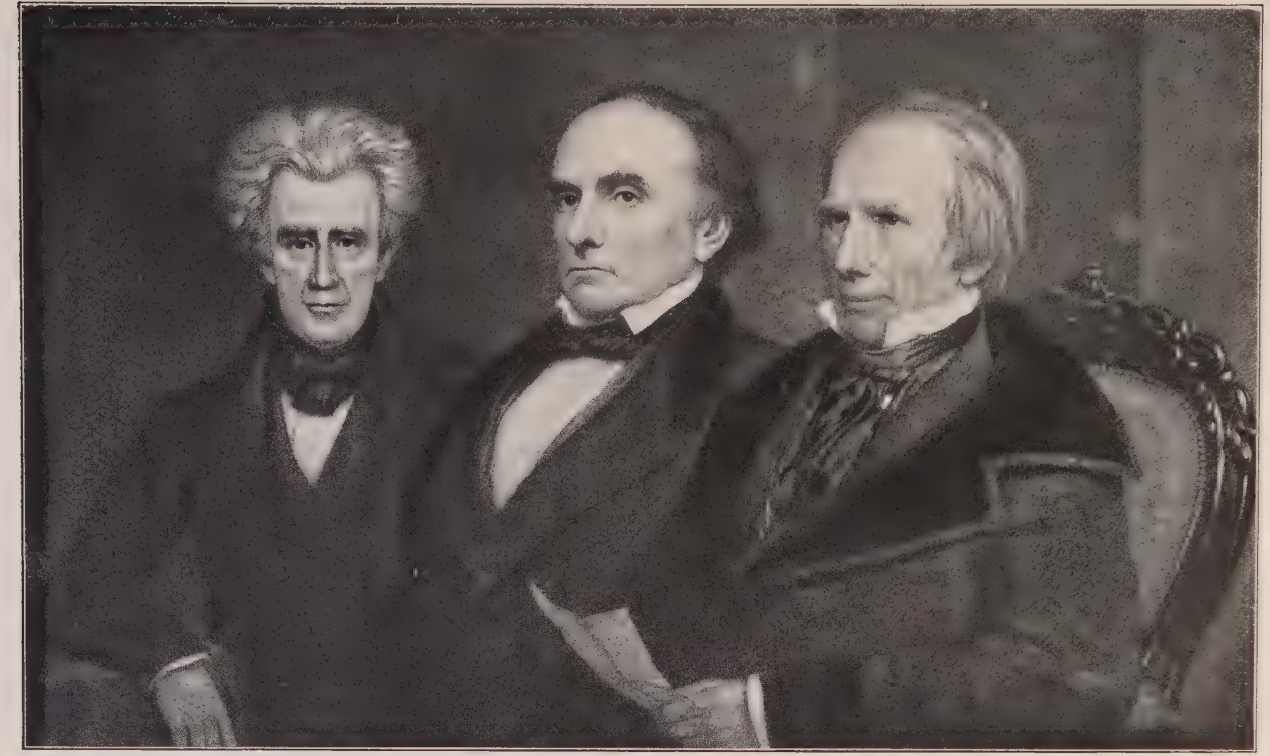

Martin Van Buren (*From the portrait by H. Inman*)

Adams, the champion of Clay's American system, built up of protection and internal improvements, failed of reëlection in 1828. His defeat was inevitable. He represented the old-school leader. The policy he stood for tended toward centralized power, even toward ultimate government ownership of public utilities. The old school was doomed.

Democratic principles, arising largely in the new West, portended its destruction.

The people, bent upon ruling, found their champion of democratic principles ready to their hand in Andrew Jackson, hero of New Orleans. He was a man of the people; of obscure birth, without education, largely self-made, almost a frontiersman, untrammeled by any school except the new school. The disaffection of the people at his failure of election in 1824 was skilfully taken advantage of by W. B. Lewis, an astute politician, who managed his campaign. The cry of "people's rule" went up over the land. Throughout Adams's administration the wires were laid. Calhoun and McDuffie of South Carolina, Benton of Missouri, and Van Buren of New York,— the "Little Magician," originator of modern politics,— were on his staff. After an exciting campaign, filled with bitter crimination and recrimination, Jackson was elected. Adams and Clay went down in overwhelming defeat.

Jackson's election occasioned much alarm among conservative statesmen. Webster was horrified. Jackson was a man who had had no training for the task placed in his hands. He had not shown that he was naturally equipped for it. His record as a military man, on which the canvass was largely based, was not without a flaw. He had exceeded his authority in Florida by taking a Spanish town, Saint Augustine, in an expedition against the Indians. He had acted in a high-handed, unauthorized manner as governor there, hanging two Englishmen on charges of being spies which were not sufficiently proved. His victory at New Orleans, brilliant and decisive as it was, did not call into play any marked military genius, but rather incorrigible determination and courage. But he was the wronged candidate of 1824, defeated by the money power in Congress; defeated, as many thought, by a bargain between Clay and Adams;



Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay (*From the engraving by Sartain*)

and he was the epitome of the spirit of the time. As such he went into office.

Jackson, the most striking character of his day, remains at once one of the most maligned and most acclaimed men in American history. He was belligerent, loving a fight for the fight's sake; he was violent and quick in temper, involving himself in many quarrels and petty animosities; he was impulsive in judgment, his intellect not having a faculty for deliberate and exhaustive contemplation and analysis of the problems confronting him; he was thoroughly convinced of his own opinions, yet was without arrogance or egotism, and could be easily influenced by those who understood and handled him right. This latter characteristic gave rise to the "kitchen cabinet." He regarded the members of his appointed cabinet as heads of departments rather than counselors and advisers. Regular cabinet meetings were discontinued early in his administration. He consulted with a small circle of advisers who were responsible for most of his policies to a degree that can never be fully known. Foremost among these was Amos Kendall, of Massachusetts, later of Kentucky. Others were Lewis, his campaign manager, Duff Green, and Isaac Hill. Later Van Buren became one of them, as well as a member of the cabinet proper. These men sought honestly to make Jackson's policies expressions of the popular opinion which they considered their party peculiarly to represent.

Of Jackson's virtues much can be said. He had trained himself to courteous manners. He had dignity and magnetism. Although possessing only the rudiments of education, he acquired a vigorous and succinct style of writing. In all his career his honesty, sincerity, public spirit, his morals, public and private, were never called in question, even by his bitterest opponent. Although he was sometimes wrong, his motives were never impugned. Although his judgments came more like the intuition of a woman than the deductions of a man, in no part or point was his virile manhood wanting. He will go down in history as a force that made history, so long as history shall be read by posterity.

VAN BUREN'S BIRTHPLACE, KINDERHOOK, NEW YORK
(From a History of New York published in 1836)

His inaugural address was non-committal on the issue of the tariff, on current interpretations of the constitution, and on internal improvements. His first act in office was to begin a proscription of federal appointees and substitution of his adherents, thus introducing the spoils system into national politics. In this he was impelled by a sincere policy. He did it for the good of the service, whatever its proximate and ultimate results became. Martin Van Buren was made secretary of state.

Jackson came into office at a time when the tariff of 1828, the "tariff of abominations," was stirring up strife. In its details the tariff was the result of a vast intrigue. The South wanted to defeat it. New England was in the same frame of mind, to a slight degree. The West and the Middle States favored it. The South could not enter into a league with New England, for fear of alienating the West and the Middle States, on whom it depended for assistance in Congress on other matters. In order to insure opposition from New England, affairs were so manipulated that many items peculiarly obnoxious to Eastern interests were introduced. Nevertheless, it carried.

Following the passage of the bill in December, 1828, the legislature of South Carolina adopted resolutions condemning it. Accompanying the resolutions was a report, called an exposition, drafted secretly by Calhoun. It arraigned the tariff on constitutional grounds, arguing that the federal government was a compact between sovereign States; that its powers were limited by the constitution; that it had not the sole right to determine the extent of those powers; that the States had an equal right to determine whether it acted within them — in fact that a State, as a sovereign body, had the right to interpose and nullify such laws as it deemed unconstitutional. Here was a startling revival of Jefferson's doctrine of interposition, threatening the fabric of the Union. It was the expounding of this doctrine by Hayne on the preceding day, and his direct challenge to Webster, that filled the city of Washington with eager excitement on the morning of January 26, 1830. It was the refutation of this theory which was awaited with impatience and apprehension by men of the North, and by the friends of Webster. There was a feeling of fear that he might not be equal to his task, for Hayne had strongly intrenched himself in his position.

The Village Square at Kinderhook To-Day

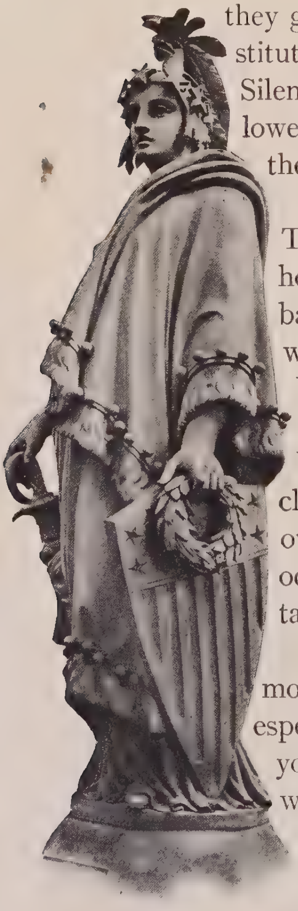
CHAPTER V

A BELIEVER IN UNION

THE hour of twelve arrived. The time had come. The senate chamber, the room in the wing of the capitol now occupied by the supreme court, was flooded with a sea of people. The sound of voices from the multitude arose above those of the city in a muttering hum. Silently they gave way to permit the champion of the constitution to pass on his way to the combat. Silently, or with whisperings, they saw him swallowed up in the tide of humanity that rose into the chamber.

The house of representatives was deserted. The members had all flocked to the upper house. Men of state, politicians, merchants, bankers, journalists, were there. Women were there with their husbands, fathers, and brothers, their cousins and lovers. Groups of them sat in favored places in the gallery, brilliant with color, exchanging nods, or exclaiming rapturously as their escorts pointed out the famous men of the country. The occasion was considered of sufficient importance to warrant the patronage of society.

One group, situated on the side occupied mostly by southern sympathizers, attracted especial attention because of the beauty of the young woman who was the center of it. Hers was the beauty of June roses, soft, warm, pink. Her hair was on the borderland of



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ON THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON (*By Crawford*) yellow gold; her eyes were blue with the blue of the deep sea. There exhaled from her the sweet perfume of innocence and youthful happiness, rejoicing and refreshing those who came within its charm.

With her was her mother, a matronly woman forming a suitable background, and a staunch and fiery man, her father. He was an aristocrat from the tips of his narrow boots to the mass of grey hair brushed back from his high forehead. Dignity and pride were about him like a corselet. His long, straight nose, his military moustaches and goatee, his bristling eyebrows, the slight frown that was habitual with him, the set of his chin, the poise of his head, every line and curve and angle of him warned off the common herd.

Scene in the Senate Gallery during Webster's Reply to Hayne
(*Section from Healy's painting in Faneuil Hall, Boston*)

They had not been there long before a bustling young man with a hooked nose and snapping black eyes made his way through the crowd with a series of twisting jerks, and presented himself with one last final jerk that created the impression in the mind of the matronly background that he had fallen amongst them through the roof.

"Howdy, major!" exclaimed the young man, with an air of genial cameraderie. "Howdy, Doris! Morning, Aunt Rachel!" addressing himself in turn to the June rose and the matronly person in the background.

The major made no other acknowledgment of the salutation than to compress his eyebrows for an instant, at the same time raising the tip of his goatee a fraction of an inch and permitting more of the white of his eye to show than was habitual. The girl laughed happily at the young man, with the air of one innocently and inoffensively amused. The mother, looking first at her husband and then at her daughter, was unable to determine upon a proper course of conduct in the premises, and so pretended not to have seen or heard the visitor as the safest expedient. The girl, smiling, exchanged a light word with him of the black eyes. He leaned over, rested his arms on the back of her chair, and chatted through a vast range of topics. He was Douglas Stevens of Connecticut, present member of Congress and rising young politician. The others of the group were Major Allen Stevens of Georgia, also a member of Congress, his wife and daughter Doris, whose acquaintance Douglas had formed in his town several years before, and had instantly renewed upon his arrival in Washington.

A sudden hush fell upon the multitude. The session was called. The preliminary business of the senate was omitted, and Daniel Webster took the floor.

His great head lifted as he looked about him at his colleagues and through the galleries where eager faces were thrust toward him with unwinking eyes. For a moment he stood there, handsome, majestic, dynamic, superb. Silence, utter silence,— suspense that brought strong men to the verge of screaming, that sent the heart fluttering and the head reeling,— and then, the silence broken by the smooth, soothing, sonorous roll of his great voice.

Webster's Reply to Hayne (*From the painting by Healy in Faneuil Hall, Boston*)

"Mr. President: When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and before we float further on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the senate."

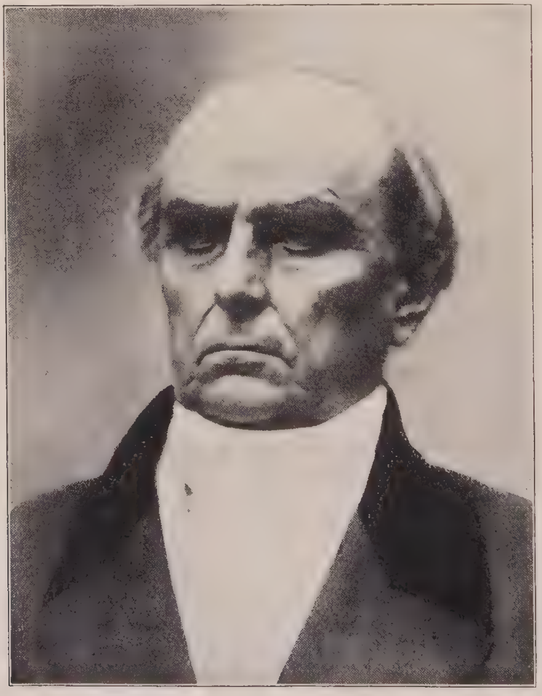
Webster's triumph was already complete. The day was won with the first utterances. It was masterly, that simple simile, — dignified, ironical, sanely applicable. But more than all this, it was a master-stroke by a past master in human nature, to call thus for the reading of the resolution. Before it was read he had stood in the midst of a pent-up torrent of repressed feeling and excitement, which, once liberated, threatened to whelm him from his feet in a whirl that he could not control. But when the voice of the clerk died out, the suspense was broken, his auditors breathed again, the stream of feeling was released in an orderly manner. From that instant he had complete control of it.

With dignified and deliberate irony, free from anger, free from malice, free from resentment, he reduced Hayne to the proportions of a man of mean soul. When he replied to the attacks which the gentleman from South Carolina had made on Massachusetts, he rose to a period of eloquence rarely equaled. Strong men turned away and sobbed. Men of Massachusetts, sitting together in the gallery, burst into tears.

Passing then to the subject of the constitution, he met Hayne's nullification argument so effectively that the position of his opponent became swiftly untenable. He showed that it was treason; that it was impossible under the constitution; that the constitution was not a compact; that it was adopted by the people of the United States as a whole, and not by the several States. Passing in magnificent flights of oratory from one height of argument to the next, he developed the theory of the constitution that was afterward to be put to the test by the letting of brothers' blood with an eloquence the echoes of which thirty years later were to send thousands into the field of battle to die for the doctrines he taught them.

Amid an enthusiasm too strong to find other expression than rapt attention, he proceeded through his peroration:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering rays rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or



THE HAWES PORTRAIT OF WEBSTER

THE CAPITOL (*From an old print*)

polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterward,' but everywhere, spread over all in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart: 'Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!' "

The thing was done. A hush fell over those who had heard. By degrees the multitude dispersed, awed by the sublimity of the speaker's intellectual reaches, by the momentousness of the problem. Major Allen Stevens, rising from his seat, stood silent for a space, his eyes snapping with anger.

"Your Northern demagogue, sir, seems to have made quite an impression on these cattle, with his intolerable sophistry and nauseating bombast!" he sneered at Douglas.

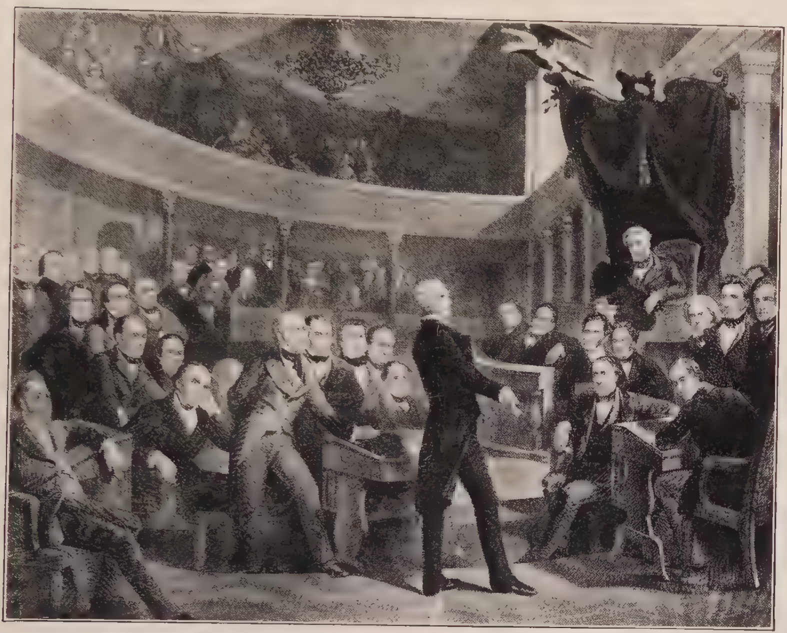
"Yes! Sure!" replied that pachydermatous young man, directing his attention more to seeing that no one jostled Doris than to retorting to her father's ill humor. "Great speech! No use of our discussing it, though, major. We 're never going to think alike on those matters."

They made their way through the concourse, Doris nodding and smiling incessantly upon those who pressed about to greet her, Douglas watching them and her narrowly, but in a manner otherwise unconcerned. Nor was she alone in saluting friends. Her companion seemed to have a host with whom he was on a speaking basis; and many distinguished gentlemen bowed to Major Stevens. That incensed individual returned all salutations with courteous politeness, meanwhile making the best of his way toward home and dinner, whither Douglas followed at the invitation of the June rose.

At dinner Major Stevens sought relief from his feelings by an abuse of New England, her policies and her men, including Douglas himself, whom he referred to as an ambitious upstart. During all of this the young man good-naturedly held his peace, with apparent indifference, until the ladies retired and they two were alone over their cigars. Knowing perfectly well what his distant cousin required for the restoration of his temper, and the coast being now clear, he deliberately set out to bait the man over his own board for the purpose of affording an outlet and object for his wrath, which was in danger of striking into his disposition.

"You 're wrong there, my dear uncle," he declared, abruptly, after the major had expatiated at some length on the ultimate triumph of state sovereignty over the control of the federal government. "You 're all wrong! This country is going to be run at Washington, by Washington, for Washington! I mean, of course, for the people who send us to Washington to make their laws for them. Consolidation? Why, things are going to be consolidated so hard that you can ram your hot Southern skulls into it till the crack of doom and not make any impression — on consolidation. This is going to be a nation, this is. And do you know who is going to make it a nation, in spite of you? Why, the plain, ordinary common people from out West; not the old line of aristocratic statesmen, but the great democratic masses. One of them is in the White House now. They want a nation, and they are going to have a nation! You can't stop them! The best thing for you to do is to get into the procession and smile, the way I am doing. Then you 'll be somewhere!"

Nothing he could have said would have aroused the major to higher pitch than such a speech. He fumed and fretted for the better part of a half-hour, violent and abusive, though always polite. Douglas listened complacently, with a deep, sly twinkle of enjoyment hovering in the corners of his eyes. When Doris came at last to the dining-room to see what detained them, the fury had run its course, and Major Stevens was once more amiable.



HENRY CLAY ADDRESSING THE SENATE

It was not long before the young statesman, with an adroitness entirely masked by his apparent ingenuousness, contrived to separate Doris from her parents and divert her into the library, across the hall from them. Perhaps she surmised some design behind his manœuver. If she had been certain in her suspicion, however, she would have made no effort to frustrate his device. Not that she particularly cared to have him make love to her, except on the broad ground that he was one more man. But she was curious. This "cannon-ball person," as she playfully called him, piqued her. She could not fathom him. He was the only man of her approximate age who seemed to stand in no fear of her. She supposed it must be ignorance on his part, yet she had been led to fancy at times that he cared for her. He had never said as much. He had never intimated it. It would be of no lasting consequence to her, she thought, whether he ever did. Still, on the whole, she rather wished he would. It would be so interesting to observe how he would do it.

With a perfect semblance of innocence, she walked into the library and seated herself in her father's great chair, facing the long mahogany table. With every appearance of guilelessness, he followed her, wandering about the large room to see what he could find that might interest him, talking briskly and continually of nothing in particular.

"Sorry the major takes it so hard!" he observed, apropos of nothing that had gone before, in his characteristically irrelevant manner.

"Takes what so hard?" she asked, puzzled. He was a most elusive man, this cannon-ball person! She felt that he was coming to it, but was at a loss to foresee how he was going to bring it about from the beginning.

"This tariff business, and nullification," Douglas explained, poking the fire in the hearth at the far end of the room.

"Oh!" she said, half pouting. It was a false alarm, after all! There was a period of silence. She sat trying to balance a glass paper-weight on the end of a paper-cutter.

The Old Senate Chamber in the Capitol, now used by the Supreme Court

He finished his roving inspection of the room, and came toward her. She glanced up at him. His face showed nothing. He rested against the edge of the table beside her, facing her.

"Hope it won't make any difference in our affair," he remarked, casually.

She looked swiftly at him. His eyes were running over the backs of the books on the shelves opposite him. Nowhere was there the sign she was used to seeing in men as they approached the brink. Surely, her vanity had led her into a ludicrous mistake. He was a clod, this cannonball person!

THE HOME OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Why, have you and father some important matter on hand?" she inquired, in good faith.

He stepped to the book-case to make certain of a volume that had caught his eye.

"Oh, no," he replied, in his habitual tone. "You and I, I mean."

"I was not aware of any affair between us," she rejoined, in a frigid tone.

He made no immediate reply, removing the book from the shelf and turning its leaves first.

"No?" he commented, when he did speak. "I did not know but that it might have occurred to you."

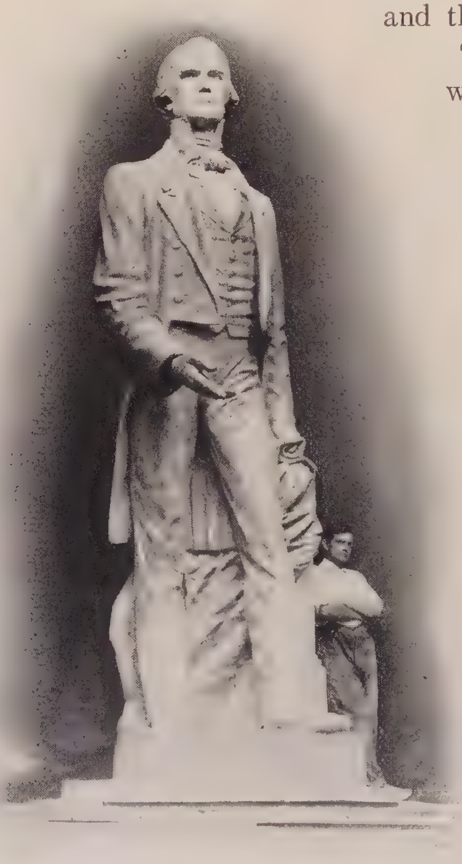
"I can assure you I have given the matter no thought."

"That is barely possible, of course," he observed, turning the book over and over to inspect its binding. His voice was as it always had been,— sharp, metallic, nasal, abrupt. "I thought perhaps you had. It might be just as well for you to be thinking it over, now and then, at your leisure.

"I wonder if your father would let me take this book," he exclaimed, holding it out to her without a flicker in his voice or expression. "I have been looking for this edition. I 'll bring it back."

"I 've no doubt he would," she replied, angry with him, for no reason that she could assign. "I 'll go and ask him."

As she flounced out of the room, he took the chair she had quitted and fell to reading his discovery. In his eye was a quiver of satisfied amusement.



The Statue of Henry Clay at Lexington, Kentucky, with the Sculptor, Charles J. Mulligan

CHAPTER VI

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

FERNANDO STEVENS, booted and spurred, was in a state of almost boyish excitement. Since the death of his wife he had known no such revival of spirits. Seated at his breakfast-table, his sword strapped to his waist after the manner of a boy, his uniform as major of militia spruce and unwrinkled, his great cape coat thrown over the back of his chair, he talked at random over his coffee and corn-cakes with an exuberance of gaiety that at times brought him close to the border of boyish silliness.

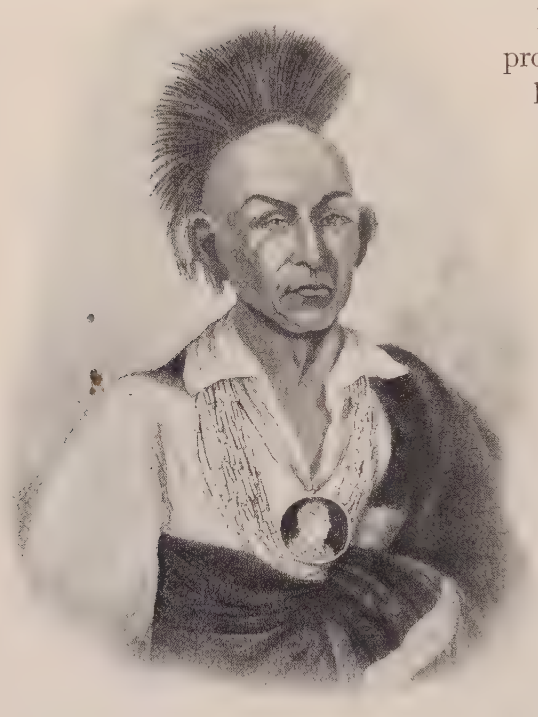
Opposite to him, in a similar state of excitement, but which was more appropriate in him because of his comparative youth, sat a young man of twenty-four in the full uniform of a lieutenant of the regular army. Daniel, now a boy of ten, sat staring in frank admiration and envy at

THE CHURCH ON THE SITE OF THE HOUSE WHERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS BORN, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY the young officer, with nothing in his mind for the present but brass buttons.

"So my old friend Davis has a boy as big as you are, has he?" commented Mr. Stevens, eating his corn-cake with the avidity of a lad promised a fishing trip. "And in the army, too? Well, well, well."

Lieutenant Davis made appropriate reply, informing his host that he had been out of West Point four years.

"Well, Jefferson, I am glad to see you," resumed the elder man. "Let me see. You are about twenty-four, are you not? My nephew Montgomery would be about your age now. No, no; I am mistaken. He was older, much older. He would be thirty now. I am glad to see you. I am glad you thought to stop off on your way to the front. I shall like nothing better than to go and fight the Indians for a season. You don't know how it revives me. My life is pretty lonesome here since Mrs. Stevens died. If it were not for this little fellow here, and his sister Frances, I do not know what I should do. You don't consider the uprising serious, do you?"

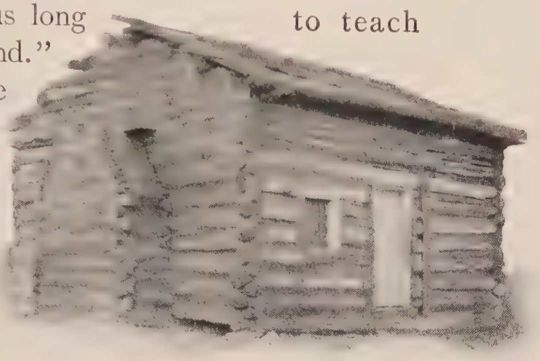


Black Hawk (*From an engraving after the portrait by Charles B. King.*)

"No," admitted Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, with an assumption of wisdom entirely pardonable in a regular officer of his years. "Black Hawk is a vain old man, from all accounts. He believes that he can whip the United States. It will not take us long to teach him the contrary, I apprehend."

Fernando desired to be informed of the circumstances that led to the trouble.

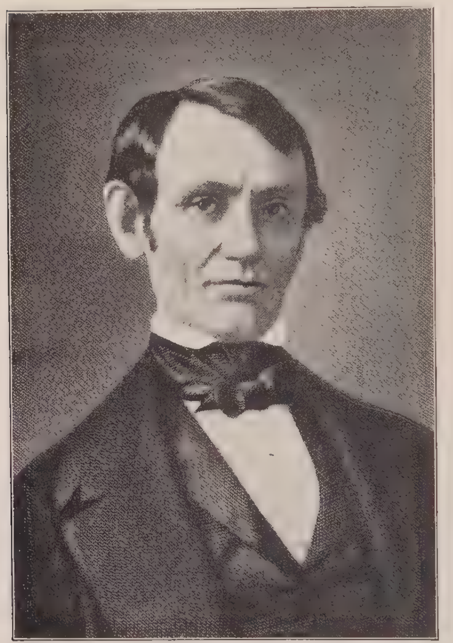
"Illinois is quite a distance from home," he explained, "and I have heard nothing more than that the savages were ugly."


Log Cabin in which Lincoln was Born, Rock Springs Farm, Hardin County, Kentucky

"Black Hawk is another Pontiac in ambition; but in nothing else," began the lieutenant. "He is chief of the Fox Indians, a few scattering tribes in the northern part of Illinois. They live with the Sacs, too, I believe. They gave up their lands and agreed to move west of the Mississippi, but the people let them stay there. When they asked them to go they would n't. I feel sorry for the poor old patriot, myself. He can't see why the whites must have his hunting grounds. He did n't start the trouble, either, as a matter of fact; although he made demonstrations that could not be construed as otherwise than hostile. I am pleased enough to have your company to the wars,

Lincoln Memorial Hall, Elizabethtown, Kentucky, Containing Log Cabin in which Lincoln was Born

Captain Stevens. I did not expect it when I stopped off here last night. There really is no need for you to go, but if you insist, and want to make a vacation out of it, I have nothing further to object; though I really do think, in view of the weather indications, that it might be better for you to postpone our departure for a day."

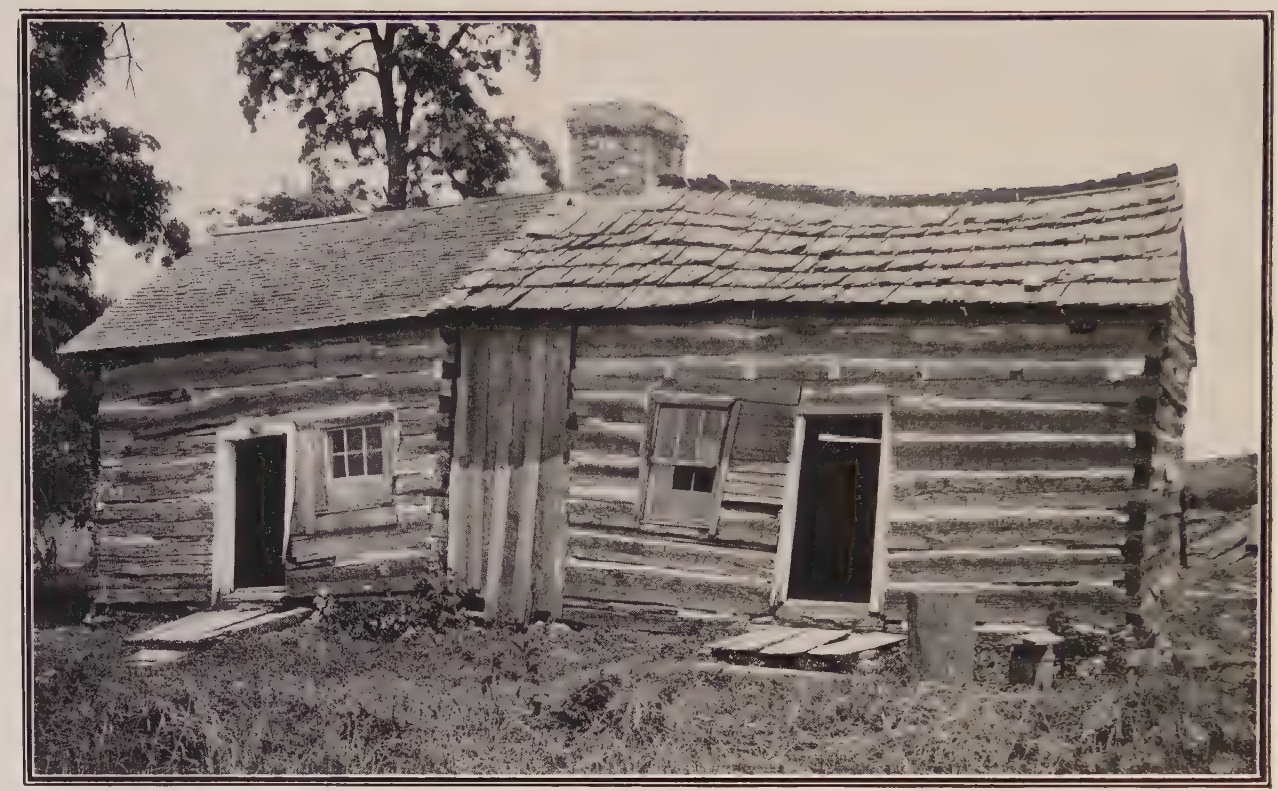


The Earliest Portrait of Abraham Lincoln

Although it was then raining hard, and the sky lowering in every direction, Fernando would not listen to the suggestion, insisting that they would start immediately after breakfast. They delayed only until little Frances came downstairs with her nurse to bid them good bye. She was a pretty, affectionate lass of seven, on terms of the closest possible intimacy with her father, and deeply affected by his going.

"You 'll get scalped, I know you 'll get scalped!" she cried, burying her face in the skirts of his uniform coat.

In vain did her father promise her that he would not permit it. Vainly did her big, stalwart brother of ten endeavor to reassure her. In vain did he point out the duty of an American when his country calls. Vainly did he enlarge upon the pleasure and honor to be derived from the killing of Indians. His efforts were so futile that when at last the two men went splashing down the road through the rain the two children stood at the window that looked



Lincoln's Log Cabin: Built by Lincoln and his Father at Goose Neck Prairie, near Farmington, Illinois

out upon the way they had gone, sobbing, wrapped in each other's arms and mingling their tears. And in all the wide world there was no one to come to comfort them.

What Jefferson Davis had told Fernando Stevens about the Black Hawk war was substantially accurate. Recruits were now gathering in Illinois to break down the presumptuous aspirations of the pathetic old warrior, who dreamed of a realm where red men could successfully resist the whites. Davis, home on a furlough, was on his way to the front. He came to Fernando Stevens, some time a friend of his father, and spent the night with him. His tales of war fired the lonely widower, who insisted upon accompanying him.

Abraham Lincoln as a Flat-Boat Man

It was June, 1832, when they reached Fort Wilburn, near Peru, in Illinois. There they learned that the first volunteers, defeated in a number of skirmishes, had become discouraged, and disbanded. Upon which Black Hawk, with renewed hope, returned to Illinois, whence he had previously retreated. His braves committed many depredations and held the entire country in terror. Now some 3000 volunteers were on the trail of Black Hawk. General Winfield Scott with a thousand regulars was at Chicago, detained there by an outbreak of cholera among his troops.

Pausing for a day to rest themselves and their animals, the two pushed out to overtake the punitive force. In a week they came upon them. It was early evening when they arrived where they were encamped in a little valley. They were permitted by the sentinels to pass the lines. They rode up to a camp-fire, about which a number of rangers were drying their clothes, it having rained during the day.

Lincoln's Early Home in Kentucky

As they approached, they heard the sound of boisterous merriment in camp and saw a tall, angular, ungainly young fellow, with long wrists and a pathetically homely face, standing in the midst of the circle of light with his hands tucked beneath the tails of his coat, telling stories. The fun ceased as they came up to inquire the way to headquarters. One of the rangers volunteering to show them where they could find General Atkinson, they left the group and made their way after him through the dripping trees.

"Seem to be making quite a lark of it," commented Lieutenant Davis, by way of sociability, as they stumbled through the dark places. His spirits, somewhat dampened by their long, wet journey, were reviving.

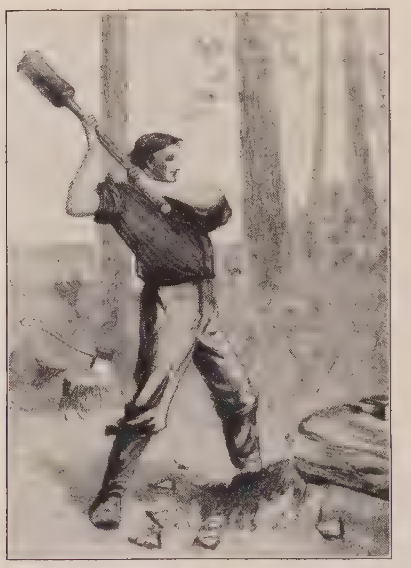
Lincoln's Log Cabin near Farmington, Illinois

"Say, that feller 's the funniest man I ever heard," responded their guide, enthusiastically. "Keeps us roaring all the time. Nothing ever happens that don't remind him of some fool yarn. We laugh when he is around, and when he is n't we laugh for thinking over the things he says."

"Who is this wag?" inquired Jefferson Davis, casually.

"Abe Lincoln, from New Salem, Sangamon county. You need n't think he is a fool just because he is funny, either," their informant added hastily, fearing they might be under a misapprehension. "He 's smart as a whip, that fellow. He 's running for the State legislature. You ought to hear him talk about politics. Here 's Atkinson's quarters."

Thus did the two men, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, who in after life were to lead the sundered States through a conflict that was to leave them reunited forever, pass, unconscious of their fate, within the firelight of a military camp in the wilds of Illinois. In this engagement were many other men, little known then, who later became famous. There was Robert Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter, Zachary Taylor and Albert Sidney Johnston. But the one destined to rise the highest was perhaps the least known of the group. Abe Lincoln, then only twenty-one years of age, was just launching upon the career that was to carry him from the obscurity of flat-boat man, rail-splitter, and clerk in a country store to the Presidency.


LINCOLN AS A RAIL-SPLITTER

The campaign against Black Hawk, like the whole war, is an unpleasant memory. The Indians, retreating into Wisconsin, were overtaken by detachments of the army, and scattered and beaten piecemeal. The first blow fell at Wisconsin Heights, opposite Prairie du Sac. The last battle, little better than a massacre, was at Bad Ax, on the Mississippi. A large part of the tribes, including women and children, were slain. The loss of the whites was comparatively slight. Black Hawk, escaping to the Winnebagos, was delivered over by them a prisoner. Those that were left removed to the west bank of the Mississippi.

Fernando and Lieutenant Davis were in no engagements during the brief campaign, which lasted only three months. The brigade to which they attached themselves failed to encounter the savages. At the end, they returned leisurely to Cincinnati, arriving there in October. There Lieutenant Davis received orders to rejoin his command.

INTERIOR OF LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN NEAR FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Although he had found no fighting, the excitement and diversion of his expedition awoke Fernando to a new sense of existence. The period of his active grief for his departed wife was brought to a close by psychological processes. Her loss became less of a bitter memory. It lay dead in the past. He realized that he was yet a young man; that he owed it to his children, already sufficiently deprived of parental care, to make somewhat more of himself than he would accomplish by continuing his course of retirement on his plantation. He should begin anew.

With this determination in mind, he stopped at the Lee residence on his way to his home to spend an hour or two with his old friend and renew an acquaintance with the family. There his mind awoke to a broader purpose than he had yet entertained. A mellow light was in his eye as he rode up the lane that led to his own door, still fully equipped with a complete scalp that showed no sign of gray hairs or of interference from the Indians.

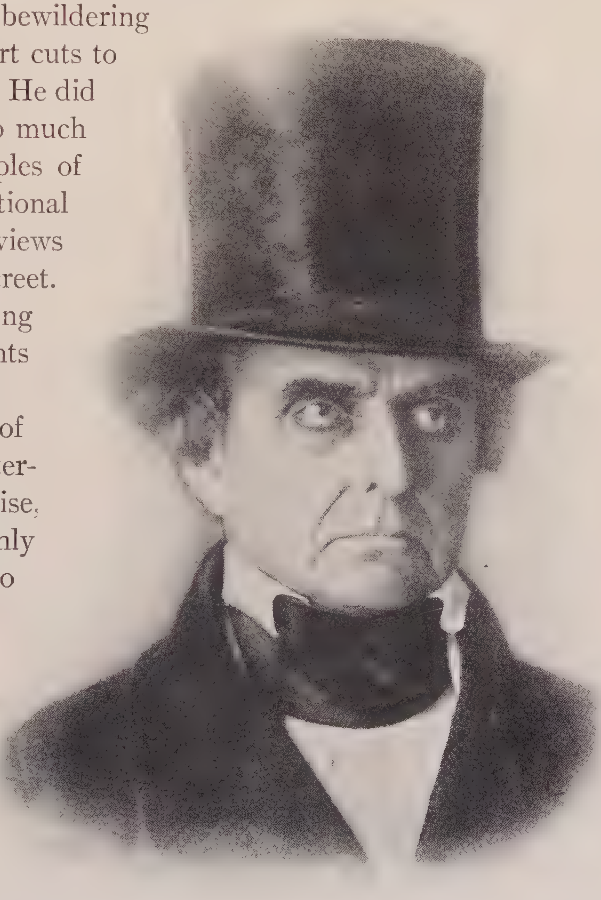
Great was the joy in the hearts of his children as they saw him approach on his draggled horse, the stains of his long journey on his uniform, and the tan of an outdoor life on his handsome face. Great was their wonder and pride as he regaled them that night with tales of Indians and of fighting. And great was their wonder and gladness when he told them, as he kissed them good night, that soon there might be another mother in the empty house to love and care for them.

CHAPTER VII

THE KITCHEN CABINET

DOUGLAS STEVENS, of Stamford, Connecticut, was rising in the political firmament. He was returned to Congress in 1832 by a large majority. He already had places on committees flattering to a young man. He was known as a hard worker, of sound sense and judgment, with a bewildering faculty for taking short cuts to the center of things. He did not concern himself so much about the big principles of party politics or national policy. About such views as he held, he was discreet. He was given to working out minor adjustments of details.

He had a way of reconciling hostile interests, without compromise, which made him highly valuable to all who sought to overcome opposition in committee. He seemed to fathom men's motives, to read their minds, to



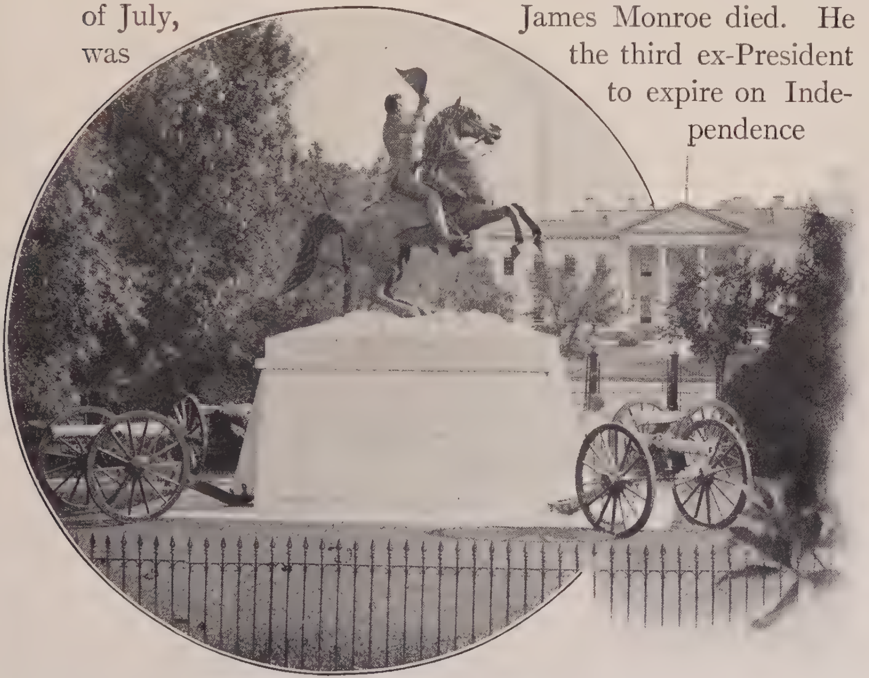
THE "HAT PORTRAIT" OF DANIEL WEBSTER (*From a daguerreotype by F. de B. Richards*) pick out the soft spots in their characters. By reason of his seeming guilelessness, his frank, unconscious innocence, he was able to tread where angels feared to go. What would have been brazen effrontery in any other man, in him was accepted as arising from his lack of worldly knowledge, and smiled upon indulgently. Instead of frowning at him, men laughed. But,—they did what he wanted them to do, and never knew it.

It was the same carefully trained appearance of boyish unsophistication which opened the way for him to the friendship of the big men of the time. Daniel Webster called him by his first name. President Jackson never failed to nod to him. Senator Clay often sought occasion, by chatting with him familiarly, to get a glimpse into the hearts of the people; for the young man seemed to understand many things. Calhoun was well acquainted with him. Benton slapped him on the back. Van Buren, with political sagacity, cultivated him and consulted with him.

Momentous events had occurred since the day when Doris began her futile effort to subdue Douglas. Jackson, inflexible ever in his convictions, vetoed on July 10, 1832, the bill for the recharter of the United States Bank, a corporation chartered to do business throughout the States, having many branches and holding deposit of national funds. Nicholas Biddle was at the head of it. Jackson believed the charter to be unconstitutional. The privileges granted the bank under the charter he considered an infringement of the rights guaranteed to the States under the constitution. It was of no concern to him that Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, the famous constitutional lawyer at the head of the supreme court, had held that the bank was constitutional. In his veto, the President maintained that the executive branch of the governmant had an equal right with the judicial to interpret the constitution, and that the three heads of government were entirely independent of each other, within certain limitations distinctly specified in the constitution. The bill to recharter failed to pass over the veto. The position taken by the President proved popular. The people had come to regard the bank as a private monopoly. It had fallen into disfavor, and they were glad to have it extinguished.

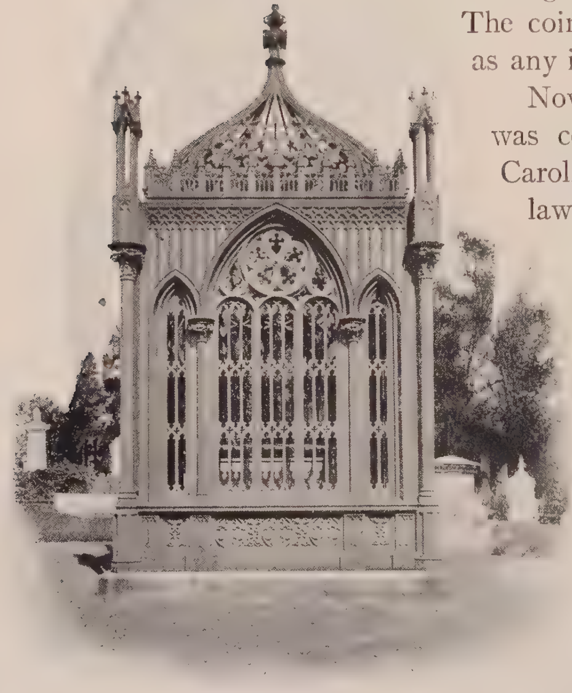
President Jackson acquired still greater renown by obtaining 25,000,000 francs from France as damages for harm done to American commerce. In spite of his reputation as an unconscionable fighter, he conducted the negotiations with dignity, firmness, forbearance, and tact, and got the money. Edward Livingston represented the United States in France at the time.

Jackson also obtained for American commerce the privileges of West Indian trade, which had been denied by Great Britain since 1822. He achieved further prestige in his foreign policy by bringing a number of smaller powers to terms in commercial matters, and obtaining indemnities and promises of good behavior. In 1831, on the Fourth of July, James Monroe died. He was the third ex-President to expire on Independence



Statue of General Andrew Jackson, by Clark Mills, in Lafayette Square, Washington

Day, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams having passed away almost simultaneously on July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Both had been on the committee to which its preparation was entrusted, and Monroe had fought gallantly to make it true. The coincidences are as remarkable as any in history.

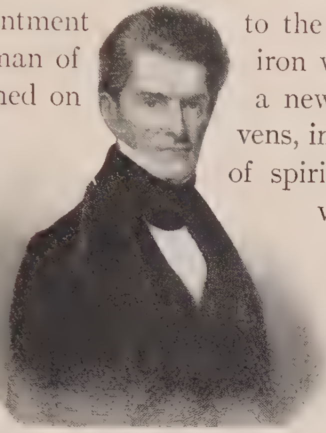


The Tomb of James Monroe at Richmond, Virginia

Now a time of great trouble was come upon the land. South Carolina, incensed by a new tariff law which passed in the summer of 1832, formally declared her right to interpose. On November 24 the law made by Congress was declared to be null and void by a convention called by the legislature. Early in December the legislature passed a bill declaring that the customs duties would not be paid after February 1, 1833. The conflict over the principles of the Constitution which Webster and Hayne had debated threatened to disrupt the Union.

It was December 10, 1832. Washington was in a furore of excitement. Men were ready to plunge at each other's throats. Jackson, reëlected in November, was to be at the head of affairs for four more years. In his annual message to Congress, December 4, six days before, he had passed over the South Carolina trouble in a paragraph, not even mentioning the name of the State. He referred to the opposition to the tariff that had arisen in a "certain quarter," suggesting that the federal laws would be sufficient to cope with it. He asked for the reduction of the tariff, a suggestion that was considered a concession to the nullifiers. He discussed issues in a temper which showed that he inclined to strict construction. The message was a bitter disappointment to the enemies of nullification. The man of iron will in the White House was maligned on a new score.

Douglas Stevens, in a state of infectious buoyancy of spirits, was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue that day, arm in arm with a gentleman of distinguished appearance and imposing dignity. As they passed along, the people stood aside, and turned to stare after Douglas's companion, but with deference. Douglas, oblivious to the attention bestowed upon them, rattled along on terms of unconscious familiarity with the distinguished gentleman, who took it as a matter of course.



John C. Calhoun *(From a miniature by Blanchard)*

"Fight!" exclaimed the younger man, as they turned into the White House grounds. "Why, Mr. Webster, they will not fight — yet. Your eminent colleague, Mr. Clay of Tennessee, will patch it up with them. Both sides will back down a little — for the present. Know what I call Clay? To his face, too? King Compromise! He 'll fix it up with a new tariff. There will be no fight."

Daniel Webster shook his head.

"While I have unbounded faith in Mr. Clay's abilities, while I am ready to concede that you have much perspicacity for a man of your years, while I am in the habit of placing no inconsiderable reliance upon the views which you entertain on matters of consequence, I nevertheless am, in the circumstances, compelled, however reluctantly, to be of the opinion that your sanguine and optimistic temper has led you astray in your present conclusions," replied Webster. "While I am not ready to prognosticate any immediate conflict at arms, I am forced to believe that the controversy has now reached a point in divergence from which the contending parties cannot easily be again drawn together without the use of coercion that may take the form of force. It is my confidential opinion, Douglas, that the President is lamentably vacillating."

Nicholas Biddle (*After Rembrandt Peale's portrait*)

"I think you are wrong, Mr. Webster," returned Douglas. "I wonder who will be here today." He had not lost his trick of turning the subject.

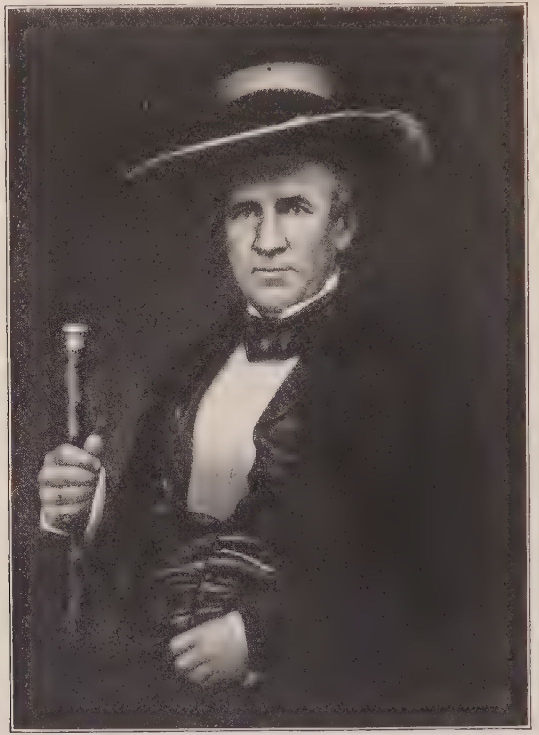
They proceeded up the walk to the White House door, exchanging nods with many visitors whom they encountered leaving the grounds, — for it was a day of public reception. They had reached the edge of the portico, when a stream of painted savages, dressed in their garb of state, emerged through the great doors and moved in solemn silence to the middle of the avenue before the Executive Mansion. Suddenly they swung into a circle, a twisting, swinging circle of wild men, and swept howling through a war-dance.

Mr. Webster and Douglas paused on the steps to watch them.

"Cherokees," explained Douglas, when the dance was at its highest. "I know the tribe. From Georgia. They don't want to move; but they 'll have to. They 'll have to dance the war-dance on Old Hickory's grave before they stop him. Hello, major!" he cried, catching sight of Major Stevens in the croud that watched the Indians. "Some more nullifiers, eh, major?"

The bite of the quip lay in the circumstance that the Cherokee nation, living in a district in Georgia, took the position that they were not under the jurisdiction of the laws of Georgia, although living within her borders. There was much loud laughter at the speech, and some scowls. The biggest and fiercest scowl lay between the eyes of Major Allen Stevens. It was in no degree removed when Douglas sought to introduce his remote kinsman to the eminent senator from Massachusetts; a ceremony which he elaborately performed in spite of the assurances of both gentlemen that they had previously enjoyed that distinguished honor.

The two new arrivals separated at the door. Mr. Webster, having official business, went to the executive offices at once to see some head of a bureau. Douglas, a tiny twinkle in his eye at thought of the major's discomfiture in the presence of Mr. Webster, proceeded into the reception-room. Officers of the army and navy, politicians, statesmen, office-holders and those desiring office, attachés of foreign legations, rangers from the far West trying to hide behind their beards, merchants from New England, planters from Mississippi, artisans, mechanics, a few negroes, — men of every degree of mental and material wealth, from the elegant and classical gentleman of Boston to the rough pioneer of Missouri, mingled in the blue room where President Jackson stood to receive them.



General Sam Houston (*From a daguerreotype by B. P. Page*)

Receive them he did, one and all, with a handshake and a good word; greeting them as an inevitable corollary to his principal theorem that the people should rule, and that he was called by Providence to see that they did. He was a democrat. Here was democracy come to take account of him.

Douglas passed along in the procession that wound before the President. The long, thin face relaxed from the set lines of determination which his course in office had strung across it; a warmth came into the glint of the eyes that looked fairly between the eyes of all who came; in his most courteous manner he greeted the young man, calling him by name, and shaking his hand twice.

"I am afraid you misunderstood me, Stevens," he said, in a low voice. "I wanted to see you privately."

"I did not misunderstand, Mr. President," Douglas assured him. "I came early to have a look around."

He included the concourse in a comprehensive glance, exchanging a significant nod with the President.

"You can wait for me in the private office," Jackson said, as Douglas passed on. "You will find some gentlemen there discussing the matter now."

Douglas, wandering among his fellow-citizens, was attracted to a group which was presided over by a man of towering size and pompous mien. He was holding forth in impassioned and eloquent fashion on topics of the day in so far as they involved him.

"Don't be too hard on Gleason," he was saying when Douglas came within hearing. "I can't say that he should object to being called a dog, however. I always had great admiration for dogs, and he has every quality of the canine but his fidelity."

The man was Sam Houston, in Washington to plead for the Cherokees of Georgia, who had that day attended the reception. He had recently been haled before the tribunal of Congress for caning Representative Stanberry in the streets of Washington. The speaker of the house reprimanded him perfunctorily. The incident was the topic of the capital for a period.

Douglas approached Houston with a great show of pleasure, and grasped his hand. The circumstance that it was their first meeting, and that Douglas knew him only by sight, did not at all deter him from plunging at once into enthusiastic and familiar discourse with the famous Indian fighter, statesman, patriot, politician, and poseur.

"Your recent experience with Congress does not seem to have injured you, Houston," he suggested, when the group scattered and left them alone. The audacious impertinence of the remark gave no offense. He made it in a frank, unconscious, ingenuous manner which tended rather to inspire pity for his blundering ignorance.

Houston, leaning over, pulled him by the sleeve to have his close attention. "I was dying out," he said in stage whisper. "If they had taken me before a magistrate and fined me ten dollars it would have killed me. But they brought me before the tribunal of Congress, with the nation for a theater, and made me again."

With that the two interchanged a knowing wink, and separated, Houston passing through the reception-room, with a last grandiose wave of his hand to the President, above the heads of the thronging guests, — he too, was to be a president. Douglas, passing from the room where the President was receiving, walked into the hall and wandered along in the most casual and unconcerned manner. Coming to a door at a distance from that which led from the reception-room, he turned the knob and entered without ceremony.

Three men sat at table in the center of the room, engaged in earnest discussion. They were serious, subdued, quiet, as though the weight of affairs bore heavily upon them. The table was covered with a litter of papers and documents. The one at the head of the table, a small, dapper, round-headed man, self-contained, alert, led the discussion. Whatever it was they talked of, they were in agreement. They glanced quickly at Douglas when he entered, without exhibiting surprise at his intrusion.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Van Buren? How are you, Major Lewis? How do you do, Mr. Kendall?" He addressed them in turn without the least constraint as he approached the table and took a seat. "The President asked me to step over this afternoon. He said I should find you here."

They saluted him in return. Martin Van Buren, he who sat at the head of the table, informed him briefly that he was not unexpected, and he immediately became one of the group in full standing.

THE WHITE HOUSE (*From an old engraving*)

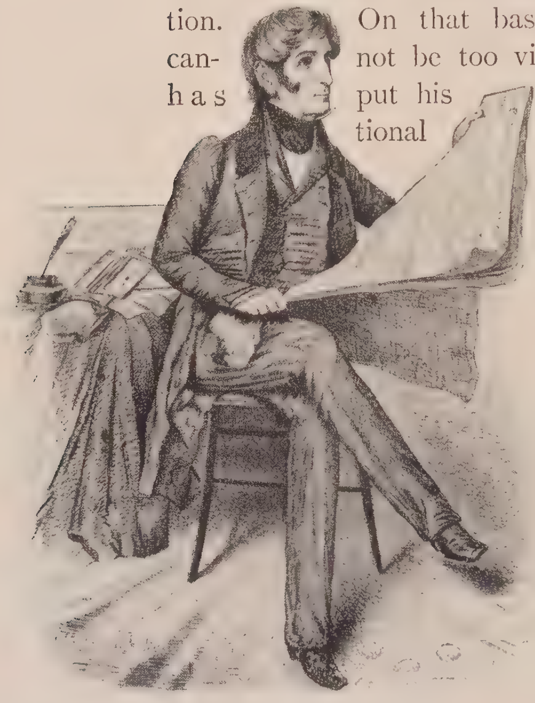
"The matter has been definitely decided upon?" he inquired, nodding his head wisely.

"Fully," responded Van Buren. "We have here the final draft. Mr. Jackson wished us to see it in the revised form. We find no changes to be made. It will be made public this afternoon, as soon as the reception is over."

"I was pointing out as you entered what I considered might be an improvement in the terms in which the pronouncement is couched," observed Kendall, turning to Douglas, at the same time reaching to receive a document from the hands of Mr. Van Buren. "It occurred to me that the language used might possibly be more harsh than was necessary or politic. You are as familiar with the Southern temper as any, Stevens, and I should like your opinion. We do not wish to be so aggressive in the matter that the South Carolinians cannot withdraw from their position without chagrin. We do not want to challenge them, you understand; to stir up any feeling of injured honor which will militate against their reasonable consideration of the stand which the government assumes."

Douglas, signifying his comprehension of Kendall's point by gesture and expression, took the paper and read while the others conversed together.

"Gentlemen," he said, when he had concluded, "since you do me the honor to ask my opinion, I shall venture it, sensible of its worthlessness as compared with your own. I believe that the occasion demands a stand as vigorous as is maintained in this declaration. President Jackson is right. He need have no fear of being too strong in the expression of the right. Perhaps, academically speaking, Calhoun is right under strict interpretation of the Constitution. But he is fundamentally wrong. His position is destructive of the Union. I submit, gentlemen, that the Union is above the Constitution, which was originated as a device for creating the Union. When it comes to a question between the two, the Constitution should be interpreted in the light of national exigencies, rather than that the Union should be interpreted in the light of the Constitution. On that basis the President's contention cannot be too vigorously prosecuted. And he has put his case strongly on a constitutional basis. If this paper is a challenge to South Carolina, it is warranted. South Carolina has invited challenge."



Amos Kendall

Those who heard the startling doctrine of loose construction, far more radical than any advanced by the most pronounced loose constructionists, were too astonished to make reply at once. Before they could find themselves, the door opened again, and the President entered the room. "How do you find it, gentlemen?" he asked, briskly, taking a chair beside Douglas. "Is it sufficiently to the point?"

"Mr. Kendall suggested that it was perhaps too pointed," replied Mr. Van Buren, "but the rest of us approve without qualification."

The President turned his keen glance upon Kendall.

"What 's the trouble with it, Kendall?" he asked.

"Pretty rough on them, Mr. Jackson," replied Kendall, cocking his cigar in his mouth and leaning his chair back.

"It 's a rough business, Kendall," rejoined Jackson.

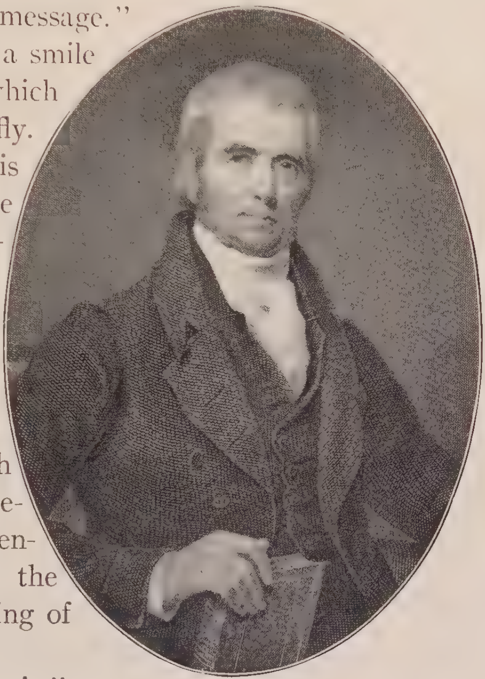
"Stevens here propounded some novel and interesting constitutional views just before you came, Mr. President," observed Major Lewis, smiling at the young man. "I do not know whether he would suggest that they be incorporated in the message."

The gathering relaxed into a smile at the expense of Douglas, in which Jackson himself joined briefly.

"Douglas has expounded his doctrines to me," he said. "He is a rash young man to entertain such views."

"But not rash to announce them in this private gathering," Douglas commented, winking shrewdly at Van Buren.

Van Buren conceded as much with a nod of the head, and returned to the main issue. "Kendall expressed the fear that the State might fight under the sting of this," he observed.



Chief Justice John Marshall

"Don't say Kendall feared it," corrected Major Lewis. "Kendall fears nothing but his wife."

His facetiousness went without approval. Jackson obliterated it completely. Springing to his feet, he paced the floor, beating the palm of his left hand with his clenched right fist.

"Fight? Let them fight!" he cried. "I will make that stand if I have to send Scott down there with forty thousand men!"

"But you won't have to," Douglas Stevens observed, on the heels of the President's words.

"That depends a little on you, Stevens," rejoined the President, resuming his seat again. "I am going to send you down there in a private way to see what you can do toward bringing them to their senses."

Douglas nodded his acknowledgments.

"Better bottle up your doctrines about the Constitution," suggested the major, chuckling.

Oak Hill, Virginia: The Home of James Monroe

"Leave Stevens alone to bottle up anything," retorted Kendall. The matter having been decided, the tension was breaking away. The reaction threatened to lead to levity. Jackson for the second time brought back sobriety.

"It is satisfactorily agreed upon, then, is it, gentlemen?" he demanded, extending his hand for the paper which was the subject of their deliberations.

"Your policy and your methods are entirely approved, Mr. Jackson," said Van Buren.

"I am glad to have your approval," remarked the

President, taking the paper and going to the bell-rope, which he pulled vigorously. "But you need not feel the responsibility of the action too heavily; for I should have adopted this course even if it had been against your advice."

"I guess we all knew that, Jackson," retorted Major Lewis, grinning at Douglas. "Stevens, have a cigar."

The servant who answered the bell was directed to send the President's secretary. When he came, Jackson handed him the paper.

"Here it is, Higginson," said Jackson. "You may make copies of it, and make it public at once. Give it to the newspapers this evening."

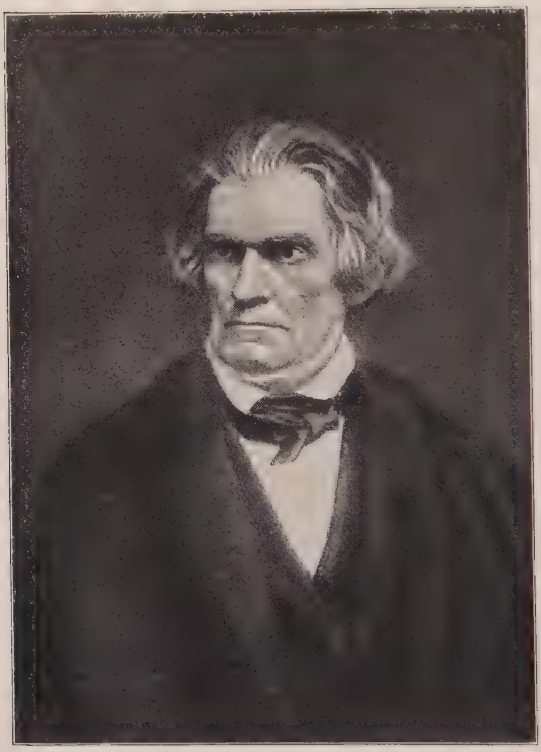
The group, having fallen into desultory conversation concerning matters of passing interest, immediately broke up when Jackson joined them after giving orders to Higginson. When they departed Douglas was not with them. The cold wind of the December night fluttered among the feeble flickering lights in the portico when Douglas came out, and made his way hastily toward the home of Major Allen Stevens, where he was expected at dinner.

The Monroe House, 63 Prince Street, New York where Monroe Died at the Home of his Son-in-Law, Samuel Gouverneur

CHAPTER VIII

TWO PROCLAMATIONS

IF the Honorable Douglas Stevens of Connecticut had not been precisely the manner of man he was, the dinner that night at the home of the Honorable Allen Stevens of Georgia would have been an unpleasant if not a disastrous affair. A feeling of constraint, bred by the nullification affair, was upon them all when he arrived. The major was angry and resentful. Douglas was frankly and strongly opposed to Calhoun's doctrine.



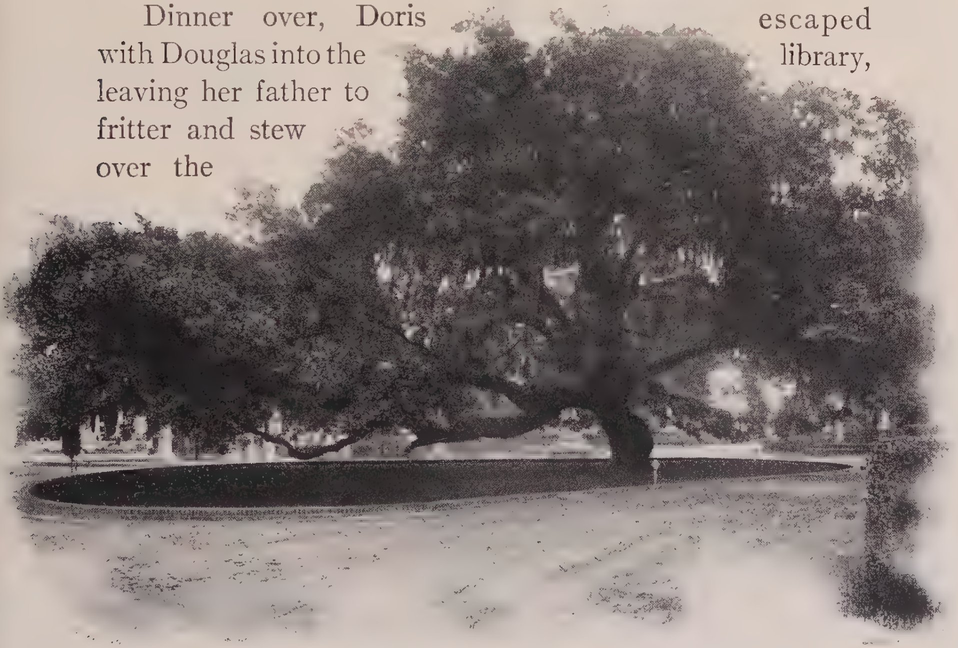
John C. Calhoun

The situation was particularly painful to Doris. Her father being in belligerent mood, her apprehension was acute. The background, her mother, gave her no little anxiety, for, having perceived the preparations made for war by her lord, she stood awaiting the signal to combat. Only Douglas's utter innocence of anything untoward displayed in his inconsequential conversation and ease of manner averted a catastrophe.

The major taunted the federal government in one breath, and threatened it in the next. He sneered at Jackson as a weak turncoat who dared not oppose the will of South Carolina, and straightway applauded him as a man of justice who would not permit the sovereignty of any State to suffer. He gloated and patronized, boasted and challenged, whined and extenuated; in short, he conducted himself toward his guest and kinsman in an almost insufferable manner, — although, of course, he was distinctly polite through it all.

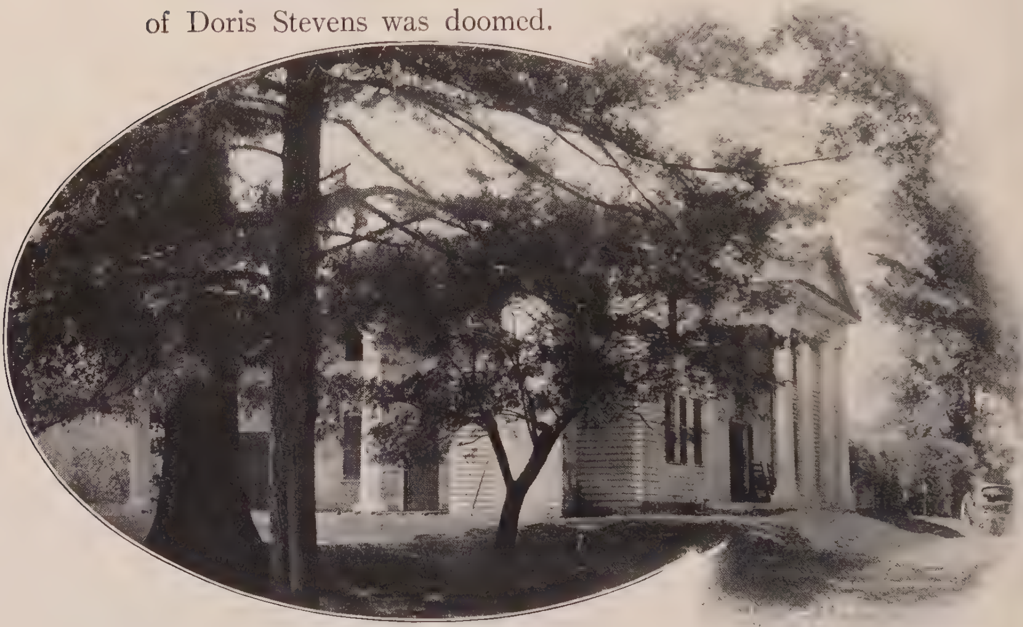
Doris was in a foment of fear. She did not like quarrels, and here were the makings of an excellent quarrel if the patience of Douglas should become exhausted. But Douglas gave no heed to the major beyond what civility demanded of a guest. He devoted himself throughout the dinner to the background, who was at a loss how to receive him, having discovered an obvious divergence between the respective attitudes of her lord and her daughter.

Dinner over, Doris escaped with Douglas into the library, leaving her father to fritter and stew over the



MAGNOLIA CEMETERY, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA evening papers. It was their habit now to sit together in the library when he spent the evening with them, which he did with a frequency quite unusual in a remote cousin. The custom had come into recognized existence shortly after the passage which had occurred between them on the night following Webster's reply to Hayne.

From that same hour the heart of Doris Stevens was doomed.



The Home of Calhoun in South Carolina

It was many months thereafter before she herself realized it. It was still more months before she ceased to struggle against the fate which pressed her. Even when she had succumbed to the inevitable, she declined to admit it to herself at once.

When she had flounced out of the library that night she was angry with him. She was hurt. He had slighted her. Men were not wont to treat her so flippantly. With her lips between her teeth, she made a resolve, before she was through the door, to humble him — to have this cannonball person at her feet with the rest of them.

One night, when she had been particularly whimsical and tyrannical, and he had appeared to be especially oblivious to her unkindness, he turned to her with that baffling twinkle in the far corners of his eyes and said, quite in his usual tone:

"Been thinking it over, have n't you? That 's right. Might just as well get used to it."

It was then that she came to realize that she had blundered into her fate. Theretofore she had thought only to humble him. Now she knew that her efforts had reacted upon herself. She did not admit it at once. She resisted with determined vigor. But desire to vanquish him, and pique, drove her further and further upon her course. In the end she saw she was lost, — and was glad.

This night she sat in the same great chair, the chair her father used when he worked in the library. She was unhappy. The distressing situation at the dinner table threw its shadow over her. She thought she saw it lying across the way she had to go through life. Silent, preoccupied, she sat for a long space, playing absently with the paper-weight, balancing it, as she had done that other night, on the paper-knife.

Feeling at last that his eyes were fixed upon her, she glanced on impulse into the large mirror opposite them on the wall. She saw the reflection of him standing close behind her chair, looking at her in a way she had never seen him look. He was changed, transformed, transfigured. It was as though the outer shell of the man had melted away, leaving only the soul, — which was all love for her.

She cast down her eyes, trembling with a wonderful excitement. It was not for her to gaze long upon such a sight as the soul of him! Her breath came quickly. The table floated before her eyes. The chair in which she sat seemed to wheel and swirl. Through an enduring silence she felt that his look was still upon her. She dared not glance into the mirror to see.

Impulse seized her again. Thinking only of the shadow that threatened her, she spoke.

"I hope it won't make any difference — in our — affairs," she faltered, unconsciously using the words he himself had used that other night.

She had never so far presumed upon the subtle understanding which she felt was between them. The boldness of her speech frightened her. She glanced swiftly into the mirror. He was still looking at her as he had looked. Slowly, slowly, he was bending over toward her. She closed her eyes, awed and quivering. She felt his breath in her hair. She felt his lips pressed against it. Her heart fluttered within her, rising to meet his lips, making her faint.

"Doris!" His voice was not now nasal, vibrant, metallic. It was soft, pleading and pathetic, hushed, solemn, as the voice of one who might whisper in the presence of angels. His hands passed slowly from the back of the chair to her shoulders, to her arms, to her own hands, which they clasped. He was beside her now, sitting on the arm of her chair. His cheek was against hers. She shrank close to him, mutely trusting him to shield her from — himself.

"Doris! Through all time man has told his love to woman. Men have come to tell you their love. I am not come for that. I do not wish to speak of it. It is too soft and tender a part of my soul to be brought forth to the light; it is too much a part of my inner being to be trusted to sounds which might fall by chance on other ears than yours. And I need not speak of it. You feel it now; you shall live to know it better than I could tell you.

"We have understood, Doris, many things, you and I.

We have never spoken of them. That we have had no need is proof how well we understood. I give expression to our understanding now because I feel that now, Doris, I can ask you to be my wife."

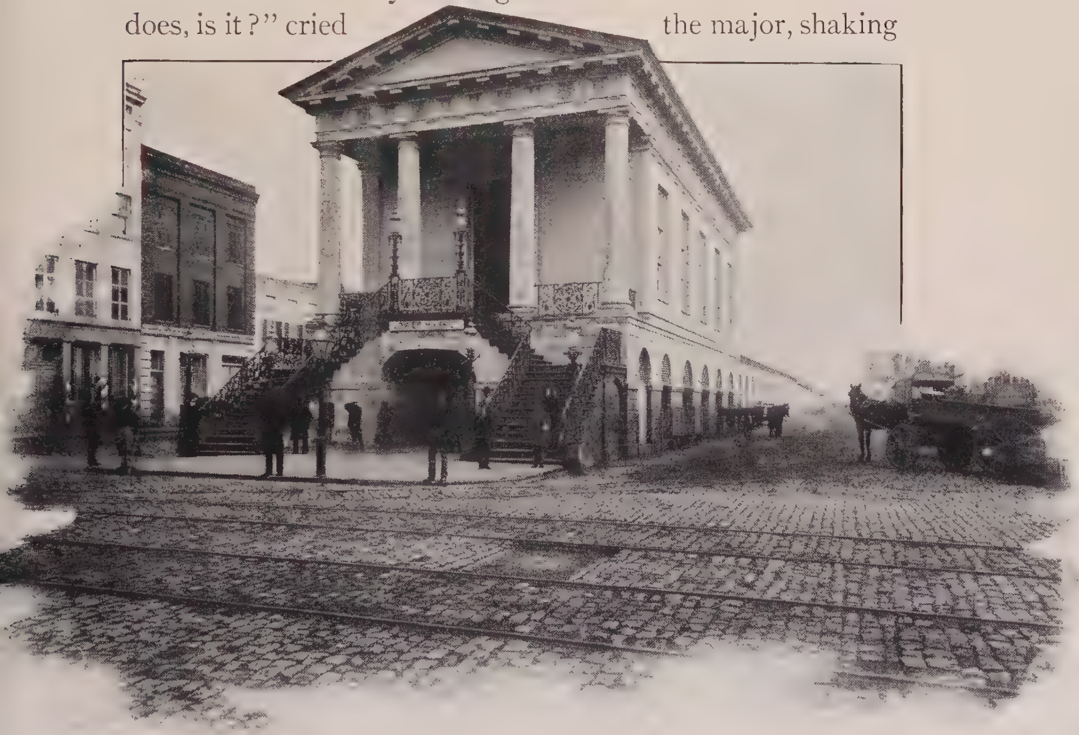
The soft music of his tones died upon the air.

"Am I not unworthy, Douglas?" she whispered, after the manner of women.

"Do I not love you?" he whispered in reply.

It can never be told how long they had been sitting there, when they heard the door-bell ring violently, heard some one ask excitedly for Major Stevens, heard a few hurried, muffled words, heard his feet pounding angrily down the hall, and saw him standing in the doorway of the library, white with rage, holding a crumpled newspaper in his extended hand. His agitation was too great to permit of his observing how they sat before Douglas slipped away from the chair and stood at the edge of the table, facing him.

"So this is what your long-eared cur in the White House does, is it?" cried the major, shaking



The Old Market at Charleston, South Carolina the paper in the face of Douglas. "Look at that. Do you know what that is? We 'll fight, sir; we 'll fight you first!"

Douglas took the paper, remarking casually, in a return to his usual tone, that the major had every appearance of desiring to fight somebody. The major made no retort, merely crying out several times, as Douglas spread the rumpled sheet upon the table and glanced at it, "What do you think of that, sir? What do you think of that?"

It was an extra edition of the *Post*. It contained the proclamation issued that afternoon by the President to the people of South Carolina, warning them against their stand on nullification. "I consider the power to annul the laws of the United States, assumed by one State, incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the Constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed," said the proclamation. It then went on to argue the reasons on which the opinion was based, and concluded by exhorting the people of the State to stop before it should become necessary for him to assume force toward them to compel their submission to the tariff law.

"What do you think of that?" repeated Major Stevens, livid with rage.

"Oh, this," murmured Douglas. "Oh, yes."

"Do you know what it is? Read it!"

"I know what it is; I have read it," replied Douglas, impassively, as he gave it back to the major, having barely glanced over it.

"You did not take time!"

"I read it this afternoon."

"It has just been published!" exclaimed the major, skeptically.

"Yes. It was not published when I read it. It was not

The Capitol at Washington in 1832 (*From an engraving by H. Brown*)

quite finished, in fact." He went a little beyond the truth, with the innocent purpose of further astonishing the major.

The major, with distended eyes, stared hard at the young man. Doris, still sitting where Douglas had left her, watched him closely, somewhat alarmed at his appearance. She saw the shadow again.

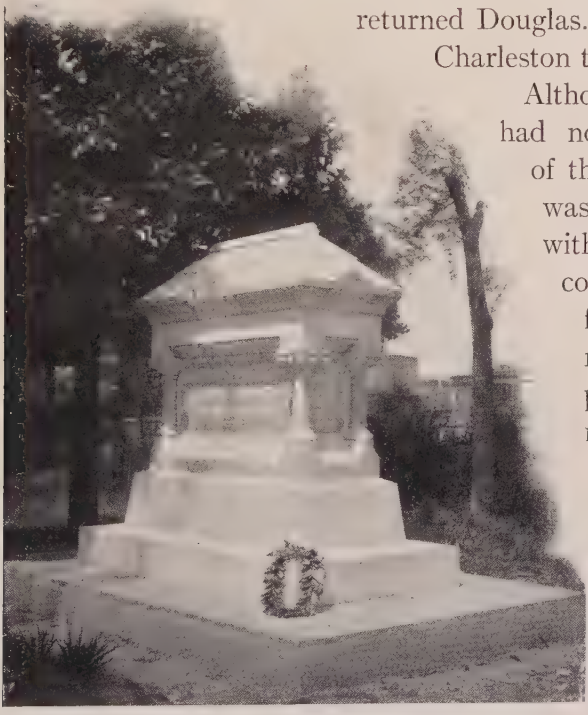
"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you had a part in this, that you helped prepare it?" cried the elder man, making his imperial stand forth in a terrifying manner.

"I cannot claim that distinction," replied Douglas, mildly. "I was simply with Mr. Jackson when he completed it. He did me the honor of permitting me to approve of it."

"They would soon show you what they thought of you if they had you in Charleston, sir!" scolded Major Stevens.

"They will soon have opportunity," returned Douglas. "I leave for Charleston to-morrow."

Although she had had no premonition of the news, Doris was too concerned with the electrical condition of her father to find room for surprise at the announcement. As for that gentleman, his sensibilities were so numbed by the violence of his emo-



Calhoun's Tomb in Saint Philip's Churchyard, Charleston, South Carolina tions during the past few moments that he did not at once grasp the significance of what was told him.

"What are you going down there for?" he asked, perfunctorily.

"For the government," Douglas answered.

The elder Stevens understood then.

"Going down there to spy on them?" he snarled.

Doris looked at Douglas quickly. Such a word would not pass smoothly between men down her way. Douglas only appeared surprised.

"Why?" he asked innocently. "Is there anything going forward down there that requires spying?"

Major Stevens tossed off the insinuation with a jerk of his head.

The White House (*From an early drawing after nature*)

"What do you expect to do, sir?" he demanded.

"Well, I expect to do what I can to make the people of South Carolina see things from the national outlook. And I expect —" he turned to look at Doris — "I expect to have Doris to keep me company, if you don't mind. I shall have an establishment there, for a while."

The member from Georgia flared up again.

"Preposterous!" he exclaimed. "Do you think for a minute, sir, that I would permit my daughter to travel about the country with a single gentleman, even if he were her first cousin, instead of a remote, attenuated relative?"

"No, I should n't think so," Douglas replied, with an amused glance at Doris. She was pale and trembling, fearing the shadow. "No, I should not think so. But I had arranged for that. If she goes with me, I shall not travel in the capacity of a single gentleman."

The father looked swiftly from one to the other. Douglas was placid and unmoved. Doris made an effort to hide her face without appearing to do so. She succeeded neither in hiding it nor in appearing unconscious. The color surging in her cheeks was perfectly visible to her father. There was a moment of silence, in which the major's ebullition noticeably subsided in spite of himself.

Charleston, South Carolina, after the Revolution

"I presume you have at least made arrangements to that effect with my daughter, sir!" he said, with facetious severity, rolling his eyes playfully at her.

"I was about to, when you came in," retorted Douglas.

The major, still rolling his eyes, smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and looked a question at Doris. For answer she rose from her place in her father's chair, passed slowly to where Douglas stood, put her arms about his neck and kissed him on the lips. In another instant she was sobbing happily on her father's breast; in the next she was sobbing happily on the breast of Douglas.

Major Stevens, chuckling and shaking his head as he left the room, wiped a tear from the corner of his eye with the back of the hand which held the President's proclamation, crumpled and forgotten. He was familiar with crises.

THE GRAVE OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

CHAPTER IX

WITH BEN MILAM

THE full moon, rising crisp and clear into the eastern sky, looked brilliantly over the bare hills of southern Texas. Her beams lay upon the white wall of the little town of San Antonio de Bexar, stretched indolently along the bank of the Rio San Antonio, lifting them sharply out of the undulating plain that swung past to the horizon. They traced a band of silver among the lower hills, where the river writhed and twisted over the sands, still hot from the sun. They beckoned the ghost of a mission chapel to stalk among its ruins across the river, — the ghost of the Mission del Alamo.

San Antonio, Texas (*From an old print*)

Over the face of the land was the silence of the solitary places of earth. The rustling of dry grass in the night wind, the rasping together of harsh leaves on parched trees, the hiss of the water as it dissolved the hot sand that tumbled into it, undermined, the splashing of the falling sand, the distant droning of many men gathered together in the little town were so slight in contrast with the elemental stillness that they only gave accent to it. By taking thought one might have fancied that he heard the hum of the stars as they wheeled across the sky.

Frontiersmen Crossing the Plains (*From a drawing by Darley*)

There was one sound that came through the silence; there was one vivid stroke of life in the wilderness. The dull red gleam of a fire blurred behind a fringe of brush that lined the lip of an *aroyo seco.* It danced red upon the yellow clay walls of the gulch. It drew crooked, jumping lines upon the hills, with chapparal and cactus for a pencil. It melted a dome of warm light into the cold, heartless sheen of the moon. And it shone upon a group of grim and grizzled men, who held council within its hemisphere.

A wild, untamed-looking lot they were, standing there in the sanguine light. Their long, tangled hair hung over their leather-coated shoulders. Their shirts of rough cloth were thrown open at the throat. Their trousers were of leather or homespun; many of them carried a heavy fringe of buckskin thongs along the outer seams. They wore high boots, with high heels. Huge bowie-knives were thrust through their belts; pistols were close at hand upon them. But wild as they were, their faces shone in the red circle of light with a halo of a high cause which bound them together and tamed them to one purpose, which had become their law.

They were come together to free Texas from Mexican dominion. For ten bitter years had they endured misrule and treacherous tyranny. They had labored in patience to get justice. They had tried to make peace tolerable. It was no fault of theirs that they had failed. But having failed, they had now arisen to strike off the festering fetters.

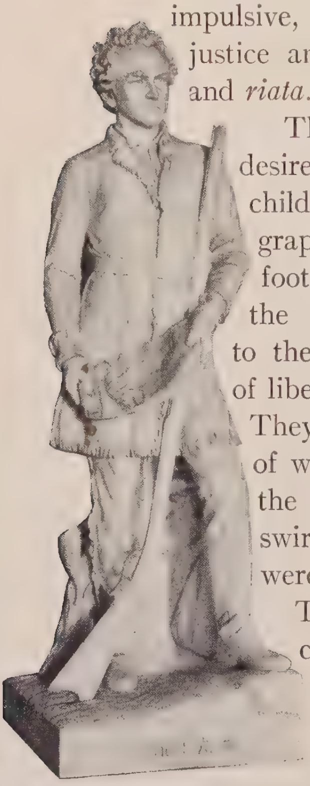
Mexico had denied them the right of representation assured them under their constitution. She had repudiated bargains made between herself and the private citizens of Texas. She had taken away charters to land. She had denied those who owned slaves the right to hold them. She had restricted the militia beyond use, and she had ordered the citizens to surrender all their firearms.

That they could not do, these men of Texas. The Indians were at their doors, and they must have their weapons to defend their lives. Food was scarce and they must have rifles to kill their game. They could not give up their firearms, and they would not. To enforce the order, Mexico sent soldiers. That was why these rough men were gathered in the red gleam of a fire at the bottom of a barren *aroyo* over against San Antonio de Bexar, in southern Texas.

Not wild and lawless adventurers were these first pioneers of Texas. They were frontiersmen of no worse morals, or no better, than the frontiersmen of all time. They were from the north and south, from the east and from as far west as Missouri, brave, hardy, loyal, restless, big-hearted, impulsive, maintaining a sense of honor and a respect for justice among themselves with bowie-knife, revolver, and *riata*.

They were men with families. They had sober desires to build up homes for themselves and their children. They were men of the stock that had grappled with the wilderness from the slippery foothold of Plymouth Rock; who had subdued the savage forests of the South and cleared them to the plow. They were nurtured by the same sun of liberty that had warmed the nation into growth. They were the forefoot of an eddy of the great wave of western expansion, which, rising high all along the fringe of the settled country at that time, swirled across the vast reaches of Texas. They were serious, sober, intent.

They had come there because it was a new country, and because the Mexican government had promised land to such as would occupy it. Mexico could not maintain her borders against the Indians that swarmed on the plains of Texas. She sought a people who could, and lured them with false promises. They came, bringing their families and their ambitions. For ten years Mexico betrayed and exploited them. Now they were in arms against her.



Stephen F. Austin's Statue in the Capitol at Austin Texas

Moses Austin and his son, Stephen F. Austin, were the first leaders of the settlement. They came from Connecticut, recruiting settlers from all the States, most from the South. It was the natural direction for adventurous Southerners to take. Moses Austin died in 1821, on the eve of his labors. His son Stephen took them up where he had laid them down. He obtained grants from Mexico, on the Rivers Brazos and Colorado of Texas, uninhabited wildernesses. He brought settlers from the States. Many brought their slaves with them. Those who had no slaves lived neighbors to those who did have them, and lived in confidence and amity.

Austin visited the capital of Mexico in 1824. Mexico had become free from Spanish rule. He was asked to help draw up a constitution. He did so and it was adopted in the same year. Texas, enjoying privileges under it, and acting in perfect faith with the home government, distant from it over many mountains, waxed strong. But the government at home changed. Bustamente, assisted by Santa Anna, past master in intrigue and double dealing, became dictator in 1830. He immediately denied to Texas her rights under the consti-

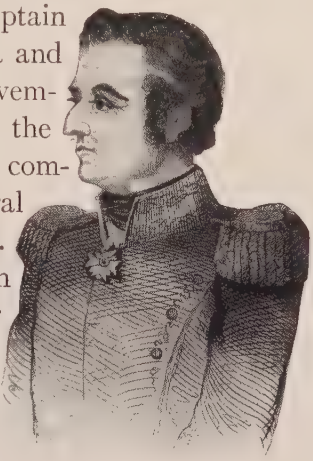
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN *(From the portrait in the Capitol at Austin, Texas)* tution. He refused to permit further immigration from the United States. He would not allow those who already occupied land to acquire title. Some of those who had title were expelled, and the titles abrogated. In the end he sent a thousand soldiers to found a penal colony among the American settlers.

Santa Anna, with characteristic duplicity, rose against Bustamente in 1832, placing in nominal power the man whom Bustamente had supplanted. In this move Austin and the Texans assisted. Santa Anna had professed friendship for Austin. At the worst he could not be worse than Bustamente. Having helped Santa Anna into power again, Austin went to the capital to reap for Texas the benefits of the change. He was put off with promises. Meanwhile Texas continued to suffer. Despairing of help from Santa Anna, Austin wrote a letter to his friends at home, urging them to stand on the constitution of 1824. The letter was intercepted, and Austin thrown into prison.

Coahuila, a Mexican territory bordering Texas on the Nueces River, had been joined to it under one government. What rights remained to the two were taken away, or threatened. At last came an order to curtail their militia and give up their rifles. They ignored the latter. General Cos was sent with troops to enforce the order. That was the beginning of the end. Such was the trick played by fate to bring Texas to the United States, with California and New Mexico in her train.

The Texans were determined to relinquish their rifles only from their limp, dead hands. Cos sent a detachment to take a six-pounder from the people of Gonzales. The citizens opposed the soldiers. The six-pounder objected vociferously and eloquently. It was left with its friends.

Austin arrived at the time in Texas, after two years' detention in the City of Mexico. He told his fellow-citizens there was no hope. He knew too well what manner of man Santa Anna was, — that he was supreme in Mexican affairs, answering no law but his own wicked will. He was made commander-in-chief. He gathered 350 men and moved on San Antonio de Bexar on October 13, 1835, whither Cos had penetrated with 500 Mexican regulars. Captain Smith meantime took possession of Victoria and Goliad, near the southeastern coast. In November Austin was chosen commissioner to the United States, to solicit aid. He left the command of the small body of troops to General Edward Burleson, a famous Indian fighter.



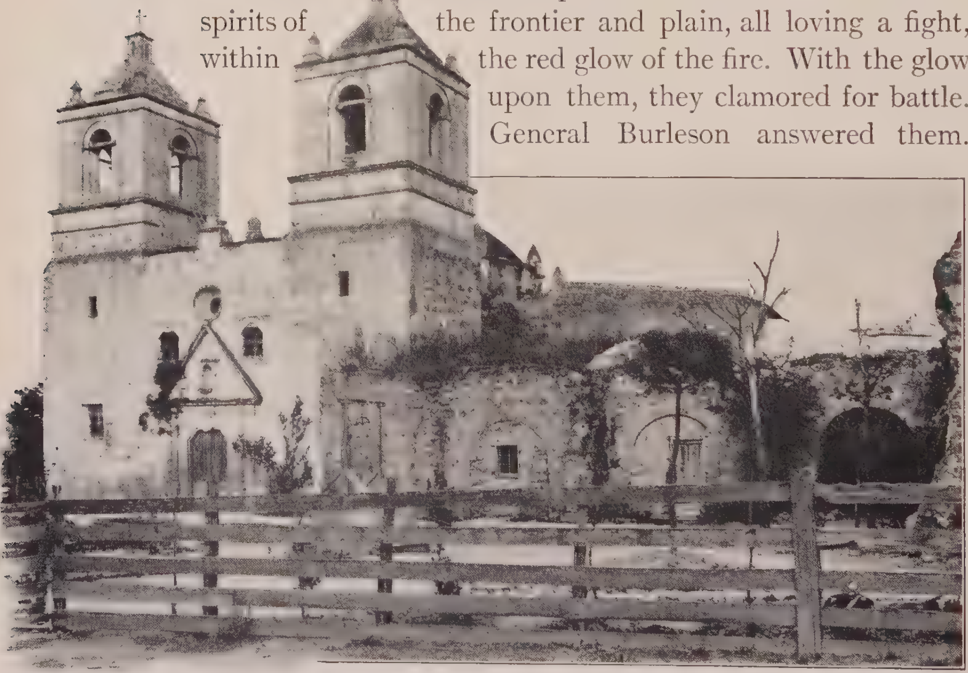
Don Anastasio Bustamente

For six weeks the Texans had waited in front of the town for reinforcements. Their number grew to 800 at one time; but it was thought the foe numbered 1000. Now the army was disintegrating before the white adobe walls, because no one led them to fight. There had been two engagements without permanent consequence. On October 27, Colonel Jim Bowie and James W. Fannin, sent out with a small force to reconnoiter, engaged and defeated 400 Mexicans at Mission Concepcion, near the town, killing fifty and taking a gun. "Deaf" Smith, scout and Indian fighter, seeing a hundred mounted Mexicans driving mules laden with fodder for the Mexican horses, mistook them for reinforcements, and fell upon them with a body of rangers. He defeated them, and also defeated a sortie from the garrisoned town, killing fifty, and losing only one of his own men.

These successes increased the impatience and discontent of the Texans. They were there to fight. Having no fighting to do, they went home; for the discipline was desultory and could not hold them. Although two companies of fifty each from New Orleans had joined them, and one from

Mississippi and another from Texas, the present number was not greater than 600. The situation was perplexing; for the force was too small to attack the Mexicans supposed to be garrisoned in the town. Burleson, in the dilemma, called a council.

This council was held around the fire in the *aroyo seco* near San Antonio on a night in November, 1835. There was Burleson, responsible and anxious. There was Bowie, plainsman and fighter, whose fame is carved in history on the knife that bears his name, and who was dreaded when he lived and slew. There was Fannin, young, handsome, romantic, valorous. There was Deaf Smith, known and honored where deeds of the border are not held as nought. There was old Ben Milam, dragged dying by a scout from a bush where he had crawled after making his way 500 miles from a Mexican prison. There were other bold spirits of the frontier and plain, all loving a fight, within the red glow of the fire. With the glow upon them, they clamored for battle. General Burleson answered them.



Mission Concepcion, near San Antonio, Texas

"We have more than ourselves to think of," he said. "There is not one here who would hesitate at any danger to himself; but if we attack them in their present force, fortified as they are in the town and warned of our intentions, we are in danger of extermination, which would leave the country helpless before the invaders. We are all that stand between our women and children and these cutthroats. I believe it to be our duty to retire and recruit a larger force."

Ben Milam arose from the ground with an oath of impatience.

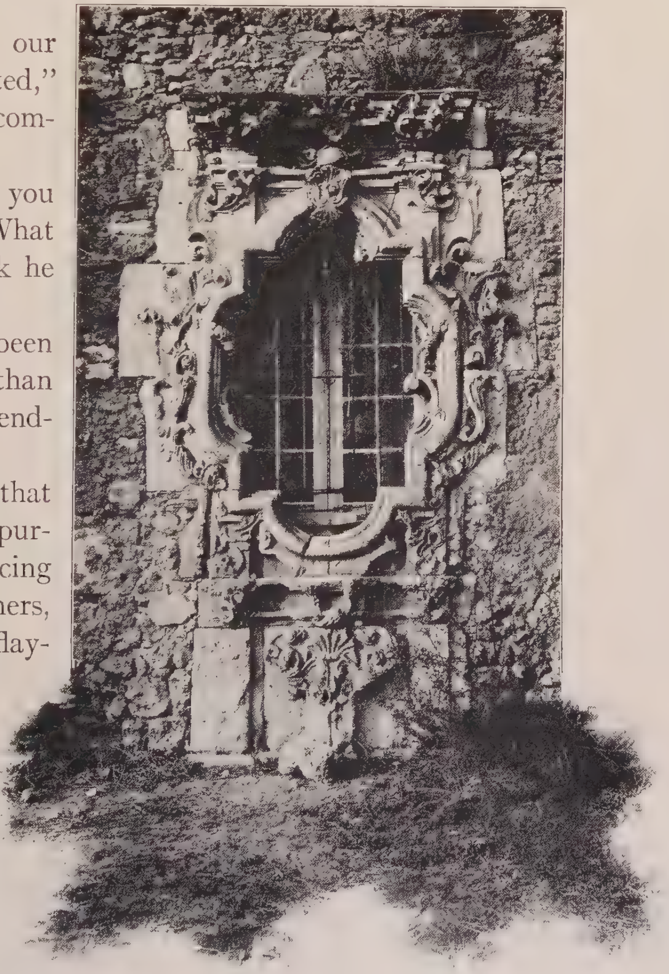
"How do you know they are informed, general?" he demanded.

"One of our scouts has deserted," replied the commander.

"How do you know he has? What makes you think he has?"

"He has been away for more than a day, without sending a word."

"Who is it that is missing?" pursued Milam, pacing among the others, his white hair flaying the breeze, his eyes gleaming in the red glow of the leaping fire.



The Ornamental Window at the Mission San José

"It 's 'Sphynxy' Brown," replied Burleson, "the last man I should expect to have leave us like this."

"I say he ain't left us!" A giant of a man, with heavy beard and massive shoulders, sprang to his feet. It was Colonel Bowie. "I say that Sphynxy Brown ain't a deserter, an' I 'll risk my life on it. I 've been in too many tight holes with that young feller to let any one say he is n't ready to die game with the rest of us; and he 'd show what fighting is to lots of these who holler about his quitting!"

"Why does n't he come back, then?" demanded another. "Why don't he send us word?"

"'Cause he 's out tendin' to business instead of loafing around camp telling yarns about himself," retorted Bowie. with a growl.

"Bowie 's right," commented Deaf Smith, nodding his endorsement. He was not too deaf to hear the discussion.

"Sphynxy Brown? Sphynxy Brown? Who do you mean?" asked Milam, the light of the scout's identity coming upon him. "That tall, handsome young lad with brown hair and brown eyes, that never says a word?"

"That 's him," Fannin assured him.

"Why, by God, that 's the boy that pulled me out of the bushes with a hundred Greasers at his heels!" cried Milam. "By God, he 'll come back!"

"Yes, and he 's like to bring the Mexican army prisoners, with San Antonio in his pocket," added Fannin, with enthusiasm.

Milam, pacing among them, came to a stand before the fire.

"Now see here!" he cried, pounding the air with his fists. "We 're in the hell of a mess; I know that. We 've got a hard fight on our hands; but is n't that what we want? A lot of us will get killed; but we all hope to die sometime, as men should, with our boots on. How should we look

THE MILITARY PLAZA AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS (*From the drawing by Arthur Schott*)

turning our backs and leaving a gang of dirty Greasers in San Antonio? How should we feel sneaking home with our tails between our legs, like a lot of whipped curs, telling our wives and our children that we could n't protect them from a parcel of cutthroat villains? I have taken a whole lot from them. I 've got a long score to settle with them. I want to have my fill of Greasers once before I die, and, by God — !"

Ben Milam did not finish. As he paused, with fists in air, searching his mind for words that could carry the burden of his vengeful wrath, there was a stir at the edge of the listening group, exclamations of surprise, cries of welcome, curses springing from hearts released from doubt, and a tall, lithe, graceful man of thirty years, with a handsome face bronzed by many winds and suns, with soft, sad, brown eyes, and brown hair falling to his shoulders, stood among them, silent and calm. With him was a quaking, frightened Mexican.

"Brownie, by God, Brownie!" cried Colonel Bowie, hitting him a prodigious blow on the shoulder with open palm in the exuberance of his welcome. "What 'd I tell ye? Where 'd you get the Greaser?"

They gathered about him eagerly. The story was soon told. He had gone scouting. He had got close to the walls of San Antonio, and lain there, learning many things. There he had captured the Mexican, deserting from the garrison. He told them that the enemy did not number as many as they thought; that there were not more than 500 soldiers in the town, and that they were discouraged and demoralized. The prisoner corroborated his report, and added much to it. They were half-starved and entirely frightened, he said.

A fierce joy ran through the camp as the news spread. It raised men up out of the dust where they lay beneath the bushes. It conjured them exulting from the shelter of rocks where they sought to hide from the searching wind of the chill November night. It put a new life, a new hope, a new determination, into the disintegrating band of heroes who had come to fight for the freedom of Texas and the lives of their women and children. They gathered about the fire, pressing questions upon those who were closer to the center.

Then up sprang Colonel Milam; he of the grey locks whom they had found dying beneath a bush. His eyes flashed. Curses poured from his lips.

"Who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" he shouted.

His voice rang through the hills, jarring silence from her seat in the solitudes.

"Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" The dome of Heaven was lifted with his mighty intonations.

Wild answering cries went up through the night. The rustling wind paused to listen. The moon quivered in the sky.

"Who will follow old Ben Milam?"

It echoed through the waste places in the hills. It shook the adobe walls of the town.

"Who will follow?"

Who? One hundred men, glad to die, would follow. They pressed close about their leader, with flaming eyes and throats that yelled curses when they meant to pray.

Out across the hills rushed the mad band. Ready with bounding hearts to do or die, beneath the white moon staring frightened down upon their black and jostling swarm, up to the white and staring walls, splitting the wind with their screams of battle, they followed old Ben Milam into San Antonio.

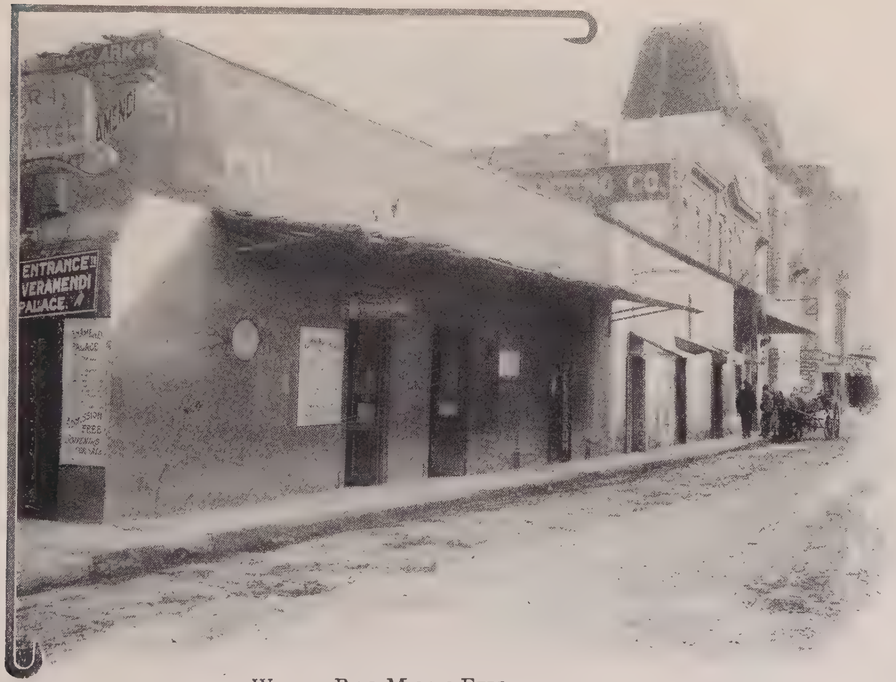
Foremost among them, shoulder to shoulder with him, was a tall, lithe man, silent, beautiful—Sphynxy Brown.

Over the walls they poured. In among the frightened soldiery! A crash of arms rattled through the streets, vanishing into the vast silence of the solitude. The rifles they had come to take spoke hearty welcome to the swarthy sons of the South.

Wild screams of terror! Squeals of the mortally hurt! Groans of the dying! Gasps, sobs, muttered prayers! Curses of dark-skinned officers, urging their men with the flat of their swords to stand against the bearded death that rushed upon them with yells!

Back from the walls they pressed the Mexicans, driving them before, striking down to a warm, wet death those who would not be driven. Into the houses they pursued, out upon the roofs, back into the streets again! Firing, fighting, cursing, killing, they followed old Ben Milam!

Ever at his shoulder, slaying all who opposed him, his knife a serpent's tongue, his rifle a flail about his head, fought one whose brown hair was clotted with the blood and spattered brains that dripped from his rifle butt, whose brown



Where Ben Milam Fell

eyes gleamed blood red in the quest of blood, whose throat rattled horribly with muffled laughter as he killed!

A bullet whined past his ear! There was a dull, soggy thump, a curse, a groan! A body fell with a soft rush to the ground. Old Ben Milam lay dead beside him!

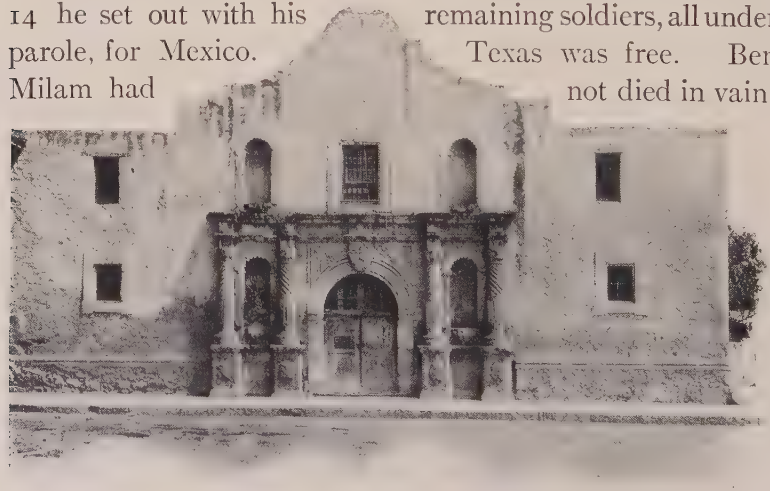
"Now, who will follow old Ben Milam into the red jaws of hell?" he screamed.

They would! All of them, if need be, with a glad shout in their throats!

The first climax of the fight passed. The Mexicans rallied in the distance, entered the houses and fought back from window, roof, and doorway. The Texans, exhausted by their first fury, desperately outnumbered, sought like shelter and vantage. All through the night they fought a stealthy fight from house to house.

In the morning, exposed by the light of day, they fell into another device. Then began a struggle, inch by inch, which lasted four days. With bowie-knives, with bars and picks which they found, the Texans dug their way through the intervening walls of adjoining houses, entering from one to the other through the breaches they made, driving the Mexicans by hand from their shelter, shooting them down as they fled in the streets.

In four days Cos, deserted by many of his men, despairing of stopping the enemy, surrendered. On December 14 he set out with his remaining soldiers, all under parole, for Mexico. Texas was free. Ben Milam had not died in vain!



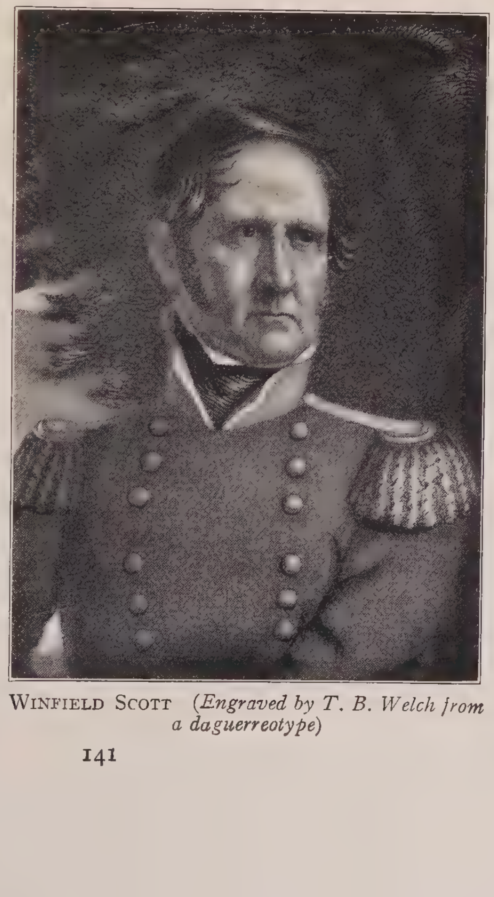
The Alamo at San Antonio, Texas

CHAPTER X

THE SHIP OF STATE

HOW much influence Douglas Stevens had in the mollification of the nullifiers in South Carolina may never be definitely determined. It was too subtle and intangible to be measured or weighed. Doris went with him to Charleston. They lived well, entertaining many prominent persons, friends of her father, and friends at last of her husband.

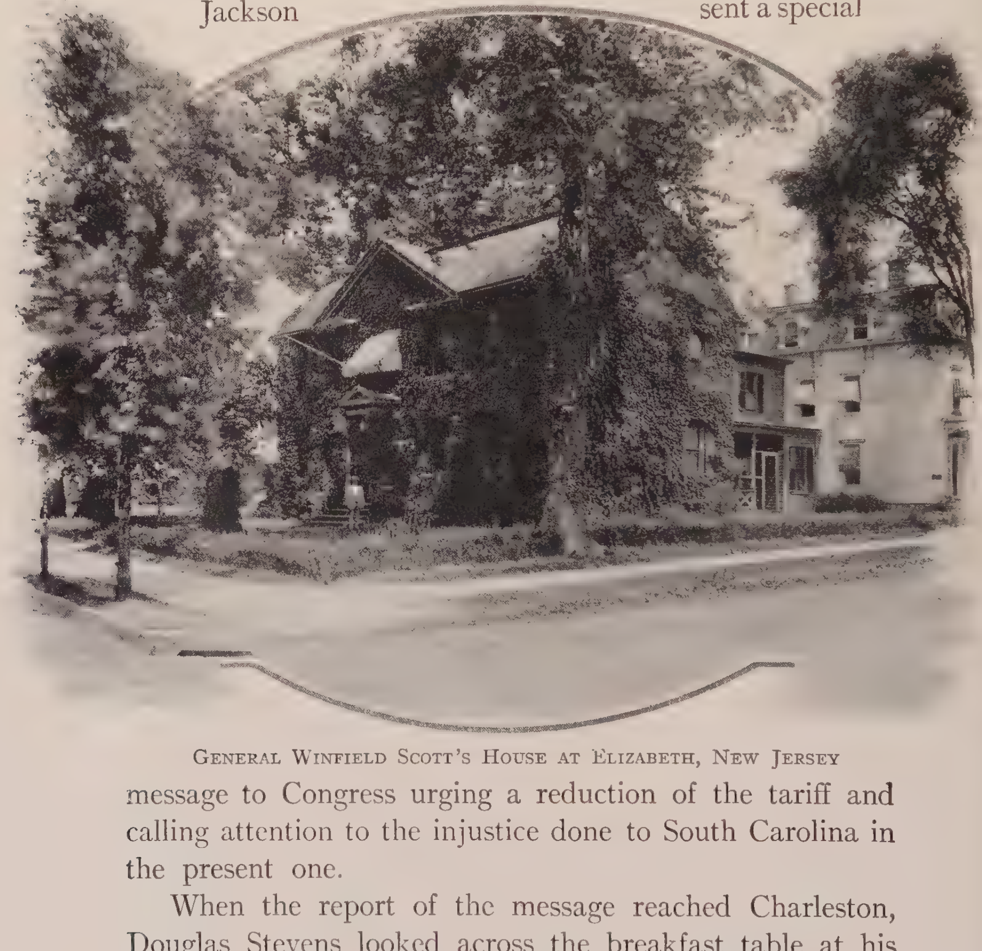
He said the right thing to the right man always; threatening this one, cajoling that, pleading with another and flattering the fourth, all with naïveté which beguilded them of any misgivings they might have had concerning one who came among them frankly as the agent of a discredited government. Among themselves, they softly laughed at him for a booby, at the same time that they were forgetting to be angry with the United States.



WINFIELD SCOTT (*Engraved by T. B. Welch from a daguerreotype*)

The movement rapidly subsided. An appeal to the other

States for a convention to discuss the conflict of rights between the State and federal governments met with a cold rebuff. General Scott was in Charleston with troops, looking down his nose, ready to jump at them. In January Jackson sent a special message to Congress urging a reduction of the tariff and calling attention to the injustice done to South Carolina in the present one.

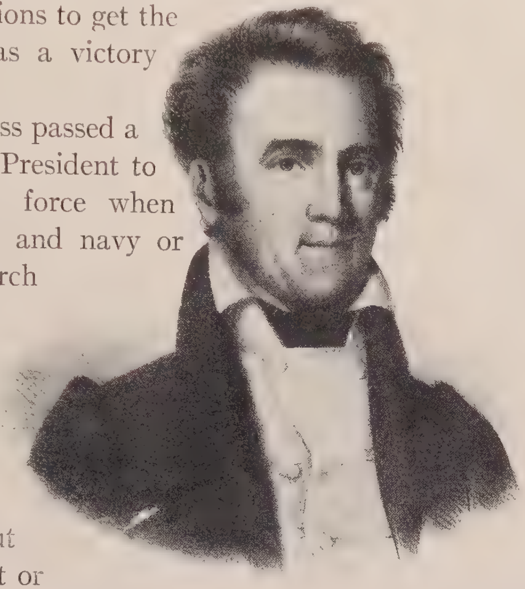


General Winfield Scott's House at Elizabeth, New Jersey

When the report of the message reached Charleston, Douglas Stevens looked across the breakfast table at his wife with a glow of triumph on his face. She came to his side, put her arm about his shoulders and kissed him, with tears of grateful pride in her eyes. Now she knew what manner of man this "cannon-ball person" was!

Clay followed with a compromise tariff, providing for a horizontal decrease in the rates year by year, until an impost of twenty per centum ad valorem should be reached. Calhoun, who had resigned as vice-president and was now in the senate from South Carolina, opposed some of the provisions, but made concessions to get the bill through. To him it was a victory for nullification.

At the same time Congress passed a "force bill," authorizing the President to collect customs duties by force when necessary, through the army and navy or the federal courts. On March 11, South Carolina withdrew from her position. She insisted upon nullifying the force bill, however, and was permitted that cold comfort, there being no present call to put it in effect. But Andrew Jackson never forgot or forgave the affront offered his high office by the action of South Carolina. The incident was closed between them, but in his pride the wound was always open.



Colonel Richard M. Johnson

To say that Douglas Stevens became a member of the kitchen cabinet at this time would be slightly inaccurate. He was in the confidence of the President and his advisers, but he acted more in helping them to carry out their projects than in originating them. In no sense, however, was he a cat's paw.

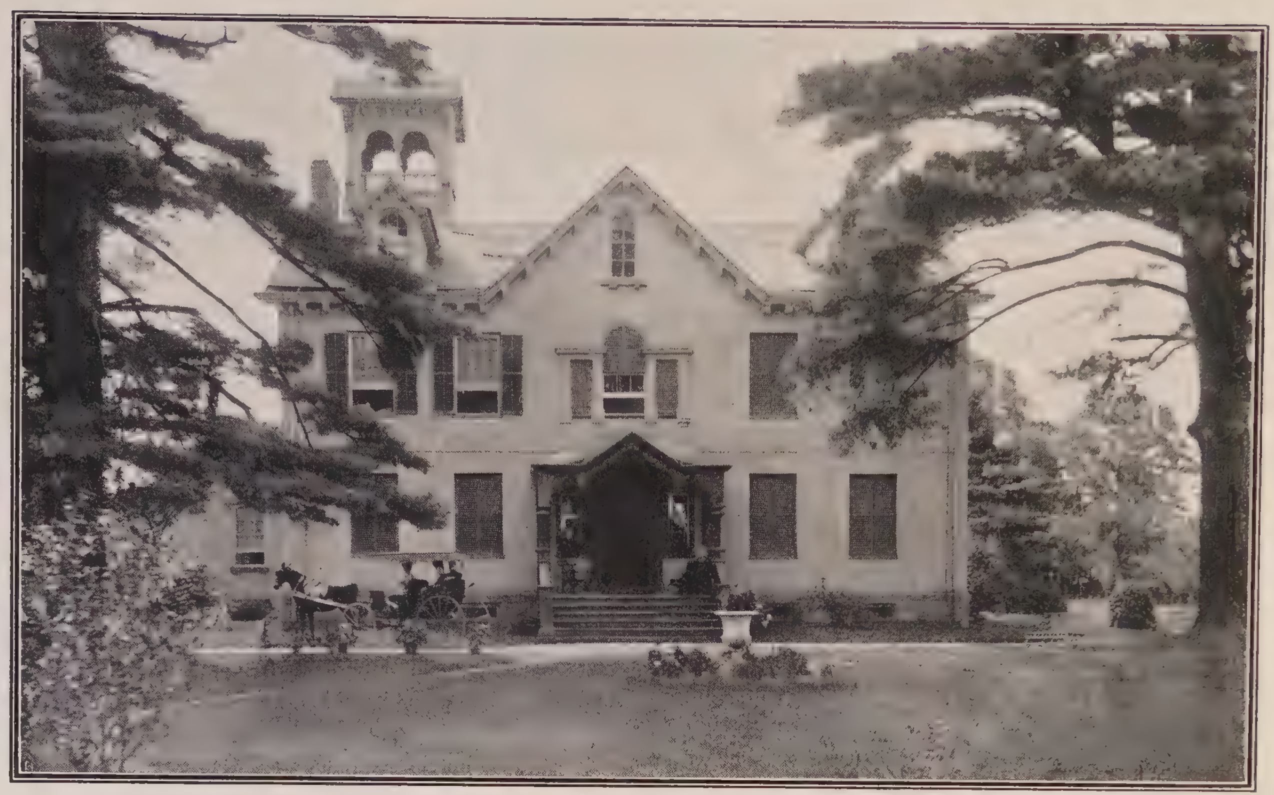
It was now that Jackson determined to strike the final blow at the United States Bank, that octopus of corporate monopoly whose tentacles were wrapped about the struggling limbs of his people and reaching for the throat of government. Such, at least, seems to have been his view of it. He decided on no less a course than the radical and dangerous expedient of withdrawing the deposits of government money from the bank, and placing them with State banks. This action he took before the year 1833 was over, being obliged first to remove a reluctant secretary of the treasury, contravening and defying Congress.

The withdrawal of the deposits aroused a tremendous storm of protest. The senate passed resolutions of censure. Calhoun, Clay, and Webster made common cause against him. He withstood them with dignity, falling back on the judgment of the people, who seemed to sustain him in the issue, with the readiness which the people always have to applaud attacks on centralized money.

The country was in a state of development at this time which gave it a vigor to withstand, for the immediate present, the financial paroxysm threatened by the order of removal. There was an enthusiasm for westward emigration amounting almost to hysteria. Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, were filling up with earnest settlers and home-builders. Canals were being dug by private and by State enterprise. Talk of railroads was in the air. Steamboats were being built and launched on distant lakes and streams. Arkansas and Michigan were admitted to the Union in 1836 and 1837, respectively. The nation was working out another stage of its big destiny with swift certainty.

This movement brought the government into conflict with the Indians at numerous places. The Black Hawk war was one of the early consequences. The controversy with the Cherokees in Georgia was another. The most serious friction was with the Seminole Indians of Florida.

The Cherokees, under a treaty with the United States which recognized them as a nation within themselves, refused



Van Buren's Home at Lindenwald, near Kinderhook, New York, where he Died

in 1829 to be controlled by the government of Georgia, which endeavored to create laws demanding the subservience of the Indians. Georgia repudiated the treaty made by the government, maintaining that their right to territory within their own boundaries could not be alienated from them by the President or Congress. Chief Justice Marshall held them in the wrong. They ignored him. Jackson, who was at the time engaged in subduing the refractory spirit of South Carolina, countenanced their insubordination, it being directed more against the supreme court than the executive. Negotiations took the place of massacres and border fights, in the adjustment of the difficulty, however. An apportionment of land west of the Mississippi and the sum of $5,000,000, combined with gentle coercion on the part of General Scott, who superintended the removal, resulted in their being transported before the close of the year 1836.

An attempt to accomplish similar results with the Seminoles was not so successful. The Seminoles, of Creek blood, lived in southern Georgia and in Florida. They were a high type of Indian. The government by treaty and purchase induced most of them to agree to go west of the Mississippi. When the time of removal came, however, they refused to leave. Charlie Amathla, one of their chiefs who was willing to move, was killed by a party under Micanopy and Osceola. Micanopy was the high chief of the tribe, but Osceola, a half-breed Englishman, was the leader.

The trouble with the Seminoles became acute in the fall of 1835. Major Stevens watched developments with a keen interest. He was at his home in Georgia, his wife being too ill to accompany him to Washington. Indians were his pet aversion; the Seminoles to him were the incarnation of all savage vices, and Osceola the acme of human wickedness. He had suffered directly at the hands of the leader more than once; for when Osceola had nothing more exhilarating to do he would make an incursion into Georgia and entice away a few slaves. That was one of the grievances against the Seminoles. The negroes were not only lost to their masters as chattels but constituted a menace. Emboldened, irresponsible, sullen, vindictive, they held the inhabitants of the neighboring States in constant dread of an uprising among the blacks.

Osceola, Chief of the Seminoles

In the middle of November Major Stevens's wife, assuming the initiative for the first time in her married life, died. Doris, who had come down before the demise on an alarm, remained with her father a week before she returned to her husband. At about the time of her departure, her father learned for the first time of the killing of Amathla by Osceola and Sibony. Only a sense of what became a mourning widower deterred him from taking up his sword at once against the Indians.

Early in January came the news of the extermination of Major Dade's command of a hundred men. Major Dade, setting out from Fort Brooke, near the present site of Tampa, to join a punitive force under General Clinch from Fort King, was attacked on December 28, after a four days' march. All his soldiers, with one exception, were killed fighting. The one escaped horribly wounded.

This settled any doubt that remained in the mind of the major. Seeking distraction, anxious to lighten the burden of his loneliness, he made all haste to Saint Augustine, where he volunteered his services to General Clinch and was placed on his staff. He was with General Gaines at the Withlacoochee when the Seminoles were fought to a standstill, without important advantage on either side. He joined the force of 2000 of his fellow-citizens whom General Call led to the war from Georgia. He stood on the spot where Dade's force had met destruction, and held a detachment of Call's men against a heavy body of the enemy. He had the pleasure of aiming a shot at Osceola himself, but something akin to buck ague, due to over-anxiety, prevented his killing the half-breed. It was the first poor shot at man or beast that he had made in forty years. As he stood with the smoke drifting out of the muzzle of his gun, and watched Osceola hop behind a log, he thrust his chin into a perfectly horizontal position and swore in a manner that would have pained and terrified his daughter at Washington. If he had shot straighter that day he would have saved the government vast sums of money and many hundreds of lives; for Osceola was the blade and the edge of the war.

Major-General Edmund Pendleton Gaines (*From the portrait by J. W. Jarvis*)

The fighting was to no purpose. The Seminoles, dealing death for death, would sting the soldiers with a swift descent and disappear into the Everglades, — vast swamps, lagoons, and islands and twisting channels, of alligators and moccasin snakes, of malaria and miasma, where the white man could not follow and come back with his life, and where he could not have found the red man if he had been able to pursue him thither. At the end of the year, still fulminating against the half-breed leader, Major Stevens returned to his home to enter the campaign of 1836.

Stripped of non-essentials, the campaign was of one issue. That issue was Jackson. Van Buren, the candidate of the Jackson party, was the selected heir to the chair. His candidacy was carefully prepared for during the second term by the kitchen cabinet. Against him was a league of enemies to Jackson. But there was no cohesion among these latter.

Some were enemies because of the bank, some because of nullification, some on the general principle that they thought he was a usurper of executive power. Each wanted to use his own especial bludgeon to bring this great man to earth. Harrison, an availability candidate, and Webster, a strong opposition leader, ran against Van Buren. The campaign was strong and rough. The result was a conspicuous victory for Jackson. Van Buren was elected by a wide margin. Richard M. Johnson was vice-president.

The Capture of the Indian Chiefs in the Seminole War

Douglas Stevens narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of his constituency. His district had an aversion for Jackson. He was suspected of too much friendship for the administration. It required all his finesse and tact to pull himself through. Doris was in a fever of distress and apprehension until the returns were known.

Immediately after the inauguration the country began to feel the effects of the heroic purgatives which Jackson had administered. The order to deposit government funds in State banks resulted in a mad rush to start State banks. They sprang up like mushrooms, and like mushrooms became speedily rotten and wormy. They scattered the land with bank-notes. Some of them were good. Some of them were partially good. Some of them were wholly worthless. Face value lost significance. Schedules of the value of current bank-notes were published daily, like stock reports, and were consulted by merchants when a bill was presented. Worse than this, the large increase in circulating medium resulted in a furore of speculation.

MARTIN VAN BUREN *(From the engraving by H. B. Hall)*

In the last year of his administration, Jackson issued the Specie Circular, an order to the land officers to receive nothing but hard money for government land. He did this because of the doubtful and varying value of bank-notes.

The consequences came home to the people in 1837. Banks suspended specie payment. Panic seized the country.

The bottom fell out of the speculative market. In one month the failures in New York and New Orleans amounted to $150,000,000. Tens of thousands of merchants failed. The entire country suffered. Poverty was everywhere. Never was there such a time.

It was into this whirl of disaster, this eddying of the current of Jacksonism that Martin Van Buren, expert politician, was precipitated by fate and by those wiles which had earned him the sobriquet of the "Little Magician."

CHAPTER XI

ESTÉVAN OF MONTEREY

THE winter sun lay hot upon the hills that rolled in low billows round about San Antonio de Bexar. The wild wind of the night before was gone, leaving no trembling in the sky. But for disheveled bushes in the troughs of the hills where the blasts had sucked most fiercely, and little riffles of freshly drifted sand, there was no sign on heaven or earth that the atmosphere had ever been astir.

Cameos upon the breathless, motionless air stood the walls of the Alamo, — chapel, convent, close, and adobe palisade. Beyond the river to the north, blinding white, gleamed the houses of San Antonio de Bexar, bought by Texas less than two months ago with the blood of old Ben Milam. Beyond, vast wastes of shimmering sand, traced here and there with a fringe of green where the replenished streams fought for their life with the parched surface, lay glaring to the edge of the world, where a rim of faint blue haze fused the land into the sky.

Not far away to the south, spreading close to the ground, motionless, filmy, rested a cloud of dust. Beneath and within the cloud a thousand men hurried to and fro, bestirring themselves in the disorder which precedes order and is the beginning of it. Against the rim of the sky, farther to the south, other clouds of dust, sharper than the first and rising higher, came slowly toward it, leaving behind them thin gray wisps that sank and crept back at last into the grey ground.

On a hill overlooking both town and Alamo, apart from the thousand who busied themselves in the cloud of dust, stood two men, resplendent in the uniforms of Mexican officers. One of them, in the trappings of a general, was tall and slight, with a high forehead, thin, tight lips, and black eyes that never rested. The other, a colonel, was full fleshed, short, genial, with eyes that showed they could melt, and lips ready at all times to smile. Both turned their gaze toward the Alamo, where it stared at them in the sun a mile away. Since the surrender of Cos at San Antonio the year before and the withdrawal of all Mexican troops from Texas, a small force of Texans had occupied the Alamo as a fort. It guarded the southern approaches to the town, and was more defensible than the scattering town itself. In the brilliant air the lines

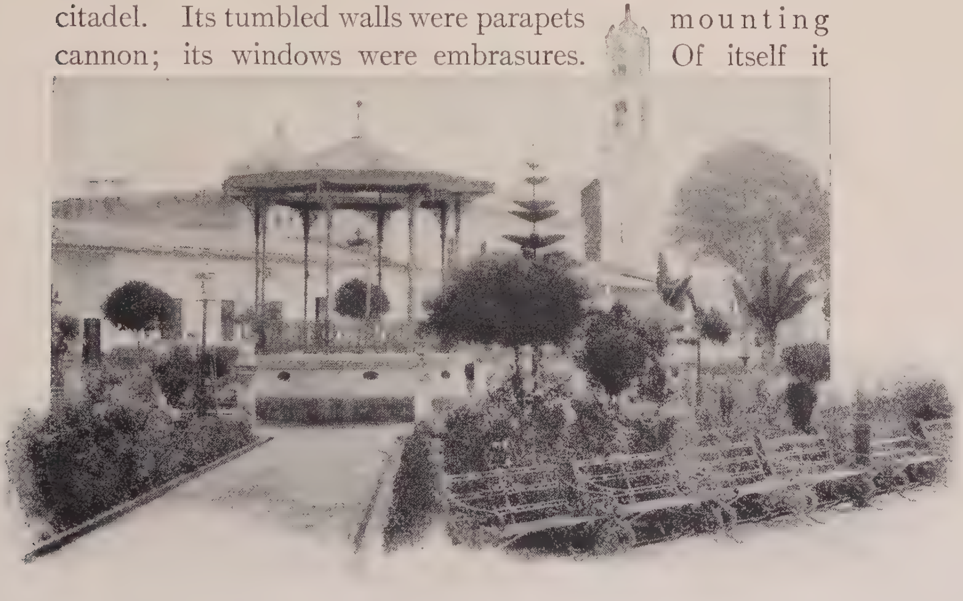
General Santa Anna

and details of the place stood forth to the eyes of the two who were on the hill. They could trace each wall and angle, locate each gun and gate. It was as though they were within its confines, so distinctly was it mapped out.

The place was ill adapted to the purposes of war. The inclosed space was too large to be fully guarded by less than a thousand men. It was poorly arranged. A large plaza, fifty by one hundred and fifty yards, ran north and south. It was contained by adobe walls three feet thick and eight feet high, save on a part of the west side, where it was bounded by a row of one-story adobe houses opening upon it. The houses adjoined, but did not communicate.

Across the plaza, extending about sixty yards on the east side, was a two-story convent. This building gave both upon the main plaza and upon a smaller inclosure to the east. This, the convent yard, was surrounded with a heavy wall of adobe sixteen feet high. At the farthest northern corner was a sally-port defended by a redoubt.

The mission chapel stood at the southeast corner of the convent yard, exterior to it. It was of stone, dismantled, and without roof. The Texans had turned it into a miniature citadel. Its tumbled walls were parapets mounting cannon; its windows were embrasures. Of itself it



THE PLAZA AT JALAPA, MEXICO, SANTA ANNA'S BIRTHPLACE was a strong fort. The other works served only to weaken it by dividing the defenders. The south end of the main plaza and the end of the church were joined by a stockade which faced the south.

The two who stood upon the hill counted fourteen cannon disposed about the place, three of them upon the chapel walls. Aqueducts containing a sufficient supply of water passed through the inclosures. With sufficient force the place might have been formidable.

The restless eyes of the general standing on the hill glinted with malign pleasure as they glanced upon the defenses, and noted the straggling handful of defenders that pressed close to the walls and climbed to the roofs of the adobe houses to see the Mexican army led against them. His lips curled into a smile of evil triumph.

"So, señor captain, it is done!" he cried, when they had stood silent for a long space. "At last we are before San Antonio de Bexar, in spite of all your doubts and fears. And by all the saints, these traitors shall soon learn the purpose of our being here! It will not be long before they will rue the day they arose against their country. Their impudent Declaration of Principles, as they call it, will be blotted out with blood and tears."

"*Madre de Dios!* It is the marvel of all time, señor general!" remarked the other. "Who is there shall say now that our general is not of the great of the earth? One hundred and eighty leagues lie in the hot dust between us and Monclava. All that weary way has our general led us. Look, — " he turned and waved his arm in the direction where the men crowded beneath the cloud of dust, — "here is our advance already pitching its tents under the nose of the enemy. There, against the sky, a threatening judgment upon these rebels, is the dust from the feet of the men of Cos, your brave and illustrious son-in-law, Señor General

The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas

Santa Anna! And there, farther to the southward, come the men of Duque, of Romero, and of Gonzales. For whom but you, their noble and courageous president, would they have left their pleasant homes for this mad march across unknown wastes of sand?"

"Señor El Capitan Estévan does me too much honor," expostulated the tall and slender one, San Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, president of Mexico, general of her armies, hero of her people. "It is true that a grateful people are wont to call me the Napoleon of the West; but that is the idle and playful flattery of friends. I do but the things any man would do who loves his country and his brother Mexicans."

"Ay," rejoined the other, his lips parting in a smile that showed the perfect whiteness of his teeth, "ay, many would, señor general; but few could." He shrugged his broad shoulders to emphasize the point of distinction. "And as for me," he went on, "I feel that I have a deeper debt of loyalty to repay than these others; for, as you well know, I was among those who were deceived into doubting you. When you, by force of arms, raised Bustamente to the dictatorship I was one of those who hailed the day as the dawn of salvation for our poor, suffering republic. But when you, with your wonderful insight, saw that matters went from bad to worse under the dictator, and rose to overthrow him, I was one of those blind wretches who could not see, who could not understand. Now that I know that you did it for all of us, even for us who opposed you, my heart withers with contrition and gratitude!"

It was not the speech of a courtier that passed the lips of Don Federico Estévan as he stood by the side of Santa Anna that afternoon. It was no fulsome flattery he voiced. They were words warmed in his impulsive heart, poured forth with the enthusiasm of a man of volatile temper.

Santa Anna, a double dealer without moral restraint upon him, treacherous to friend and foe, a man who would sell his country for coin and set brother against brother for his own selfish gain, was nevertheless a shrewd master of men, weaving them into the fabric of his plans as he found need of them. In each wicked intrigue by which he tore his wretched country, he was able to gain the sincere support of honest men against every evidence of his own duplicity and baseness. So, in this case, had he won the Señor Don Estévan to his side.

A Mexican Jacal

His eyes gleamed with satisfaction as the man eulogized him. He smiled as Captain Estévan finished; but the smile did not go to his eyes.

"You are like a boy; no, like a great fat dog that romps and barks, my dear Federico!" he laughed, placing his slim, long hand about the other's shoulders in a manner irresistible in one so great. "*Sacramento!* If I could be so loved by others of your blood, I should ask no better reward of my country!"

"What mean you?" asked Don Estévan, a trace of alarm in his surprise.

"Since I have seen the face of your daughter, the wonderful Carlota, my heart has known no peace, Don Federico!" returned the general, his glances playing a tattoo on Estévan's face, so rapidly they sought and left it.

"*Madre de Dios!* Does el señor general forget that he is already wed?" exclaimed that one, amazed. "And my Carlota is but a dozen years in this world."

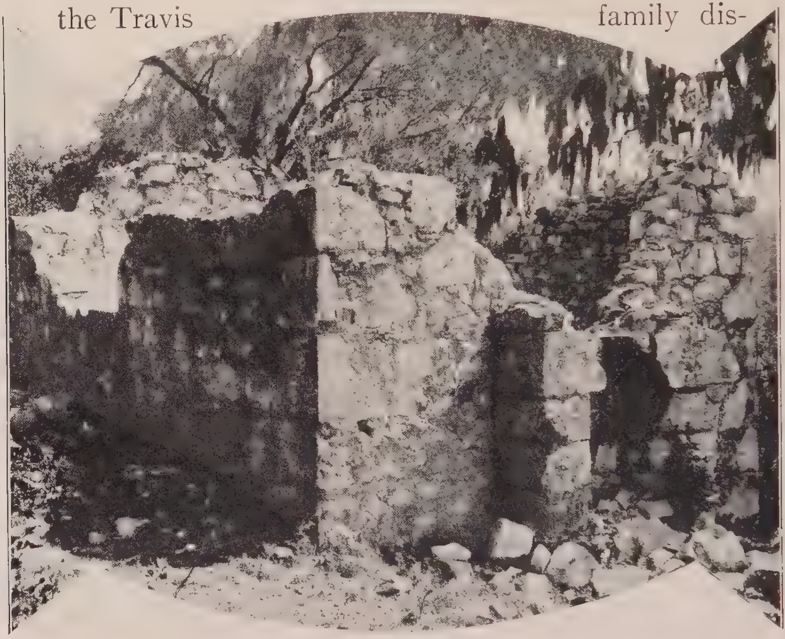
"I did but jest," said Santa Anna, quickly. "Cannot your general have his jest, that you must be so touchy? And after all, may not many things happen both to wives and to young maidens in years that come? And here is another, my captain," he added, changing his manner, and directing his gaze toward the walls of the Alamo. "What a jest it will be to cut the throats of this pack of traitors who dare to brave Mexico! And when Santa Anna has done his jest, there shall not be left alive one villain to tell it."

He turned and walked back toward the spot where the advance of his army was making camp and throwing up works, followed by his admiring aide-de-camp, whose perplexity was satisfied to take as a jest the other's reference to his pretty little daughter.

"The damn Greasers are not such niggers after all! I never would have calculated on seeing a bunch of them come over the trail after all the weather we 've had. It 's some of Santa Anna's doings, or I miss my guess!"

Colonel Bowie, leaning against the parapet at the top of the chapel, bounced the end of his beloved knife against the breech of a cannon and expressed himself concerning the sudden appearance of the Mexican army before San

Antonio de Bexar. At his side stood a tall, fiery-haired young man with blue eyes and a square chin, Lieutenant-Colonel William Bar Travis, of North Carolina. He was called Bar because when he had made his first known appearance on earth on a morning twenty-eight years before, the Travis family discovered him hanging in a bundle on the bars of their front gate in the woods of North Carolina. He was a lawyer by training, and a fighter by instinct. He had come to Texas, like many others, to help her to freedom. Now with Bowie, he was in command of 140 men, gathered at the Alamo.

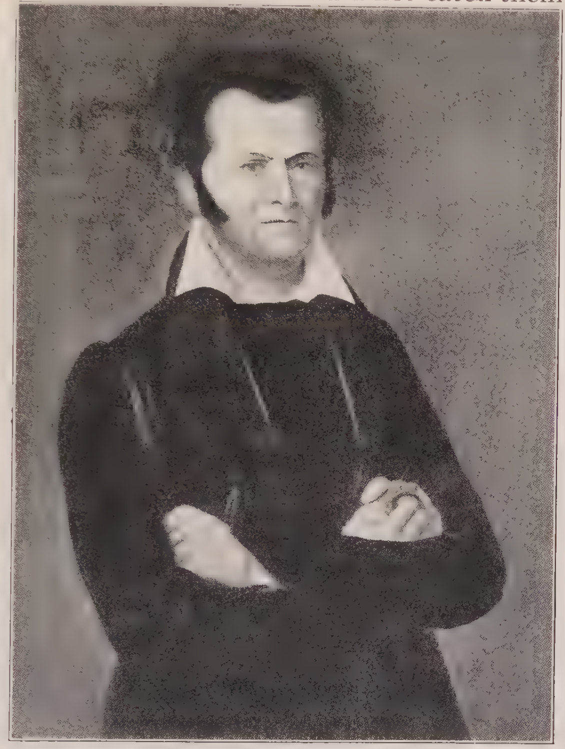


THE RUINS OF CROCKETT'S HOME AT SAN ANTONIO IN 1880

That they would be called upon some time to oppose an invasion by Mexico was not doubted by any. The Texans foresaw it when they announced their principles in a formal, dignified, and vigorous document, three days after the fall of San Antonio in the preceding year, and organized forces of defense. One army, of 350 men, under

Colonel Fannin, was on the coast, at Victoria, and La Bahia, or Goliad. The other was here at the Alamo. But they were not prepared to see a hostile army at that time of year. It was midwinter. The roads were considered to be impassable because of floods. Santa Anna did not catch them napping; yet they were not wholly prepared to resist him to the utmost. Travis turned and looked across the river into San Antonio.

"Guess they won't be after us before the boys get back," he said, calmly. "A lot of them are over in San Antonio at a fandango. I 've sent over for them."



COLONEL JAMES BOWIE (*From the portrait in the Capitol at Austin*)

"Need n't have spoiled their fun," commented Colonel Bowie. "The Greasers 'll take a rest before they pitch in. These Mex are great for resting. Besides, they 'll wait for the rest of the gang. See the dust down on the sky-line?" He pointed to the south. Travis nodded his head. "That 's more Greasers, and lots of them. Hello! Here 's Sphynxy Brown. Never was such a boy for mooning 'round to see what he can find. Reckon he 's looking for his tongue.

Seems to have lost the better part of it, judging from his loquacity."

As Bowie babbled on, still tapping the tip of his knife against the metal of the gun, a man mounted on a mustang loped up to the southern gate, rode in, dismounted, threw the lines of his bridle over the head of the horse to the ground, asked a brief question of a soldier, glanced to where they stood, and walked toward them with a swift, graceful stride. In a moment he was at their side.

General Sam Houston in 1831: Painted as "Marius among the Ruins of Carthage" at His Request *(From the portrait in the Capitol at Austin)*

"Where you been, Brownie, if it 's a fair question?" Bowie asked.

"Riding." His voice was soft and quiet.

"See any Greasers running around loose?"

"Ran across a few. They cut me off. Had to make a wide détour. That 's what kept me. That, and trying to find out how many are coming. I see they got here first."

"D' you get any?"

"A couple. Did n't take much time for that."

"How many are they?" It was Travis who asked the question.

" 'Bout a thousand in the first division. Should guess about three more in the other divisions."

"We 've got our work cut out for us," observed Travis. His remark was simply the expressed recognition of a fact. There was no anxiety, no fear in it.

"If we 'd have withdrawn and joined General Houston we should n't be in this mess!" A slight, frail lad with red hair several shades paler than Travis's, who had followed Sphynxy Brown into the group, here ventured his first contribution to the conversation. Bowie turned a sad face upon him.

"Pinkie," he said, softly, "you should have been a nursery governess. You are a fine, gentle lad, and we all like you very much; but you 've nothing in you for a soldier."

Further than that, Pinkie received no consideration. The group was increased by others, who came hastening from the town. There was much talk of their situation, and many plans. Not in one word was there hint of anything but defense. All they hoped to do, all they cared to do in the circumstances, was to give the women and children of the neighboring settlers a chance to flee.

The Alamo immediately became alive with the activities of preparation. The walls were looked to carefully, the cannon swabbed and charged, ammunition laid to hand, and small arms overhauled. Squads were sent out to drive in cattle, for provisions were low. Detachments scoured the town for flour and food-stuffs.

Santa Anna sent a white flag, demanding that they surrender. They answered with a shot from a cannon on their south wall. The Mexicans displayed the red flag, to tell them there would be no quarter. They made answer with powder and ball. The Mexicans, throwing up works, dragged their cannon into position, and settled down to pound their way through. The defenders returned the fire, meagerly, because their ammunition was not plentiful.

Travis sent messages abroad, asking for reinforcements. "I shall continue to hold the Alamo until I get relief from my countrymen, or I perish in its defense," he wrote. Sphynxy Brown bore such a message to Gonzales. Another was carried over flood and field to Fannin at Goliad.

On a night there was a tumult in the camp of the Mexicans, whose lines now surrounded and invested the Alamo. Firing, yelling, and sounds of fierce combat brought the defenders swiftly to their walls. An anxious quarter of an hour, and a band of Texans appeared, thirty-two men from Gonzales, led by Captain J. W. Smith and guided by Sphynxy Brown. They had fought their way in, knowing that to come was to die!

Now came an order from General Houston, newly made commander of the Texan forces, telling them to withdraw. They refused. They considered themselves better able to judge than their commander, and chose to disobey. It would serve the cause better for them to die. Also, it was coming to be a matter of pride with them to die like this. It was an honor, a distinction, a glory. Any one could live!

Colonel Bowie, falling one day, sustained an injury. They carried him, protesting and cursing, to a room in the convent. Pneumonia developed. He sank under his illness. His great dread was lest he should not live, to die.

Davy Crockett came all the way from Tennessee, with eleven of his neighbors, to fight for the principles of liberty — and to die. Davy Crockett, frontiersman, congressman, dead shot, statesman in no small way, untutored, uncombed, uncouth. strong of hand and great of heart; clad in hunting suit, coonskin cap, bearing in his hands "Betsy," his long rifle, and in his belt his bowie-knife, — a fitting hero for such heroic tragedy!

The siege continued. There was incessant bombardment, which did no harm save to make a small breach in the north wall. There were little sorties, and constant, killing watchfulness. The enemy's force grew day by day until it numbered 5000. Day by day the shots from their batteries pounded at the gates of the Alamo. Hour by hour the defenders, passing silently to and fro in the presence of a death which they knew merely bided its time, waited for the final hour, without complaint, without dread, without hope. Theirs was the heroism of a long, lingering sacrifice.

David Crockett the Hunter (*From the portrait in the Capitol at Austin*)

The messenger who had gone with word to Fannin returned without him. He had started with his force. The flooded streams had turned him back. With tears in his eyes and bitterness in his heart, he had gone back to Goliad, and the messenger had come with the evil news. It was the night of February 5 when he arrived.

"There was a way you could have come, if you had only known!" remarked Sphynxy Brown, who was with Travis when the man came back alone.

"I reckon there is n't!" retorted the man, slighted.

"You know a way, Brownie?" It was Davy Crockett asked the question.

Brown nodded his head.

"There 's no way, I tell you!" declared the messenger. "If there 'd 'a' been a trail I guess Deaf Smith would have known it. He was along."

"There 's a route that nobody knows but me," replied Brownie, softly, calmly, "not even Deaf Smith."

Travis, silent until now, turned to Sphynxy Brown.

"Brown, will you go and bring Fannin?" he said.

Uncertainty came into the face of the young man.

"It is too late. There is no time. They might attack before I could get back."

"Brown, I must ask you to go!" Travis's tone took on a tang of authority.

Brown shook his head.

"I will not go," he said. "I will not take the chance."

"Go and bring Fannin!" Travis's voice was now the voice of a commanding officer. His glance was imperative. Brown hesitated.

"Do you refuse duty?" The eye of Travis was kindling. Brown's face flushed; his nostrils dilated. He straightened himself, drew his heels sharply together, saluted, turned about face, and was gone.

Crockett made device to follow him to the gate, when he mounted his horse five minutes later.

"Never you mind, Brownie, my boy," he said, slapping him on the shoulder. "If you don't get back in time, there 's a plenty of decent ways to get killed in these parts."

Sphynxy Brown made no answer. He averted his countenance. He was angry, mortified, disappointed. As he swung into the saddle, Crockett caught sight of his face. On each cheek was a wet patch. In his eyes were tears. Following him as far toward the Mexican lines as his eyes could penetrate in the dusk, Crockett turned and wandered toward the convent and into the room where Bowie lay.

Aqueduct at San Antonio

The patient was fresher and stronger than he had been for several days. He listened eagerly as Crockett briefly related the news brought by the messenger, and the despatch of Sphynxy Brown.

"What do they call him that for?" demanded Crockett, abruptly, when he had finished the narration.

"There 's nothing else to call him, except what the Indians call him. He never gave us any name, so we fixed one up. He is sort of a brown looking fellow, was everlastingly quiet, never saying a work and puzzling everybody, so one of the boys called him Sphynxy Brown."

"What do the Indians call him?"

"Laughing Panther; because he always laughs when he fights, and conducts himself like a panther engaged in the same occupation."

"Are his people from Kentucky?" Crockett asked. "I 've seen his face, or one like it, I swear."

"Colonel," drawled Bowie, "you 've been in these parts long enough to know that it ain't considered the custom to wonder where any one is from, or why he came away. All I know about the boy is that he is as straight as a gun-barrel in his dealings, and can fight like a cargo of wild cats."

Crockett allowed that he could.

"Seems to hanker after dying," he commented. Bowie offered no response.

"Hope he gets through the Greasers," Crockett continued.

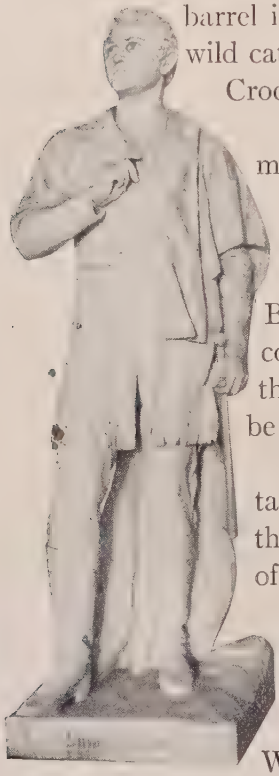
"Gets through the Greasers?" exclaimed Bowie, throwing himself into a violent fit of coughing by his enthusiasm. "Gets through the Greasers? He 'll get through, don't you be afraid!"

A long, low halloo, carried from a great distance, reached the ears of the two men, above the sound of the Mexican batteries. The face of the sick man brightened.

"That 's him!" he cried, "that 's the way he yells!

"He 's through all right! That yell means that he 's through! I told you so! Why, that boy could carry gunpowder through hell."

A smile spread over the face of Colonel Bowie as he sank back, to sleep.



Houston's Statue in the Capitol at Austin

CHAPTER XII

THE VICTORY OF THE ALAMO

IT was early Sunday morning, March 6, 1836. A faint pallor on the edge of the sky showed where lay the east. A sentinel at the top of the chapel wall paused, and peered into the mirk to the south as though he would penetrate the darkness with his vision. He called softly to the sentinel next him. Pinkie it was, ready to show Colonel Bowie that he had within him the makings of a dead soldier, at the least. The two, scrutinizing the shaded sky-line, thought they saw a movement within the Mexican camp, thought they saw dark masses moving across the ground in the distance.

The Entrance to the Alamo

"Go and wake up Travis, Pinkie," said the first sentinel.

The boy turned to do the errand, when there came from out the fading night a bugle blast, faint, far away, startling. Pinkie felt the flesh on his back twitch and pull. He looked quickly at the other to see if he had heard. He had.

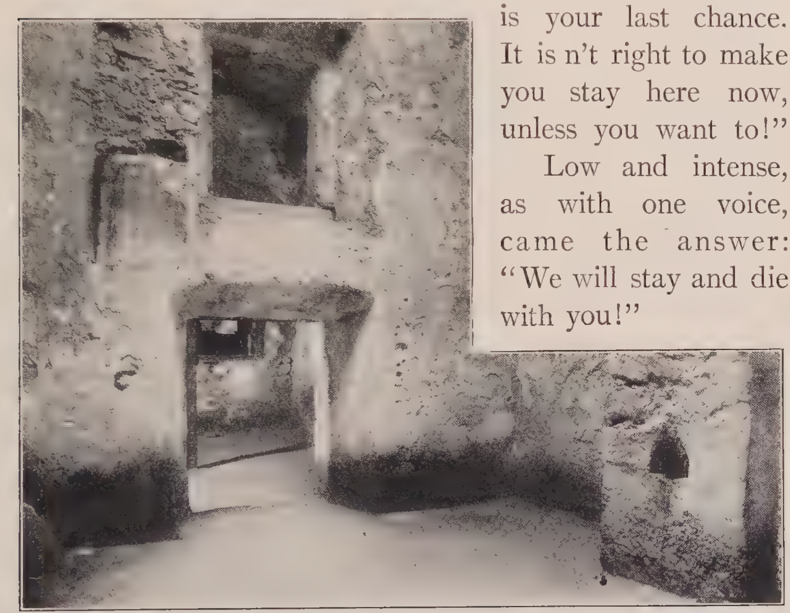
A second blast, farther to the west; a third, to the eastward; a fourth, a half-dozen; a shot from the ramparts on the north; another from the sentinel at the top of the adobes to the west. Pinkie, lifting his gun to his shoulder, aimed it in the air, pulled the trigger, and fired.

Out from the convent and chapel, where they had slept fitfully through many nights, waiting for this moment, tumbled a swarm of shadows, like hornets when their nest is stirred. And like hornets they could sting, too. Staggering in the last drowsiness of their awakening, pulling on their coats as they came, rifles in hand, knives in belt, the defenders of the Alamo answered the call, long expected, come at last.

The Apse of the Cathedral of San Fernando: From Its Dome the Red Flag was Hoisted in 1836

The trample of many feet in the plaza! the rattle of weapons! the low voices of men who knew they were about to die! Low and intense, the voice of their young commander could be heard speaking to his assembled men, giving them their final choice. "You all know what this means, men. If there are any of you that want to go, this is your last chance. It is n't right to make you stay here now, unless you want to!"

Low and intense, as with one voice, came the answer: "We will stay and die with you!"



Within the Alamo: In the Nearer Room the Dead were Buried; the Farther, Originally the Sacristy, was Used as the Magazine

Grim, resolute, silent, they went to their posts. From afar came the rumble of many men moving over the surface of the earth. Dark masses rose and fell across the hills. To the north, to the east, to the west, swinging wide from the south, the 5000 came against the ninescore men.

The pallor in the east broke into a rift of light, the Lord's day smiling upon man. The cool morning air, awakening, sighed and stretched its fingers lazily through the leaves of the cottonwood tree near the chapel, lifting them, rustling them. In its hands it bore the wild, weird notes of the "Deguello" (cutthroat), the Mexican song of death which tells of no quarter to the foe. On its forehead at the heads of the column was the bright red flag, telling, too, of no quarter.

The threat was answered as it should have been, from the throats of cannon, from the keen, biting lips of rifles. Closer through the scattering darkness came the foe, the 5000 against the ninescore. Swiftly, but without hurry, the Texans loaded and fired. Silently, calm in the knowledge of the inevitable, they put a price on their lives that left many a jerking form in the wake of the dark, moving masses of men.

The fire from the unerring rifles became insufferable. Frantic under the lash the Mexicans broke into a charge. Up to the very walls they rushed. Each Texas rifle spoke with a tongue of flame; with every speaking a dark shadow sank into the shadowy earth, to lie there shuddering for a moment before it grew still forever.

Up to the very walls — and back again into the dim gray light of fast-coming dawn! It was too much to ask! They died too fast! They could not go on in the face of that annihilating fire, where each ball bore death in its nose.

A sigh of relief raised from the defenders. The foe would come again, but there was present respite,— and moments of life are sweet to one about to die. Standing on the walls, with cooling guns, they spoke quietly to each other, of all things but death. They looked across the billowy land to the light of their last day leaking over the brim of the world and flooding the distant east.

Travis, at a gun on the top of the adobe houses, lifted his hat to dry his sweating brow. He looked across the plaza to the chapel, to the convent, to the palisade to the south, to the north wall, where the enemy had urged hard against the breach. As he looked, he pressed the tears out of the inner corners of his eyes with his powder-grimed forefingers; for it is a heavy thing to be the commander of men who are about to die with you, of their own election.

Crockett, patting the cheek of "Betsy," the long rifle that had never failed him in one least shot, asked Pinkie to run and see how Colonel Bowie fared, where he lay sick to death in a room in the convent. "I will not leave," said the boy. "I am going to die — right — here." His voice passed into a sob — but Crockett put his arm about the youth's shoulder, and laughed. In the face of death, he laughed. The boy, looking into his face, laughed back.

"Damn the Greasers!" said he.

A bursting forth of the fire at the northern corner, where the guns of the enemy had battered a breach! All around the circumference of the stronghold ran the flame, as lightning rips through the clouds. They were coming again, the Mexicans!

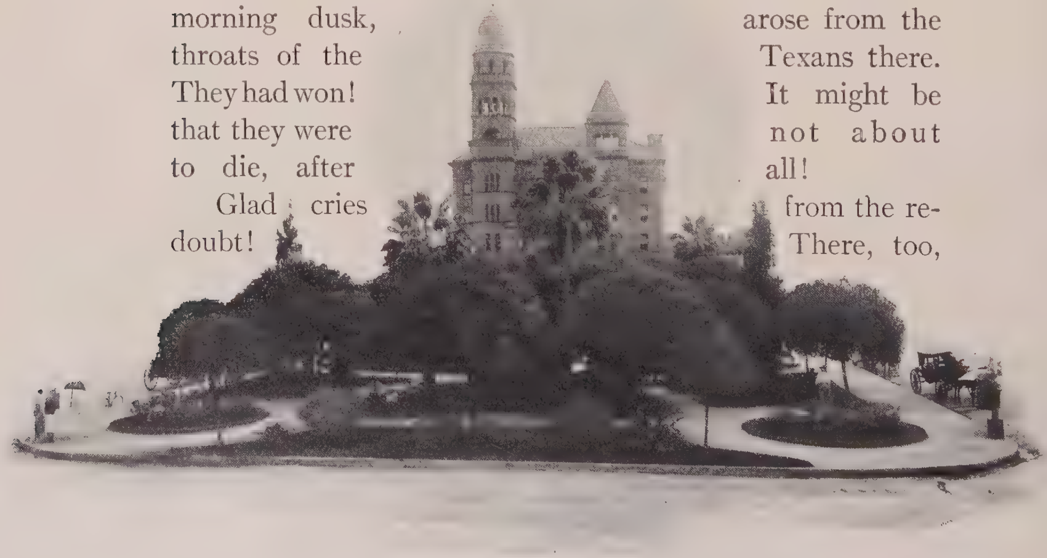
The Cathedral of San Fernando To-Day

Closer, in added numbers, they crowded to the breach. The Texans, leaving other points, hurried thither. "God, for a hundred men more!" muttered Travis, training his gun on a second force that moved against the west wall, where he was.

A sheet of fire from the Texas rifles burned into the frenzied ranks of the foe. They shriveled and fell beneath the hot blast. The column paused. The men in the front ranks looked back over their fellows. They leaned against those behind. They sought to creep in between them. It was death to proceed against those rifles. The press of numbers bore them on. In the whole world was no sound but the crackling of gun-fire and the groans of the dying. The Texans fought mute with the lofty emotion of those about to die of their own choice, that liberty might live. The Mexicans were silent with fear, with utter terror.

Closer, closer, to the very breach they came, dying in rows. Then back, back, the horde was borne. Flesh could not stand it! Slowly, contending against the pressure of those who came after, those who were at the front fell away. A shout, the first shout since the foe had come through the morning dusk, arose from the throats of the Texans there. They had won! It might be that they were not about to die, after all!

Glad cries from the redoubt! There, too,



THE MAIN PLAZA OF SAN ANTONIO WITH THE COURT-HOUSE the enemy was repulsed. What would history have to say of 180 who withstood 5000? "God, for a hundred men more!"

A whirlwind, a tornado of firing beneath the west wall! The enemy was there! They were too many! One hundred and eighty could not be everywhere! Santa Anna himself had brought a brigade from reserve, fresh, untouched, a thousand strong. Small honor to win with such a number against ninescore! But it was in Santa Anna's heart to find pride and pleasure in such achievement.

Colonel David Crockett

At the head of his regiment, with the reserves, came Don Estévan, almost hoping that the few might prevail over the many. For Don Estévan was of magnanimous heart, and tender. He was not a man for war, Don Estévan.

They swarmed to the base of the adobe wall; they swarmed over it on their scaling ladders, leaving a trail of dead; swarmed down the life that was there disputing their way. They were in the plaza! Some of those at the breach, hearing them in the rear, turned to stay them. The party that had assaulted there, twice repulsed, came once more, and poured into the defenses. The men in the redoubt, pausing in their fight for an instant, were borne down. A force broke through the southern palisade. A rimming flood of fury, crested with steel, breaking into a spindrift of leaden death, surged about the ninescore, dripping dead men as it swirled. Their moment of triumph had come!

Travis, shot through the head, lay dead across the gun he had served. Crockett, gathering a few about him, took what vantage he could find in an angle of the chapel wall. Pinkie was with him, weeping — and killing. Driven from the plaza, the Texans scattered into the adobe houses that had no egress, into the rooms of the convent, into cells that lined the outer walls of the chapel. Not for refuge, not for safety, but to sell their lives as dearly as they might.

Colonel Bowie, sick in the convent room, awaited their coming. On the one side came the Mexicans; on the other hurried death; for his illness had stricken him mortally. He only feared that death would come first. To live as he had lived, and to die peacefully in bed, would be mockery. Lying along the edge of his covering blanket was a fringe of pistols. At his hand rested his trusty knife. Thus, with closed eyes, listening to the approach of the human storm, he awaited them.

The fight pressed where the Texans had come to bay. Bodies of Mexican dead gathered in its wake as the leaves in autumn when the wind has passed. The Mexicans stopped at nothing now. They were maddened to the fight by blood; they were held to it by very terror of their foes. By sheer numbers they whelmed the men of Texas, suffering any loss to come at them. Out of 5000 they could spare many men.

They dragged guns to the mouths of the rooms filled with defenders, and blew them into dripping, draggled ribbons at once. They threw themselves a dozen at a time upon some solitary hero fighting in the midst of them, and bore him down, though his knife ripped desperately among them.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO (*From the painting in the Capitol at Austin*)

But it was not a massacre; it was not murder! It was fight! What talk can there be of quarter when those who are vanquished will not take it? They or their enemies must die. That is not massacre.

In a corner of the wall, glorious in his last struggle, stood Davy Crockett. His "Betsy" was mute. She had uttered her own death-sentence. Now she whistled through the air, a club in the hands of her master, bent of barrel, shattered of stock, gory, magnificent! About him was a circled pile of dead. He stood in a crater of slain of his own making. Their blood sopped beneath his feet; it soaked through his shoes.

His left arm was about some one; — a slight, frail youth with hair faintly red. It was Pinkie. One side of his face was gone, sliced away by a saber stroke. It hung dangling by a shred of cheek. In his right hand was a knife, dripping, sluicing blood. His other dangled limp at his side, with his own blood running in a stream down it, from a shot in the wrist. With the side of his face that remained, he smiled, as the two awaited the final onset.

A rush of feet! Wild cries of maddened men! The crashing of bones!

The place where they stood was without them. Their dead bodies lay hacked, palpitating, in the midst of the crater of flesh.

There was little firing now; only the horrid screeching of the Mexicans, insane from slaughter. Don Estévan, weeping, appalled, pressed on to the convent. He had learned that there were sick men there. He thought to save them. His was not the heart of a soldier. He reached the door of a room where one of them lay. The way was cluttered with dead; men were passing out bodies, hand over hand, to make room for the living who tore at each other to enter.

He leapt upon a heap of dead to see over their heads, shouting to them to desist. The light of the Lord's day barely penetrated to the farther side of the room. There, on a cot, lay a huge man touched already by approaching death. The light of another world was in his eyes. He lifted a pistol from the edge of his blanket, and emptied it. He lifted another, and another. There were many lying there, a fringe of weapons. With each shot, a Mexican fell.

The Plaza with the Alamo on the Right, the Post-Office in the Distance

It was magnificent. Don Estévan, standing on the heap of dead, forgot. He only looked with awe and wonder upon what he saw; for his was not the heart of a soldier. One by one the pistols barked; man by man the Mexicans fell; but each who fell, fell closer to the bed where the man lay dying. The last gun spoke. The last man fell. As he pitched forward, his reaching hands dragged at the edge of the blanket that was on the deathbed.

But he was not the last! Another, leaping across his body, gained the side of the pallet. Gaining it, he gasped, sank to his knees, and toppled lifeless across the body of the hero, a great knife twisted through his heart. His corpse rested over the dead body of the man, whose breath left, even in the last stroke of the fatal knife. That was not massacre!

Within the Main Entrance of the Alamo To-Day

Some one hurried to fire the magazine in the chapel. He was shot down. Some leapt into the *barancha* that passed close by. They were searched out and slain. One was found crouching in the angle of a wall. He tossed on bayonets till his flesh could no longer hold the prods.

Five were found in the hospital helpless with illness. They were dragged forth. Santa Anna, with dilating nostril, waved his hand that they should die. Don Estévan looked on the signal with amazement.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he cried. "You will not kill men who die already! That is God's work."

"They are pirates before the law; let them die!"

A score of thirsty knives flashed into the shrinking flesh of the sick.

Deguello, and the red flag! It was over! The sun, one hour in the sky, looked down upon a clutter of dead within the whitened walls, of Mexicans a thousand four hundred, of Texans ninescore; upon little frothy streams of red that gurgled and sputtered through the footprints in the trampled sand, upon a victory for the vanquished that would last eternally, upon an honor that would never die.

And it looked down upon a man of brown hair and sad brown eyes, who stood at the side of a panting horse on the top of a distant hill, weeping for that he had come too late. Sphynxy Brown, riding furiously for succor through half the night, knowing all the time that it was too late, turned at last and rode madly back again, that he might die as they died. Gazing for a long space, he took the lines over his elbow at last and walked slowly in the direction of the risen sun.

CHAPTER XIII

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BEEVES"

"CURSE that Fannin! If he 'd obeyed orders, and not gone stewing around after a few half-breed families that did not know enough to take care of themselves, we should n't have got into this muss!"

A heavy man, just under middle age, with mottled face, pale hair, and blue eyes, lay growling in the outer edge of an embattled square of men, ducking his head and turning white at intervals as shot howled above them. He was one of Fannin's command of 350, recruited from the States, which had been entrapped and surrounded on the open plain by a large force of Mexicans under Urrea. Fannin, setting out from Goliad to join Houston at Victoria, had delayed to relieve some threatened settlers.

Now, on another Sunday morning, just a fortnight after the loss of the Alamo, he was lying in hollow square, his wagons formed within to protect the women and stock, cut off from water, with provisions low, and ammunition nearly gone. His two cannon, clogged for lack of water to swab them, were useless. The enemy, drawn out of rifle range, was slowly beating him to death with three field-pieces. He could have cut his way out; but he had with him families who could not follow, whom he would not leave.

"You low-lived lump of hell!" cried the man who lay in line next the one who complained of their commanding officer. "You yellow-faced father of all cowardly curs! Would ye be leavin' the women and childer to die be the hands of the murderin' naygurs?"

"I came down here to fight, and not to be butchered like this," rejoined the grumbler. "I don't know why I should let myself get killed, without a chance to fight, for a parcel of people that are nothing to me."

"Because your life is not worth a lop-sided bullet, Corliss."

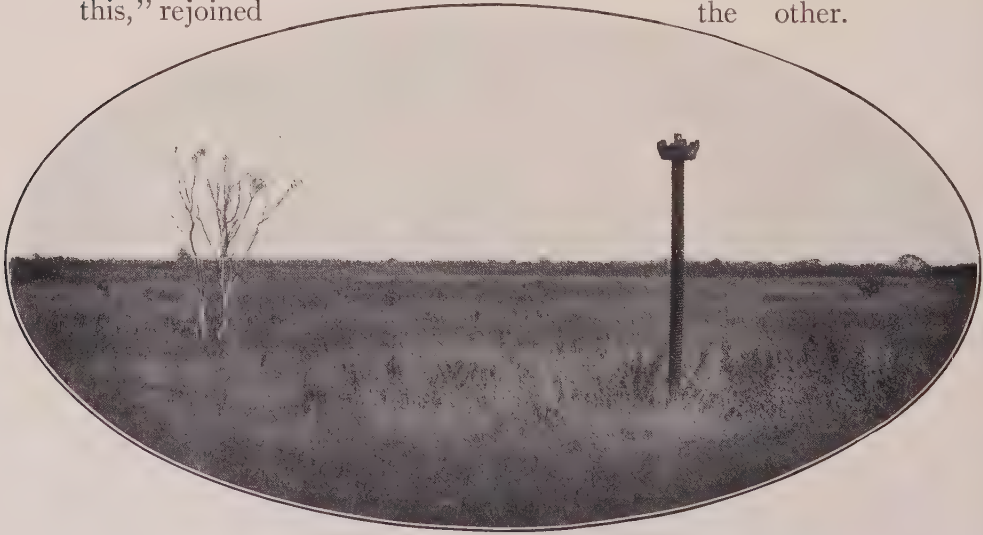
The words came in a low, soft, quiet voice from behind him. He turned with a start. His face went white, and red, and white again. His voice forsook him. His hand trembled. Standing there, calmly gazing down at him out of sad brown eyes, was a tall, lithe young man with brown hair falling over his shoulders, in whose face were written accusation and indictment.

"Furthermore, you did not come down here to fight," he said. "Slave-stealing grew too dangerous, and you came down here to sneak and cheat and rob. They made you fight."

Corliss found his voice, and a simulated assurance.

"Oh, it 's you, is it?" he sneered. "Where have you been, that I have n't seen you before? With the women?"

"If I had been there, you would have seen me before this," rejoined the other.



Scene of Fannin's Last Fight, near the Town of Fannin, Nine Miles from Goliad, the Spot Marked by an Old-Fashioned Cotton Press Screw

Corliss, in obvious confusion, made no reply.

"So-ho, ye are acquainted with Sphynxy Brown, are ye?" laughed the man next him, the same who had rebuked him for his attack on Fannin. "Well, I 'm sorry for ye if he does n't love ye, for — "

He did not finish. A solid shot from the enemy's heavy artillery, aimed low, bounded over the ground and struck him on the head. Something struck Corliss smartly on the cheek, laying it open. With a scream, he leapt to his feet and rushed for the corral of wagons within the square. Sphynxy Brown flung him back into line.

"You might as well fight, Corliss, and fight hard; for if you come out of this, I shall have a little score of my own to settle with you which will be fully as interesting," he said, and passed on, leaving Corliss shivering.

The thing could not last. There was no hope. For the sake of the women and children with him, Fannin sent a white flag to Urrea, requesting negotiations. In the end they signed capitulations. The Mexican government, and Santa Anna was the government, had decreed that all Texans found under arms should be executed. But Urrea accepted the surrender of Fannin's men on a more liberal basis. He agreed to send the men back to the States, for only a few of them were resident Texans, provided they would not fight again against Mexico. He intended to do it.

The men were marched to Goliad. There they were placed in guarded camps. Days passed into a week. They were told that they were being held only until vessels could be procured to carry them to New Orleans.

The second week passed. It was early spring. The morning of Palm Sunday broke clear and beautiful. The sun, waxing warmer with each succeeding day, coaxed the tender grass to peep above the ground.

It was a day to be happy! The prisoners responded to the subtle influence. At the worst, they were only going home. They would have been glad to fight for Texas; they came with hearts full of the purpose. But if fate desired that they should not, fate was not as harsh with them in that as she might have been. They lay about in the tender, sweet grass, telling yarns, playing games invented in the spirit of spring, laughing, joking roughly, as happy men will.

A bugle blast rang through the camp. Mexican officers came among them leading files of Mexican soldiers. They were formed into three squads. Severally the squads were marched out of quarters and toward the town, a file of soldiers on each side.

"You are going out to slaughter beeves for us," they told one squad.

"You are going to a certain point to be exchanged," they informed another.

"Santa Anna is coming, and he needs the room for his men," they said to the third.

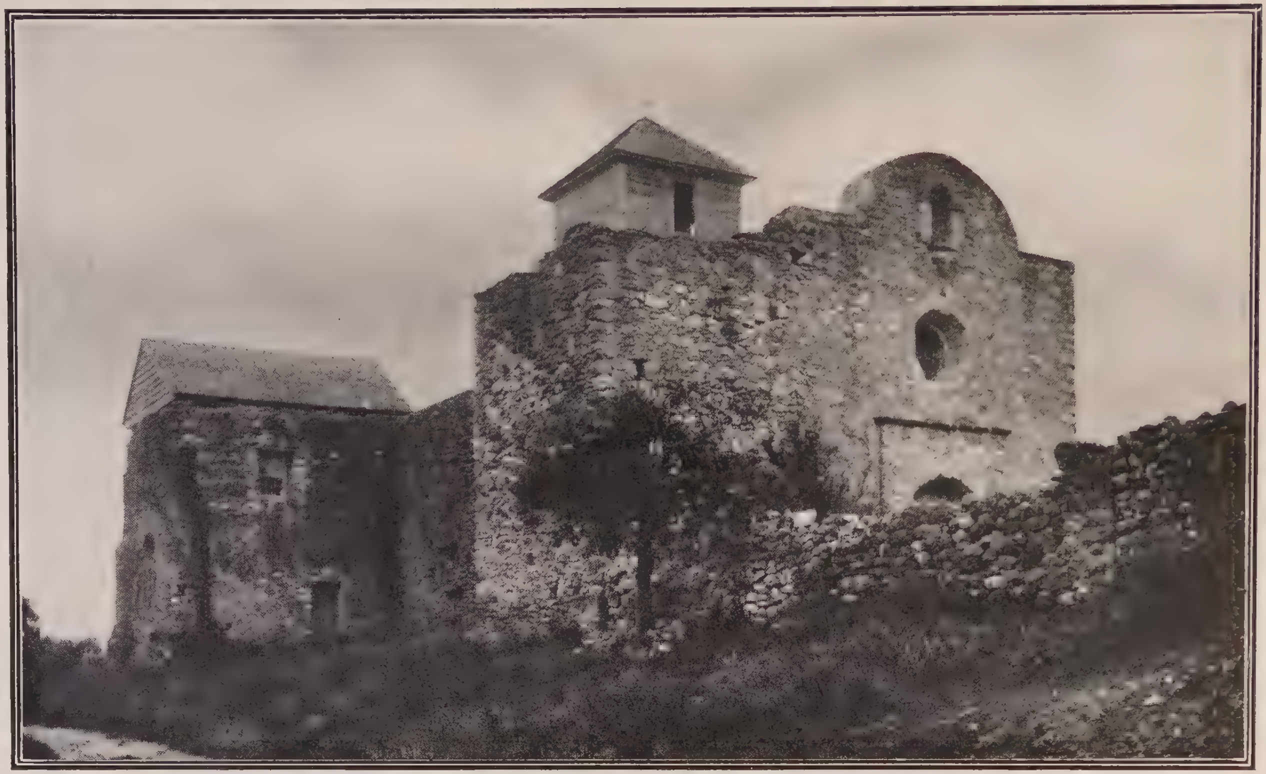
Sphynxy Brown was of the first squad, which went "to slaughter beeves." Knowing that Mexico had decreed death for Texans, and knowing Santa Anna, he had a doubt what the slaughter of beeves might prove to be. They marched through Goliad, he at the head of the band. The people of the town came down to stare at them.

"*Pobrecitos, pobrecitos!*" they murmured, which, in English, is "poor fellows, poor fellows!"

"What do they mean?" asked the one next to Brown, an innocent youth in the last of his teens.

"They mean that Santa Anna is about to release us from our parole," replied Sphynxy Brown, a grim smile releasing his set expression for an instant.

They passed on through the streets of the village in silence.



Mission La Bahia, Goliad, Texas, over the Wall of which Fannin's Body was Thrown

"Hello, there, Sphynxy Brown! Got time to settle that little score now, Sphynxy Brown?"

The voice of Mat Corliss, taunting, brutal, full of hate, came to his ears above the soft intonations of the Mexicans. He looked among the dark-skinned crowd. Corliss was standing there, his arm about the slender waist of a señorita, leering, jeering at him. The girl laughed, too.

Sphynxy Brown had not seen Corliss since the hour they arrived as prisoners at Goliad and were told off to their several quarters. If he wondered for a moment at seeing him there, the wonder was soon gone; for he knew the heart of Mat Corliss and of the Mexicans, and knew that it was not a far cry to some treachery that would bring them together. He passed on without making other answer than a look beneath which Corliss, secure as he was, flinched and colored.

They were out upon the plain beyond the town. The soldiers led them over a hill. They dipped behind its rim. They were alone in the universe with their captors, with no eye looking upon them but the eye of God.

"Halt!"

They stood, as they had marched, in open order. The genial sun of Palm Sunday warmed them, the love breezes breathed against their faces. It was too beautiful a day for the killing of beeves!

The file of Mexican soldiers upon their left passed through their ranks and formed with the file on their right hand.

"Left face!"

The order, in broken English, rang out to the prisoners. They wheeled, their backs to the Mexicans. As the order was given, Sphynxy Brown whispered to the boy next him. Those two faced right toward the file of soldiers.

"Turn around there!"

The command came in Spanish, mingled with curses.

The two did not move.

"Turn around, I tell you!"

More curses.

They stood like men of wood.

"Will you turn around?"

Horrible blasphemy was heaped upon them with the third command. The lieutenant who gave it approached with drawn sword. The boy looked into the face of the man. The man, firm, unflinching, stood with head high, nostrils quivering, eyes fixed on the officer. The boy, throwing back his shoulders farther, was immovable. The long line of Americans stretched and craned to see what was the disturbance. The lieutenant, stopping, turned to his senior with a question. The senior shook his head.

"Sit down there, traitors and dogs!" cried the lieutenant to the entire squad, ignoring Sphynxy Brown and the boy.

With wondering looks at each other, and over their shoulders at the soldiers, the line of prisoners squatted on the ground, one after the other, singly and in groups, with murmurs of comment and complaint.

Sphynxy Brown and the boy alone remained upon their feet.

The lieutenant whispered again to his senior. The two officers glanced at the end of the line where the two refractory prisoners still

Spot where Fannin was Shot

stood. They talked and nodded for a moment. In the end they withdrew their glances from the two, and suffered them to stand.

Wondering, puzzled, those who sat questioned each other and conjectured many things, — but not the truth. Mexican officers, walking along their lines, spoke in low voices to the soldiers. They were not two paces behind the ranks of the sitting prisoners.

Here a Hundred of Fannin's Men were Massacred

Suddenly the sky was lifted above the earth in another direction from the town. The reverberations of a volley of musketry beat across the swale where they were. Instant terror and despair came into the eyes of those who sat.

"Fire!"

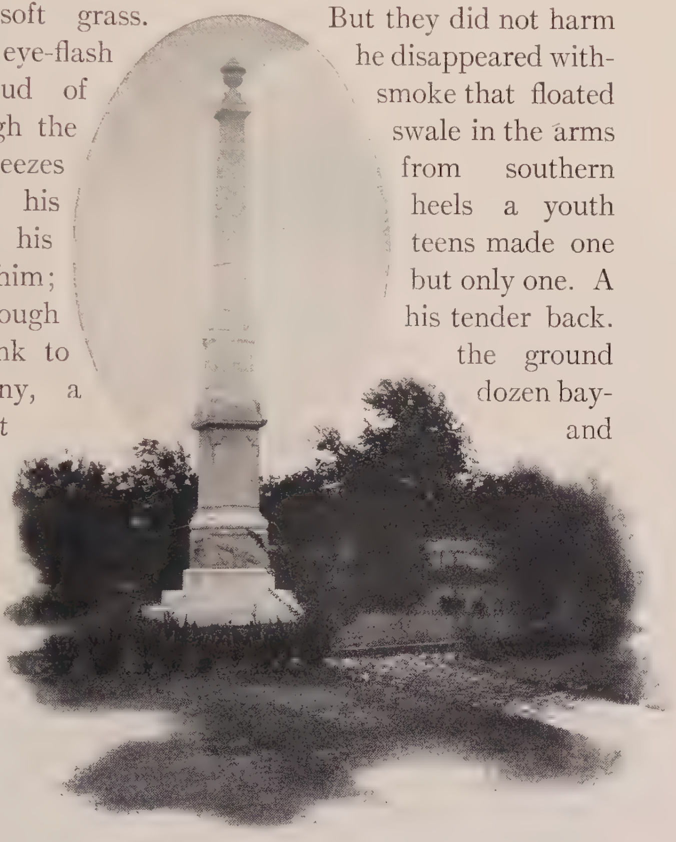
Behind their backs the air leapt in a mighty convulsion. They felt the blows and the hot stings of speeding bullets.

They pitched and rolled in a long tumbled line. Those who still stirred were impaled upon the bayonet.

Another roar from out the distance, at another angle from the town! The deed was done! For that his heart was utterly black and rotten, despite the written promised word of his general, despite the laws of civilization, despite the claims of humanity, Santa Anna had commanded that these men be done to death. Such was the slaughtering of beeves in southern Texas on Palm Sunday of the year of our Lord 1836. Such was the rendezvous for exchange of prisoners. Such was the manner of making room for the soldiers of Santa Anna. Of all the 350 who awoke happy and hopeful on that Sabbath day, but twenty-seven escaped

Chancel of the Mission La Bahia To-Day, Still Used for Worship death. Even those who lay helpless in the hospital at Goliad were dragged forth and butchered.

At the moment before the blast came from the guns of the soldiers, Sphynxy Brown, his overpowering eyes fixed in swift succession upon those who immediately confronted him, leapt far aside. Hot powder grains seared his face. Bullets tore through his coat. They cut rents in his leather trousers. They knocked his coonskin cap upon the soft grass. But they did not harm him. In an eye-flash he disappeared within the cloud of smoke that floated lazily through the swale in the arms of the love breezes from southern seas. At his heels a youth not out of his teens made one leap after him; but only one. A ball tore through his tender back. Ere he sank to the ground in his agony, a dozen bayonets caught and tossed him into the air, that the killing of beeves might be the more complete!



Fannin's Monument and Park, Goliad, Texas

CHAPTER XIV

A MEETING

RUMBLING and rattling over the rutty ground, its high canvas top rocking as the springless body followed the wheels into holes in the trail, a prairie schooner drawn by a yoke of oxen made weary way northward over the road that lay between Goliad and Victoria on the morning of Palm Sunday, 1836.

The route lay over unconfined reaches of hill and prairie. There was nothing but the condition of the ground to determine where the road should go. It had spread out into a parallel of many roads. Each seemed rougher than the other. The driver often went ahead to select the smoothest way, and as often came back discouraged, to leave the choice to the judgment of the oxen.

He was a saddened, dispirited, draggled man, with a wispy beard, hollow eyes, and sunken cheeks. His bony

Pioneer Life on the Frontier

legs had the effect of sticks run through his homespun trousers. His coat was too large, and flopped as he walked. From time to time he thrust his head into the wagon anxiously, whispering to a girl of twelve who sat there, holding in her arms a flushed and fevered infant. A boy of ten sat on the seat in the front of the wagon. Beside him was a tow-headed child of four, with nothing distinctive about its clothing from which its sex could be determined.

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER (*From the drawing by F. O. C. Darley*)

Behind the wagon walked a young woman. She was dressed in some cheap blue stuff. In her hand she carried by its strings a large blue sun-bonnet. Her hair, uncovered, was a glory of red, dark, warm, purple-red. Her face was comely. Even beneath her coat of tan the full cheeks were pink and white. Her eyes were as blue as the blue of the sea when night is coming. Though she was lost in thought as she stumbled over the rough ground behind the wagon, they gave hint how they could melt and glow.

For a long space they walked in silence. It was the woman who spoke first.

"What do you suppose that firing was that we heard this morning, Sam?" she called to the man.

"Don't know," replied the man. He was not short with her; his brevity of speech was due only to his conversational limitations.

"Could n't have been a battle, could it?"

"Maybe."

"Did n't sound to me like one," argued the woman. "There was not enough of it. Only three great big noises, and then a few shots. And who could be fighting, anyway? Now that Fannin's men are captured there is n't anybody left to fight the Mexicans, is there?"

Hunting Buffalo on the Texas Prairie (*From Darley's drawing*)

Something associated with the idea of Fannin's capture stirred the man deeply.

"Now see here, Luella, I did n't have nothin' to do with Fannin's gettin' caught," he expostulated. "He need n't have hung around for me. I calc'late I know my way, and I 've got papers in my pocket from Urrea that will take me anywhere I want to use them!"

"Nobody ever said you did make Fannin get caught, Sam," replied the woman, surprised at his warmth. "He was waiting for half a dozen others as much as he was for you." She quickened her pace and came abreast of him.

"Sam," she said, "what did you ever do for Urrea that made him give you passports?"

"Drug some cannon guns out of a mud-hole with these here oxen," replied the man, jerking his thumb toward the team.

"You helped the Mexican general?" she cried. "Sam Phillips, I am ashamed of you!"

"Why should n't I uv?"

"Because they are coming to take liberty away from Texas! Because they are the enemies of this country!" She stopped herself with an effort. What was the use to quarrel with this clod? Nothing she could say affected him.

Near this Tree Fannin's Men are Said to be Buried

"Don't see as I 've got any perticular reason for being grateful to this here country," drawled the man. If a shade of feeling had been possible in him, it would have come to the surface in the speech; but it did n't. His words were as flat as his chest.

The woman relented immediately.

"You 've had lots of trouble since I left you, have n't you, Sam?" she asked, sympathetically.

"I sure have," he replied, lackadaisically, and proceeded to detail his calamities with a degree of feeling such as might be expected in the reading of a hardware catalogue, and stopped as abruptly as one ordinarily would at the end of such a list.

For a time there was no sound, save the creaking, rattling groaning of the wagon, the heavy breathing of the oxen, and the calls of the driver. It was he who broke the silence.

"Been lookin' for him ever sence you left us?" he asked.

"Yes, ever since." A light came into her blue eyes.

"Never hide nor hair o' him?"

"Not the least word, Sam."

"Must be dead and buried, Lu."

"I will never believe it." Her eyes half closed, as though she suffered pain. "I can't believe it; I won't."

"Luella, you won't never find him," observed the man, at length, after many sidelong glances at her.

"I shall never stop looking."

"See here, Luella Lawson, you 're plain foolish! He won't never come back. What 's the use of wastin' your whole life thetaway? Why don't yuh marry me, Lu, and have a home and some one to take care of yuh?"

For all the world she would not have let him see the smile that came into the corners of her eyes, or the tear that followed it.

"Oh, I could n't marry you, Sam," she answered, gently. "He might show up some time. I really don't think he is dead, Sam. I somehow feel that he is n't."

"Well, Lu, just as you feel about it; only I 'm feelin' kind o' lonesome, and needin' somebody to look after things, and I thought we might make a good hitch out 'n it. But it 's all right ef you don 't want to do it, Lu."

"It is n't because I don't think you are a very fine man, Sam," she assured him.

"Oh, I know that, all right," he said.

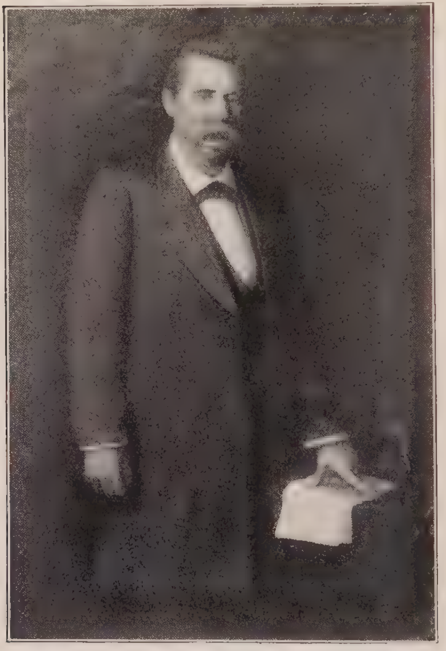
The road bent over the bank of a little stream, slanted along its steep sides to the bed, crossed, and climbed the other bank, coming out at last opposite to the place where it entered. Those who walked, crossed dry-footed on stones. When the wagon came from the deep bed and reached the level plain again, one of the children cried out in alarm, "There 's somebody comin', pa!"

The two at the side of the ox team turned and looked across the river over the way they had come. At a little distance was a man running toward them. He was a young man, tall and graceful. He ran with a long, even sweep which bore him swiftly over the ground without obvious effort. His long brown hair streamed behind him as he came. He raised his hand to beckon them.

A Prairie Scene in Texas

Sam, dropping his goad, went to the wagon, snatched a rifle, and returned to the side of the woman. It would do no harm to be prepared; in such times it might do much good. The runner was at the farther bank. They saw his face. It was grimed. It was scratched, as though he had come through brush. Luella, grasping Phillips by the arm, uttered a little cry.

He left the graded road, descending the abrupt bank to cross more directly to them. He disappeared into the bed of the stream. They heard him splashing through the water. They heard the gravel of the bank scatter as he dragged himself up the sheer side. They heard his deep, even breathing. The woman stood, transfixed, her mouth agape, her eyes starting from her head, waiting to see who it was about to emerge from the stream. Once she gasped. The man cocked his rifle.



Judge A. W. Terrell: Friend of Houston, and Former Minister to Turkey. This Portrait, Inscribed "The Author of More Good Laws for Texas than any Man Living or Dead," was Placed in the Hall of Representatives by the State Legislature

The head of the strange man appeared above the edge of the bank. They could see the color of his eyes. They were brown. He struggled to the top, clawing at the ground with torn hands. He gained his feet. He came toward them.

"Wait a minute! Who are you? What do you want?" demanded Phillips as he raised his rifle.

The woman struck it down. Her face was like the face of those who see the dead walk.

"Sam! Sam!" she whispered, hoarsely. "Don 't shoot! It 's he! It 's Montgomery Stevens!"

He whom Luella called Montgomery Stevens, but who was known far and wide within the borders of Texas as Sphynxy Brown, the scout, came quickly toward them, his eyes fixed keenly on the man who held the rifle. Luella awaited him where she stood, without a word. She did not know; she could not be sure. He had loved her once. But that was twelve years before. She had wronged him then. He had left her in anger. In twelve years one might forget anger, but one might forget love as well, or both.

Into his brown eyes, fixed as he approached on the man with the gun, there came a puzzled look. He half recalled the face of Phillips, the poor white who had lived in the woods near the river in Kentucky.

He turned his glance, questioning, toward the woman. He started. He cried out. He held his hands toward her.

"Luella!" he said.

In the word was all the love, all the regret, all the loneliness of a dozen years. It was a pæan of thanksgiving. It was a prayer for forgiveness.

With a sob of joy she went to him.

"Through all these years have I searched for you, dear heart; and now have I found you," she whispered, fervently.

There were tears of gladness in his eyes as he folded his arms about her. There was the muteness of unutterable joy as he kissed her upon the mouth. All the dead, bitter past lay buried beneath the love that was theirs as she clung, caressing, to him.

"I have been a wicked, cowardly man, my Luella," he said, at last.

"Hush, dear heart. Why should we speak of the things that have been? This is not time for regrets."

"But you must let me, darling, for the good of my soul, you must let me! They think me a brave man in these parts. I am the weakest coward. I did you a great wrong to leave you as I did. I did my uncle a wrong. I knew it when I did the wrong. I knew it that night as I lay in a cabin by the river. I was too great a coward, through my vile pride, to right what I had done. I knew it in the weeks that followed, when I floated down the Mississippi and buried myself in the wild life of New Orleans. I was a wicked coward, but I could not return and ask forgiveness. I have known it through all the weary years when I have sought to forget it in the wild life of Texas. I have been fearless in battle. I have killed many, half seeking death myself. They account me brave, when it is my very cowardice that drives me to courageous deeds. It has crushed my soul. This once you must let me speak of it!"

She comforted and quieted him.

"Another time, dear heart, I shall want you to tell me; but not now!" she pleaded. "See, you are exhausted! You are fainting! You are starved! What is it, love, that has happened?"

She led him to the side of the road, and made him sit on a little grass-tufted mound. Phillips, exhibiting a liveliness of wonder that surprised Luella, joined them and listened as he briefly told of the massacre at Goliad, of the "slaughter of beeves," of his escape from murder, of his eluding the horsemen sent out to see that none escaped, of his pursuit through a *barancha*, of his throwing the pursuers off his track finally by traveling in a watercourse, of his final escape, of his long run over the plains, of his seeing them.

Fires kindled in the body of Sam Phillips as he listened. His physical and mental apathy began to dissipate.

"Was that Urrea the feller I helped with my critters?" he asked, when Montgomery was finished.

They told him he was. His eyes fairly flashed.

"Damn!" he muttered.

Luella, hearing him swear and seeing the new light in the hollow eyes, knew that he was regenerated, and was glad.

They did not tarry long. Luella made Montgomery get in the wagon.

"They cannot track you if you ride," she said, when he protested that he could walk.

Throughout the glorious afternoon they traveled across the rolling wastes of Texas, he sitting at the back of the wagon and she walking behind, when the going was heavy, or else sitting at his side. Luella found him bread and dried beef to eat, and gave him a precious draught from Sam Phillips's flask. The past went out of their hearts entirely, save only so much of the past as had found them happy. They forgot that his life was even now forfeit if he should be discovered. They forgot that even now the Mexicans might be on his trail; for he was not one whom it was wholesome for them to let live.

If they had not forgotten, they would have been more watchful. If they had been watchful they would have seen, just as the sun went down, a group of horsemen against the sky-line far to the south, whence they had come. If they had seen, they would have observed the group pause on the hill which brought them against the sky-line, come close together as though they took counsel with each other, and disappear swiftly with the men who did not wish to be found out.

If they had observed all this, they would not have been so surprised, in the middle of their supper at sight of a company of a half-dozen Mexicans riding over the prairie toward them. Luella saw them first. The wagon was drawn so that Montgomery, still

Buffalo Bayou on the Battle-field of San Jacinto obliged to remain in it by his new captor, could neither see those who approached nor be seen by them. Putting them all on their guard with a low hiss, and warning them against making any show of having seen, she walked leisurely to the wagon.

"Here come a pack of Greasers," she said to Montgomery. "You must hide in the bottom of the wagon."

The idea of hiding from a Mexican was repugnant to him. His wrath rose even against her at the suggestion. He peered around the end of the wagon.

"Hide!" he snapped. "Hide! If Phillips and I cannot stand off six Greasers it is time we *did* die."

"It 's all right for you and Phillips," she replied, "but it would be rather unkind to me and the children to get us into a fight. They won't bother us if they don't know you are here. We 've got passports from Urrea that will take us through."

"Here are my passports," he retorted, reaching out his hand and taking down a rifle, of which there were several in the wagon.

"Put that down and hide! Do you want to ruin us all?"

He looked at her in astonishment. It was entirely novel in his experience to be so addressed. Without another word, he permitted her to cover him over; she relenting to the extent of allowing him to take a rifle into retirement with him on the positive condition that he would not appear with it except on a prearranged signal from her.

She was still occupied in administering a finishing touch to the cache, to make it appear a perfectly natural agglomeration of impedimenta, when the half-dozen drew rein at the edge of their circle.

"We 're looking for somebody!" she heard a man say.

The sound of the voice sent the blood stinging through her veins and possessed her with a desire to kill with the

Buffalo Bayou, just above the Battlefield of San Jacinto

nails of her hands. It was the voice of Mat Corliss! Montgomery heard the voice as well. He stirred beneath the things that were piled over him, and whispered something. She could not make out what it was. She gave no other reply than an admonitory poke against the heap above him.

"Why, hello, Mat!" she cried, coming from the end of the wagon. "What in the world are you doing here?"

Corliss was staggered.

"God!" he breathed. "You here?"

There was a trace of apprehension in his manner.

"Sure I am," returned the young woman, beaming upon him. "Don't I look it? Sam, you remember Mat Corliss, don't you? Old neighbor of ours?"

"I reckon I do," Phillips assented, rolling his head defiantly.

"Come, come, Sam," cried the girl, gaily. "None of that, now! You must let bygones be bygones. Must n't he, Mat? Such things are always forgotten in Texas, Sam."

It was the solemn and impressive wink unobserved by Corliss which accompanied this injunction, rather than the strength of her moral position, that induced Phillips to assume a more cordial bearing.

"Glad to see you," Luella rattled on. "Won 't you and your men get off your horses and have something to eat? Got some hot coffee."

Corliss eyed her closely.

"Seem a little more cordial than you did the last time I saw you," he observed, half sneering.

"That was a long time ago," she laughed. "And then," she flashed a look at him full of hidden meaning, "Texas makes such changes in a person." She finished rapidly, in agitation and some confusion. Without stopping for further invitation, he tumbled off his horse at her side.

"Going to give me a kiss, Luella?" he asked, playfully, on the strength of her recent glance.

"Maybe, after a while, if you 're good," she replied, taunting him with a look through half-closed eyes. "D' you say you were looking for somebody?" she added.

"Yes." He studied her face closely, suspiciously.

"I know who," she said.

"Who?"

"Montgomery Stevens."

"Otherwise known as Sphynxy Brown," sneered Corliss.

Luella raised her brows in surprise.

"Oho!" she said. "Aliases, eh?"

Corliss nodded his head wisely.

"Have you seen him?" he inquired.

She nodded her head.

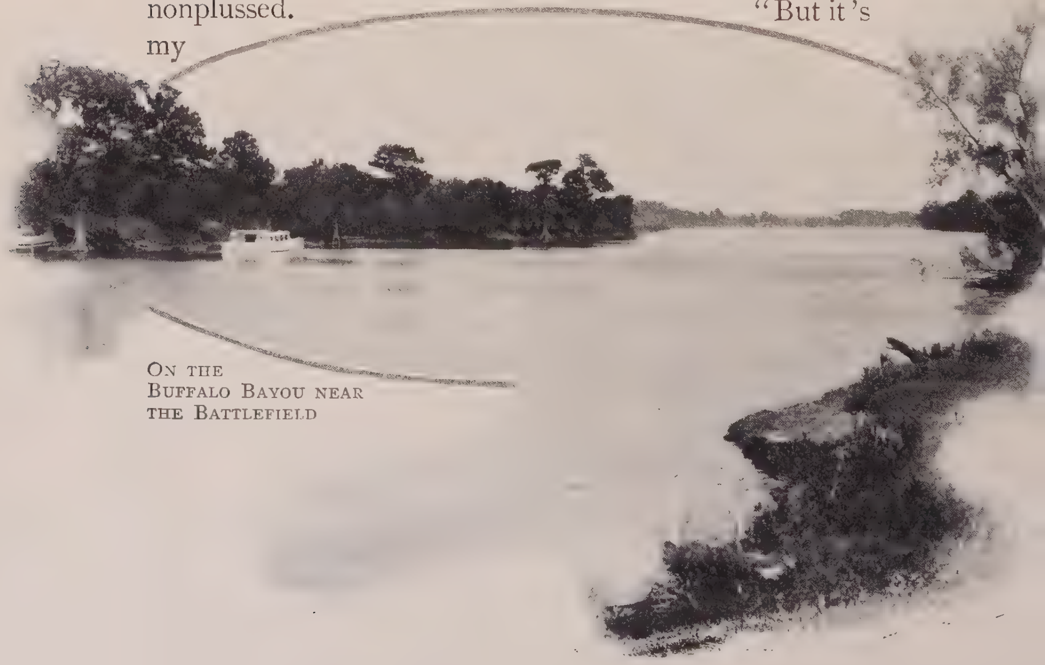
"What are you after him for? What has he done now?" she asked. "We could not get it out of him."

"Escaped from Goliad," explained Corliss.

"Oh, escaped, did he? How does it happen that you are looking for him with Greasers?"

She leisurely inspected his companions.

"They are officers of the law," Corliss replied, a little nonplussed. "But it 's my



ON THE
BUFFALO BAYOU NEAR
THE BATTLEFIELD

business that he is wanted for. A little matter of beeves."

"As bad as that!" Luella expressed great surprise.

"We traced him as far as your wagon," Corliss resumed. "Did you talk with him?"

It required her utmost ingenuity to prevent a disastrous eruption of information among the Phillips family, big and little.

"I talked to him," returned the young woman, the memory of an anger in her countenance. "That 's why he left us."

"Ho, ho!" cried Corliss, throwing back his head once or twice, indicating his perfect comprehension — "So you have found him out at last, have you?"

For reply she made a dignified little grimace, indicating hatred and a contempt for the one whom they discussed which encouraged Corliss to press her for the kiss at once. She put him off, pleading lack of present opportunity, and bustled off to prepare coffee for his men, who dismounted their horses and received it graciously.

"Which way did our friend go?" Corliss asked her, when she came to sit beside him.

"I did n't watch closely," she replied. "When I last saw him he was headed for the river which we crossed about noon, ten miles or so back."

"Damn him!" muttered Corliss. "He is hard to trace when there is water around. It took us three hours to pick him up on this side of the San Antonio to-day. No use going after him till to-morrow. If you don 't mind, Luella, — that is to say, of course, if Phillips don 't mind" — with a leer into her face at the distinction he made which intimated that of course it was perfectly well understood between them that she would not mind — "if Phillips don 't mind, we will stay here to-night."

If he had known how much she did mind, he would have had some perception of the consummate art that was in the little by-play by which she carried forward his coarse insinuation. If he had known, he might not have felt so strongly inclined to stay. But he did not know, and could not know.

The Mexicans, tethering their horses, slept in a circle with their heads in their saddles. Corliss, having much on his mind, lay awake, with one eye on Luella. The Phillips family, with the exception of Sam Phillips, retired to the wagon. The father of the family, rolling up in his blanket, placed himself between Corliss and the wagon and was soon snoring in a manner which must have aroused suspicion if Corliss had not been so engrossed in watching the busy employment of a young woman with red hair. Luella, coquetting with him, gave no sign of any intention to sleep.

At last all was still. The whispering of the night wind through the grass, the occasional hoot of an owl or cry of a coyote, the nickering of the horses at their tethers, their lazy munching, the deep breathing of the sleepers, melted into a soft, soporific monotone which made the silence more complete. Even Corliss himself, growing drowsy under the spell, suffered one vigilant eye to close.

He was aroused by the hand of Luella on his shoulder.

"Come," she whispered, "if you would have your kiss."

He clambered to his feet. She led the way, beckoning him to follow. He was not slow in doing so. He would have laid hold of her when they passed beyond sight of the wagon in the darkness, but she warned him to be silent still. Now they were come to a small gully a furlong from camp. Here she turned her face to him, smiling in a way that started the blood through his veins in a leaping flood.

"Now," she whispered, "the time has come."

He rushed upon her, his arms outstretched, dumb in the extremity of his emotion. One step only he advanced; for an arm of steel was crooked about his throat from behind in the instant that he moved, choking all sound out of him; another was about his middle, pinning his elbows helpless to his sides, and the deft hands of Luella bound his own, still extended toward her, in long rawhide thongs.

"It 's not a nice way to handle a guest, Corliss, and I don 't want you to think that it is in any way intended to pay our score. It is n't the way I fight, even against such critters as you. But some things made these arrangements seem necessary to this young woman; that is sufficient reason for both of us, I guess."

Panoramic View of "Old Town," Goliad, Texas

It was the voice of Montgomery Stevens that addressed him, while Luella finished binding his hands. It was the arm of Montgomery Stevens that was about his throat, that pinned his arms at his waist. His hands made fast, Montgomery without more speech made short work of securing his legs and gagging him. Leaving him in the care of Luella, who watched with a pistol pressed against his head, Montgomery glided back to the wagon.

Phillips, snoring prodigiously, was waiting for him. Still snoring, in the height of duplicity, he arose. He was become a man of consequence and resource, was Phillips. Opportunity had come to him, and he was arising to it manfully. The two went, heavily armed, to where the Mexicans slept. One by one, Phillips standing guard, Montgomery awakened them, making them silent by means of forceful Spanish and the tip of a knife, bound them, gagged them, and stood them in line, tied together with a *riata.* The last was made fast. Montgomery, vanishing into the night, reappeared with a horse, saddled and bridled.

"Walk them off in that direction until that star goes down," he directed Phillips, with supplementary gestures. "Then turn and ride fast to us. We shall be ready to leave when you get here."

Without further word, mounting the horse and driving the bound men before him, he disappeared in the dark, traveling westward. Montgomery, watching them out of sight, turned and went to where Corliss lay fuming in his bonds.

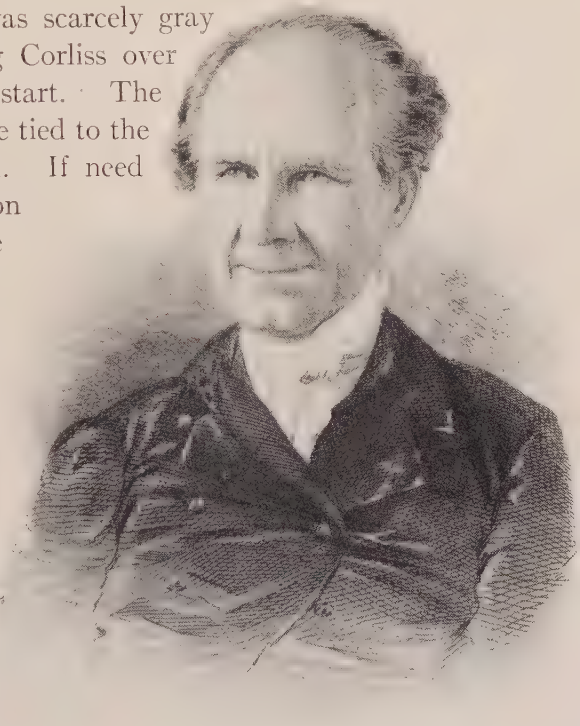
"Go to sleep now, Luella," he commanded, tenderly. "Let me watch over this man with a sick soul. I have much to say to him."

JUNCTION OF THE SAN JACINTO RIVER AND THE BUFFALO BAYOU

CHAPTER XV

THE RAT IN A TRAP

FORTY miles to the northward, at Gonzales, lay General Houston, with all that remained of the Texan army. There was the little party's only safety. Thither they would push. The dawn was scarcely gray when Montgomery, turning Corliss over to Luella, made ready to start. The horses of the Mexicans were tied to the wagon, saddled and bridled. If need came, they could abandon their wagon, and make swifter flight on them. Phillips came with the dawn, and they were off, not waiting to make fire for breakfast.



General Sam Houston, President of the Republic of Texas

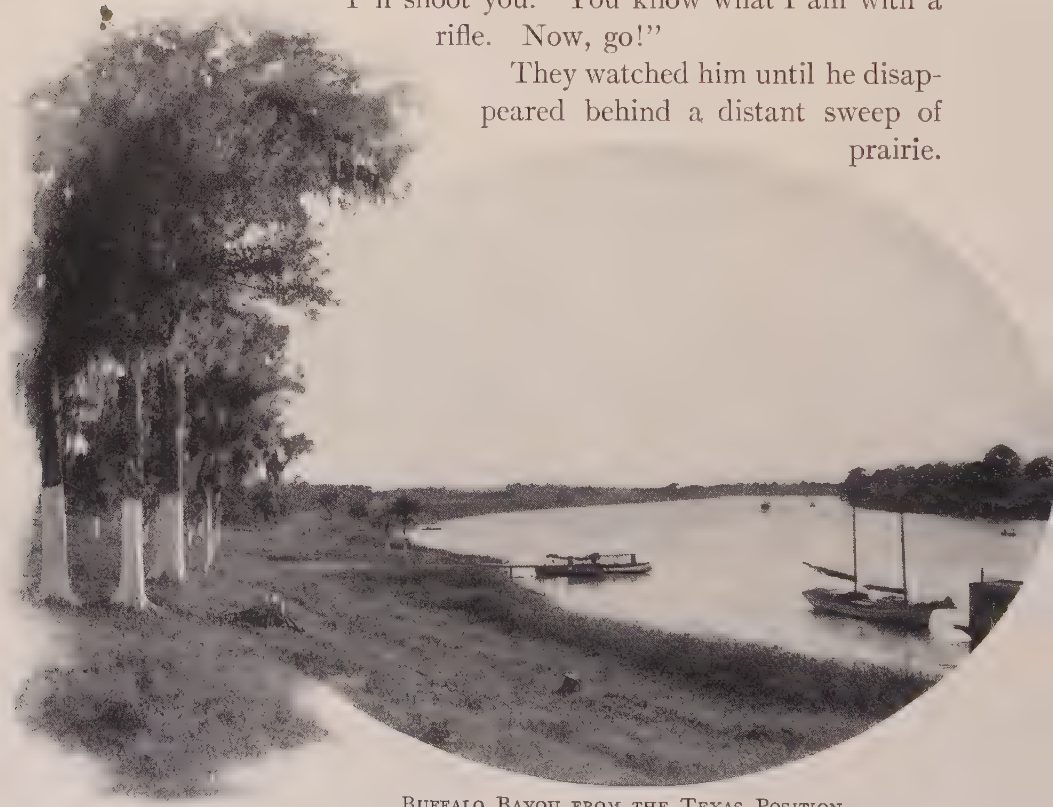
Montgomery had released the Mexicans because it was a useless risk to try to carry them prisoners to Gonzales, and he would not butcher them, after their own fashion. They would not reach Goliad with the alarm, in any event, until he and his friends had a two days' start. Two days was enough, even with oxen.

They came to Gonzales, only to find that Houston had gone. They were forced to push on sixty miles farther, to Bastrop, on the Colorado River. They found that the Texas troops were still in arms with him.

Corliss, bound and closely watched, they carried until they were within a league of the American army. There Montgomery led him forth from the wagon and cut the thongs about his wrists.

"Corliss," he said, "I have got to let you go this time. I have not fought fair. I ought to take you to Houston and have you hanged. I am not going to do it. I am going to let you go, and give you a chance. But I am not through with you. I shall meet you again. The score is still long. There will be another time, and a full reckoning. Now, you march down that road. Don't look back. If you do, I'll shoot you. You know what I am with a rifle. Now, go!"

They watched him until he disappeared behind a distant sweep of prairie.



Buffalo Bayou from the Texas Position

Their journey thence was sad. The time had come when there must be a parting. Montgomery would not be dissuaded from joining Houston's force. Luella would not have dissuaded him if she could.

The day came. Luella and the Phillips children were going with a party toward Nacogdoches, in northeastern Texas. They would go as far as might be necessary to avoid the invaders under Santa Anna, who were now marching northward. Phillips was to stay and fight. Luella and Montgomery parted with great show of courage and many brave promises. But their hearts lay dead.

General Sam Houston welcomed Montgomery with an elaborate and grandiloquent oration, after his manner. He was dressed in rusty black, with a velvet vest. He wore an old white hat. He had no other insignia than a rusty sword in a battered scabbard, tied on with deer thongs. Towering six feet four in the air, with one hand grasping that of the recruit and the other punctuating his periods, with his head thrown back and his eyes rolling theatrically, he poured out encomium and adulation upon the embarrassed ranger.

Houston was one of those rare characters who are theatrical and bombastic and at the same time get results. In dress, deportment, and speech he was studiously spectacular. A lieutenant

Looking from the Texas Position to the Mexican Rendezvous: The Texans Galloped across under Orders not to Fire until They Saw the Whites of Their Enemies' Eyes in the army, he had worn an Indian costume while on an official errand to Calhoun, then secretary of war. A senator in the United States, he had worn in Washington, in addition to his regular dress, a brilliant Mexican *serape* and *sombrero*. Inaugurated governor of Tennessee, he arrayed himself in high, shining hat, silk pantaloons, and a variety of Indian wear.

He was of Irish stock, but born in Virginia. His mother, left a widow in Sam's infancy, crossed the Alleghenies when he was thirteen. They lived on the borders of the Cherokee nation. It was not long before Sam went over to the Indians. He preferred measuring deer tracks to tape, he said; he had been working in a country store. Later he returned and taught school. His principal qualification as a teacher in the beginning was audacity. His education was crude and rudimentary at that time. He rapidly learned from his pupils, however. He distinguished himself as a soldier under Jackson, and they became close friends.

He was elected representative and senator. The people of Tennessee chose him governor. Three months after his inauguration he decamped, leaving a bride of six weeks. The reason was never told. He went to live with the Cherokees again. They adopted him. He sank to the depths. The Indians called him the "Big Drunk." The distinction, made by Indians, has some weight.

In his efforts to obtain justice for the Cherokees when they were being dismissed from their territory, he went among the whites and met Eliza Allen, a worthy woman who resolved upon reforming him. She married him, and succeeded. Restored to equilibrium, he went to Texas to help their cause. It appealed to his imagination. He was made commander-in-chief of the Texas forces, and began a new career, and a glorious one.

The San Jacinto River near the Battlefield

The forces could not be called an army. They numbered less than 1000 men. They had only their bowie-knives and rifles. There was no camp equipment, no organization. There was one drum in the command. Houston was drummer. Three taps was the reveille. It was the extent of his musical prowess on that instrument. Tentative obedience was accorded Houston because of his tremendous personal moral force. In any other circumstance, the term army applied to that aggregation of rough individuals would have savored of the ludicrous. In the light of their present high purpose, it was sublime.

Santa Anna believed Texas to be thoroughly subdued, and that he had only to march from place to place to reëstablish Mexican authority. To make quicker work of it, he divided his army into three columns, acting severally. The Texans wished to attack him at once. Houston would not. Instead, he retreated. Santa Anna, with his column, followed the straggling remnant of the Texan army.

Farther and farther into Texas Houston retreated. It was the "running scrape." He was vilified and abused. "He is a coward!" complained the men. Houston, still retreating, held his peace. Montgomery looked at him in wondering admiration. This man was Fabius come back, this towering play-actor of a hero! The legislature of Texas fled from point to point. Houston made no stand. It was maddening. His soldiers began to leave him.

Ever in advance of Houston was a drifting tide of settlers and their wives in wagons, fleeing to safety, farther and farther from the homes they had been forced to desert. Only once did the enemy strike through to this flotsam that rolled ahead of the retreating army. A band of marauders, Mexican outlaws, having no connection with the army, fell upon a train traveling to Nacogdoches and ran off with a wagon containing a woman and children.

Santa Anna gave up the chase. What was the use in running to the ground a pack of frightened fugitives? He had matters at home that needed his attention. He turned to the right, and went to the coast. Deaf Smith and Sphynxy Brown, on a scout, captured a bag of dispatches. They brought them to Houston. Santa Anna was at New Washington, on Galveston Bay. Reading the dispatches, Houston leapt to his feet, grasped Deaf Smith and Montgomery each by a hand, and cried out: "The time has come!"

In half an hour the rabble he commanded was in motion. It was the night of April 19. A tremendous storm of rain and wind beat upon them. The roads were sloughs. The two cannon they had picked up mired in the mud. Houston himself put his unwounded shoulder to the wheels and exerted his gigantic strength to stir them.

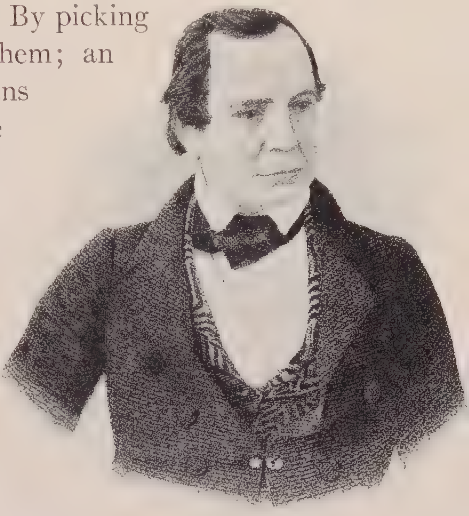
They crossed a flooded bayou on an old raft and a leaky boat, swimming the horses. They traveled nineteen miles without food or rest in the dark, the rain sluicing down upon them. As they traveled, they shouted the praises of their leader who was taking them to a fight. As they marched,

THE SAN JACINTO BATTLEFIELD

many who had left in disgust came swarming back to them; for word had gone forth that there was to be fighting at last.

On the morning of April 20, they lay along Buffalo Bayou At their left, to the east, were the San Jacinto River and Galveston Bay. In front of them was a naked plain, with tree islands upon it. A mile to the south, marshes struck in across the land. By picking his way, one man could traverse them; an army would be swamped. The Texans rested with their rear against the bayou and their left upon the river and bay. The ground they were on was slightly rising. They were 783 men!

Santa Anna, at New Washington with 1100 men, heard that the worm had turned. He marched back. Finding Houston in position, he formed on a low wooded ridge that ran along the side of the swamps nearest Houston. Had he wished to withdraw, there was but one route. That was over Vince's bridge across Vince's Creek, seven miles to the westward. But he did not wish to withdraw. He wished to fight.



Mirabeau B. Lamar of Texas (*From the engraving by J. B. Forrest*)

Five hundred of his horsemen went forth to harry the enemy. Sixty men of Texas, mounted, charged the five hundred. The sixty were led by Mirabeau B. Lamar, — brave, dashing, brilliant, visionary Lamar. In fifteen minutes he had gained fame. The 500 fled.

Santa Anna threw up flimsy works, piling pack-saddles, and covering them with dirt. Houston rested on his arms. His men had traveled all night. They would fight better another day. Also, Houston hoped that Santa Anna would be reinforced. He could handle a few more Mexicans.

On the morning of April 21 a detachment of 500 men, under Cos, was seen marching toward Santa Anna from Vince's bridge. Cos was the man who had been given parole at San Antonio the year before. His word rested lightly on his conscience. Houston gave out that the troops were a part of Santa Anna's command. But to Montgomery Stevens he said, behind his hand:

"Let him get all his men together for us, so that we shall not have to make two bites of a cherry."

At noon that day there was a council. Many advocated receiving the Mexicans where they were. They could not attack. There were only 200 bayonets in the entire Texan force. The enemy outnumbered them two to one.

Houston listened in silence. The council finished its discussions. The commander, beckoning to Deaf Smith and Montgomery, nodded his head. Two minutes later the two, mounted, rode in the direction of Vince's bridge. Each had in his hand an ax, newly sharpened.

"Fall in!"

The Texans, undrilled individual fighters, formed in line. At the right Lamar, exultant in his new-found fame, was at the head of the cavalry. Burleson, Sherman, Millard, commanded in the line.

Four o'clock! A day of glory! The sun, brilliant in a clear sky, shone warm upon the face of the rain-drenched land. The aroma of life, of the spring of the year, floated up from the ground. Birds sang in the trees. The wind laughed past them, bound landward from the sea.

Sun nor sky, the breath of spring nor the laughing wind nor the singing birds, were for those soldiers then, drawn up in line of battle. For them only was the enemy, and death, perhaps.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO (*From the painting by M. Cavale in the Capitol at Austin*)

"Forward!"

The line moved out from the sheltering trees. The drum and a fife which had been recruited played a tune: "Will You Come into the Bower?"

They were within five hundred yards of the enemy, three hundred, two hundred, one hundred.

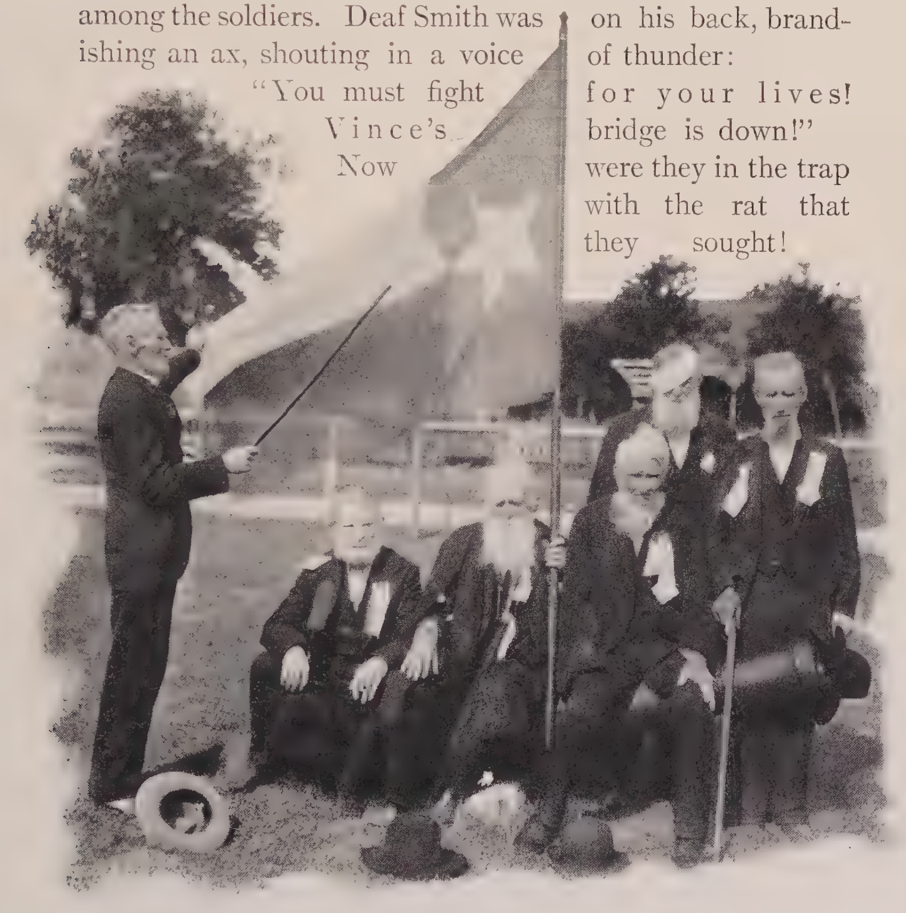
"God damn you, hold your fire!"

It was Houston, old Sam Houston, cursing them as he rushed up and down the line, waving his dirty white hat.

A rattle of hoofs! A cloud of dust! A horse, flecked with foam, heaving, wide-eyed, nostrils distended, tore in among the soldiers. Deaf Smith was on his back, brandishing an ax, shouting in a voice of thunder:

"You must fight for your lives! Vince's bridge is down!"

Now were they in the trap with the rat that they sought!



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Veterans of Houston's Army with the Lone Star Flag of Texas

CHAPTER XVI

THE LOST WAGON

WHAT mattered it to them if the bridge were out? It was not they who would shortly have need of it! Filled with a fierce joy that their hated foe could not escape them, they pressed on.

The Mexican army was at dinner. Santa Anna sat in his tent, drinking chocolate and smoking. "Mañana!" To-morrow he would crush the enemy. To-day he would rest.

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

Out in the front of the advancing line, his horse foaming and staggering, brown eyes aflame, brown hair streaming in the wind that his speed made, rode a man, tall, beautiful. As he rode, brandishing an ax, he lifted up his voice in the cry of vengeance.

It maddened those who followed. They took it up. All along the line the scream of hate went forth.

ALONZO STEELE, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

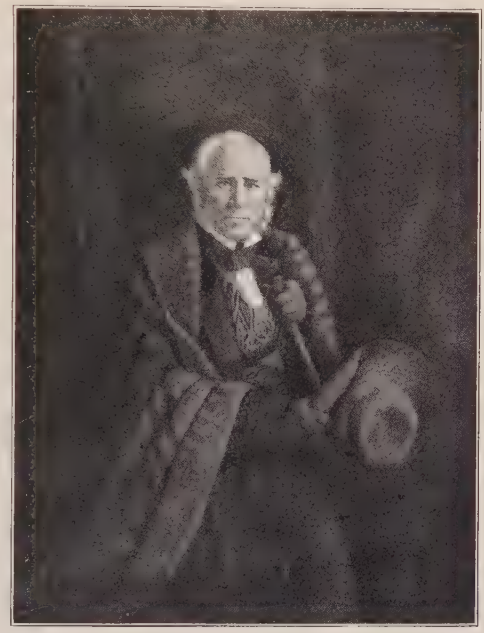
General Houston, keeping pace with the brown-haired horseman, brandishing his sword, gave deep and mighty voice to the battle-cry.

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

The air pealed with it. Avenging Heaven echoed back the sound. The Mexicans, at their meal, blanched and trembled at the fearful words. They, too, remembered! Santa Anna, sipping chocolate, dropped his cup. It fell in his lap; a brown stain spread over his uniform. How much would he not have given to escape the memory!

Out in front of the rushing line, driving his weary-worn, tottering horse, rode Sphynxy Brown. In his throat was low laughter. Loud above the crash of arms, the rush of feet, the call to vengeance, the terrified screams of the Mexicans, swelled the sound of his voice:

"Remember the Alamo!" he shouted. "Remember Goliad!"



THE PORTRAIT OF HOUSTON IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Dumb, motionless with terror, the Mexicans peered over the tops of their works at the oncoming line. This was not warfare, this charge of seven upon seventeen hundred. It was sorcery. These were not men who came yelling upon them. They were sons of hell! The Mexicans, stupidly watching them come, crossed themselves and mumbled prayers. Santa Anna, appalled, stood in the doorway of his tent while they brought him his horse. There was no rule in war to cover this mad charge!

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

They were upon the works! They were among the Mexicans!

"Remember the Alamo! The Alamo! Goliad! Remember Goliad!"

Full many a bitter memory of the Alamo found its way from that day into the passionate hearts of women of Mexico! On their knees, gibbering, clinging with clasped hands to the arms that slew them, weeping, imploring, the Mexicans went down to death.

It was not cowardice among them that day. They were brave, with a Latin bravery, those Mexicans. It was terror that annihilated them. It was blood-sodden conscience. It was memory of the Alamo, of Goliad, that molded defeat in the Mexican ranks, and victory in the Texan.

He of the brown hair pressed ever toward one point, where stood a tent. Ever before him fell the foe, groaning, cursing, shrieking, as his red knife swung. Laughing, he clambered over the path he made of bodies, toward the tent. About the door of the tent was a group of officers, white, trembling. Among them one of slight frame and black, restless eyes that paused nowhere, — Santa Anna, murderer. By his side a man of flesh, with open countenance, who wept.

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

With brown eyes fixed upon the group at the door of the tent, he lifted his voice again high above the tumult of battle. It carried to the ears of Santa Anna. His face jerked in fright. His horse was to hand. He flung himself on the saddle and was gone.

"Remember the Alamo!" he cried, as his horse flew toward the place of Vince's bridge.

Well did they remember! In less than a quarter of an hour there was no Mexican army. Only scattered groups seeking, with hands above their heads in supplication, to surrender; a few straggling fugitives who dashed down the

Graves of Soldiers who Fell at San Jacinto

road to Vince's bridge; 630 corpses, 208 wounded men, 730 prisoners. At the beginning of the battle there were 783 Texans. At the end there were 775! Eight had been killed! That well had they remembered!

Who is that, resplendent in uniform, bloodless but soiled with chocolate; tasseled, tinseled, gold braid on his breast, gold spangles on his bridle, who flies down the road toward the place where Vince's bridge had been? That is Santa Anna, Mexico's dictator, who has sworn to kill the last man of the Texas rabble. And who are those with him, urging their horses with bit and spur? His officers of staff, Don Estévan among them, and such others as could snatch horses. And what is that cloud following them? That is Nemesis in the flesh of Colonel Lamar, of recent fame, of Deaf Smith, freshly mounted, of Montgomery Stevens, whom the Indians called Laughing Panther, and of twoscore others riding madly, breathing between their set teeth as they ride:

"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Alamo! Goliad!"

Reaching the brink of Vince's Creek and finding the bridge gone, the fugitives turned to make a desperate stand. In front of the oncoming pursuers was a man whose brown eyes flashed the fire of hate across the intervening distance, in whose throat rattled the horrid noise of hoarse laughter, and the cry:

"Alamo! Remember, remember the Alamo! Goliad! Bahia!"

"He is a devil," sobbed Don Estévan. He was no soldier, Don Estévan. He had need to be more than a soldier to have stood facing those onrushing men. He turned his horse and urged it to the plunge. With trembling quarters it leapt into the stream coursing between steep banks many feet below. Those who could, followed; those who could not, died.

Up the bank beyond they straggled, those who had plunged. Some fell beneath the few shots the Texans had left, or had time to load. But for the most part they were away, for the present, Santa Anna and Don Estévan among them.

Tired as he was, hungry, suffering from a wound across his shoulder which he now discovered for the first time, Montgomery followed after, crossing the creek and taking up the trail on the high bank beyond. With him went half a score of men.

The Battlefield of San Jacinto

The race lost pace. Horseflesh has its limitations. Fugitives and those who followed went more slowly with each bound of their animals. The chase became a pursuit. One by one the horses of both parties staggered and fell by the side of the road.

One by one the Mexicans fell into the hands of the Texans, who made them prisoners of war. They had been taught to murder by these very prisoners; but they would not learn the lesson.

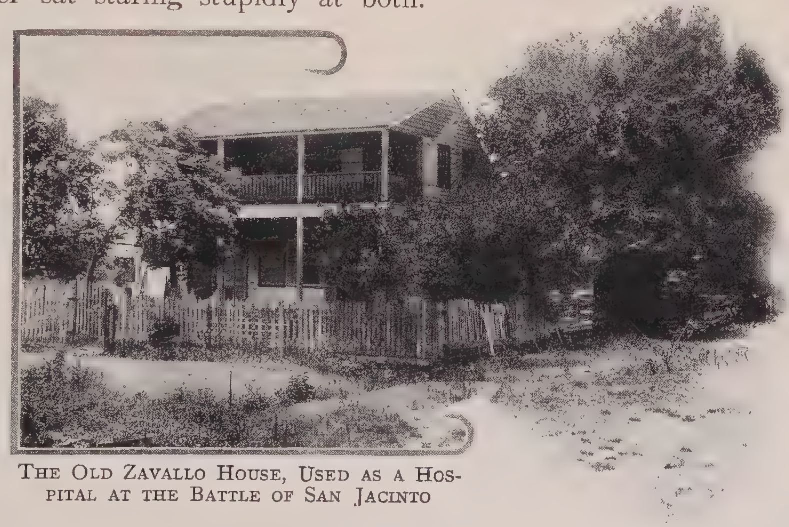
Santa Anna and Don Estévan now alone remained mounted. Santa Anna's horse had given out. He had commanded an officer to give him the one he rode, enforcing the command with his sword. Behind them trailed Montgomery Stevens, alone, whispering, —"Remember Goliad! Remember the Alamo!"

And so on and on until night shut down on pursuer and pursued, on victor and vanquished, on the living and on the dead.

Once again did night shut down. General Sam Houston sat beside the fire in the camp of the Texans. Many pressed about him, praising and congratulating him; for people came from miles to laud him now, — the same who had complained of his cowardice and incompetence when he was laying the trap. He met their felicitations with empty looks and vague words. The victory was incomplete, futile, a waste; for Santa Anna had escaped.

Officers, prisoners, soldiers, sat about in the disorder following battle. The little discipline that had been voluntarily observed by the men was abandoned now that there was no enemy left. There was no longer order, rank, cohesion. The private rubbed elbows with the general. The prisoner sat staring stupidly at both.

There was a stir at the edge of the circle about the fire. Excited voices! Exclamations! Curses! Glad yells! Then lusty shouting.



The Old Zavallo House, Used as a Hospital at the Battle of San Jacinto

"That 's the butcher! That 's the murderer!"

Houston revived. Who was the butcher? There was only one who stood preëminent above all his fellows in his claim to that title. That was the man he longed for.

A tall, brown man pulled through the rim of humanity looped behind him in his wake. With him was a slim, crouching, sneaking, abject fellow, dressed in the uniform of an ordinary soldier, whose black eyes, close together, flitted furtively from one face to another, never resting; and another, full-fleshed, soft, with eyes filled with terror.

"Here he is, general," observed the tall, brown young man.

The shifty eyes looked surprised. The thin, white lips said in Spanish.

"But I am not he, señor general; I am not General Santa Anna. I am only a private."

Up rose a Mexican, a prisoner who sat near. He gazed into the face of the trembling, shrinking man.

"Caracara!" he murmured. "El señor general! El Señor Santa Anna!"

He saluted elaborately, supinely.

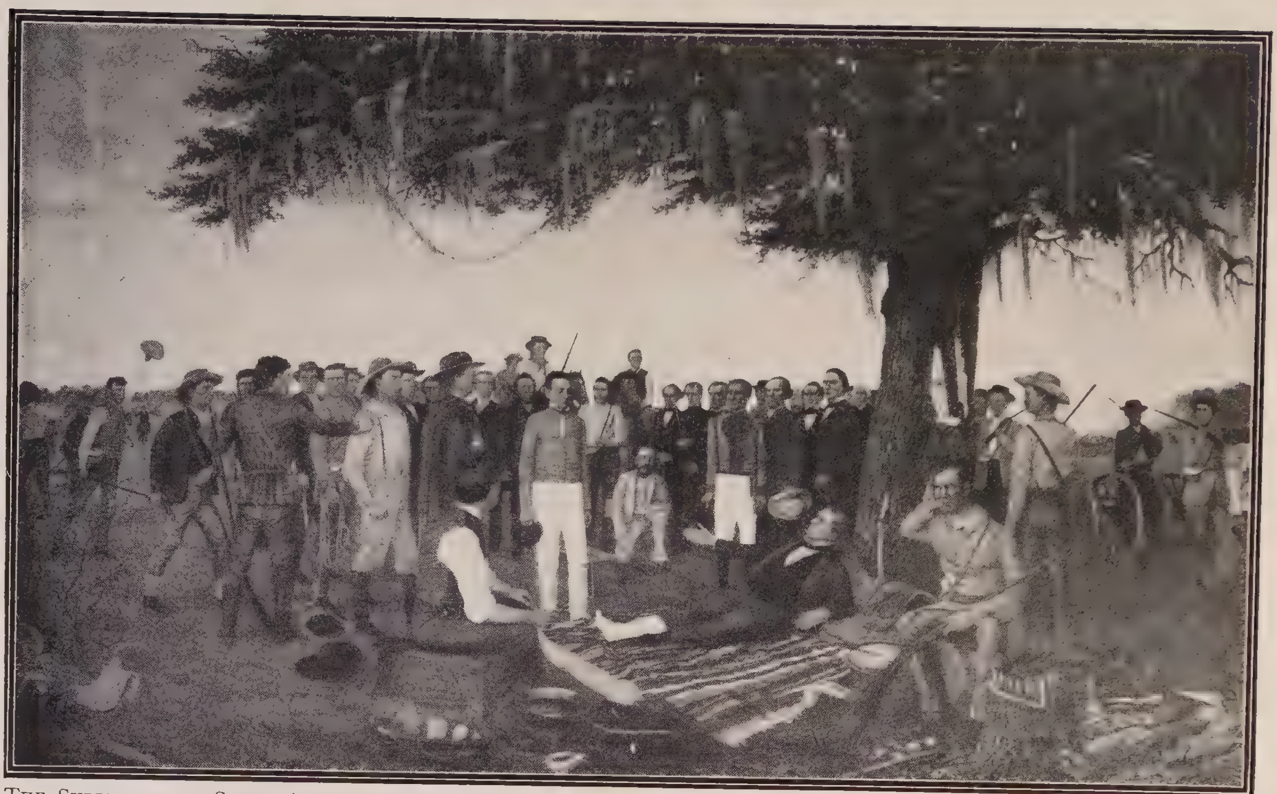
An angry growl went up throughout the group, now largely augmented by the rumor that Santa Anna was taken.

"Kill him! String him up!" cried those who had not yet forgotten the Alamo.

Santa Anna, turning to the man who had betrayed his identity, upbraided him with a torrent of vindictive obscenity, from which he desisted only to implore mercy, with tears in his eyes and his hands raised in prayer, of those whom he had come to kill.

Houston stayed the rush of vengeance that pressed about them by the naked strength of his great personality, till his men became passive.

Montgomery had found the man crawling in a ditch,



The Surrender of Santa Anna. General Houston, Wounded, is Lying on the Blanket Dictating Terms to Santa Anna (*From the painting in the Capitol at Austin, Texas*)

dressed in a private soldier's uniform which he had taken from a fugitive. With him was this other whom he had likewise brought in, who called himself Don Federico Estévan, clearly of no consequence as a soldier.

Houston listened to the narration with characteristic magnificence. Santa Anna, seeing that he was in no immediate danger of his life, waxed bolder.

Montgomery made an end to his tale briefly. When he had finished, Houston, arising from his seat, thrust his hand in the bosom of his soiled shirt. He drew it out again with a half-eaten ear of uncooked corn in his fingers.

"Do you expect to conquer men whose general subsists for a day and a half on half an ear of raw corn?" he asked, majestically, holding the ear on his flat palm beneath the eyes of the Mexican general.

A loud hurrah went up from those who saw and heard. Pressing about their hero, they demanded the ear of corn, to divide its grains among them and plant them in the fields of a new Texas. He gave it to them; and to this day "San Jacinto corn" flourishes through the length and breadth of the State.

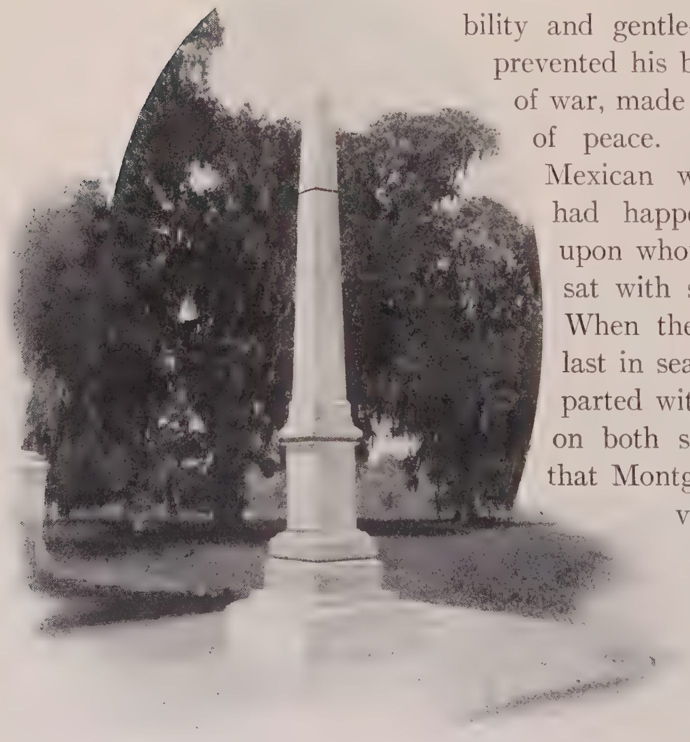
Houston held out to the last against the insistent demands for the execution of Santa Anna as a murderer. He turned him over to the provisional government of Texas at Velasco, but still exercised an influence over his fate which amounted to authority. In the end, Santa Anna was brought to make a treaty in the name of the Mexican government recognizing the independence of Texas with a boundary "not north of the Rio Grande," and agreeing to withdraw all Mexican forces from the country. This he signed as the representative of the government in the field. He himself was the virtual government, having Congress completely under his control.

Having signed the treaty, he was permitted to return to

Mexico. He assured Houston and the others that he would obtain the ratification of the treaty without fail. Without fail, he repudiated it utterly the moment he reached the city of Mexico. The other prisoners were all released under the terms of the treaty, and all Mexican soldiers returned unmolested.

Montgomery Stevens, having delivered Santa Anna prisoner, eminently desired to be gone at once in search of Luella. Houston prevailed upon him to delay his departure until Santa Anna was finally disposed of, knowing that Sphynxy Brown had heavy influence among the class that most loudly demanded the execution of the Mexican. Wherefore he went to Velasco, whither Santa Anna was taken, and where the treaty was ultimately signed.

In the course of negotiations Montgomery grew into a friendship with Don Federico Estévan. He began by pitying him, for that he was no soldier. He finished by loving him for the same reason. The amiability and gentle-heartedness which prevented his being a valiant man of war, made him a lovable man of peace. He was the first Mexican whom Montgomery had happened to encounter upon whom a sense of honor sat with security and grace. When the Texan set out at last in search of Luella, they parted with an honest regret on both sides, and promises that Montgomery would pay a visit to the Hacienda Estévan at Monterey in old Mexico.

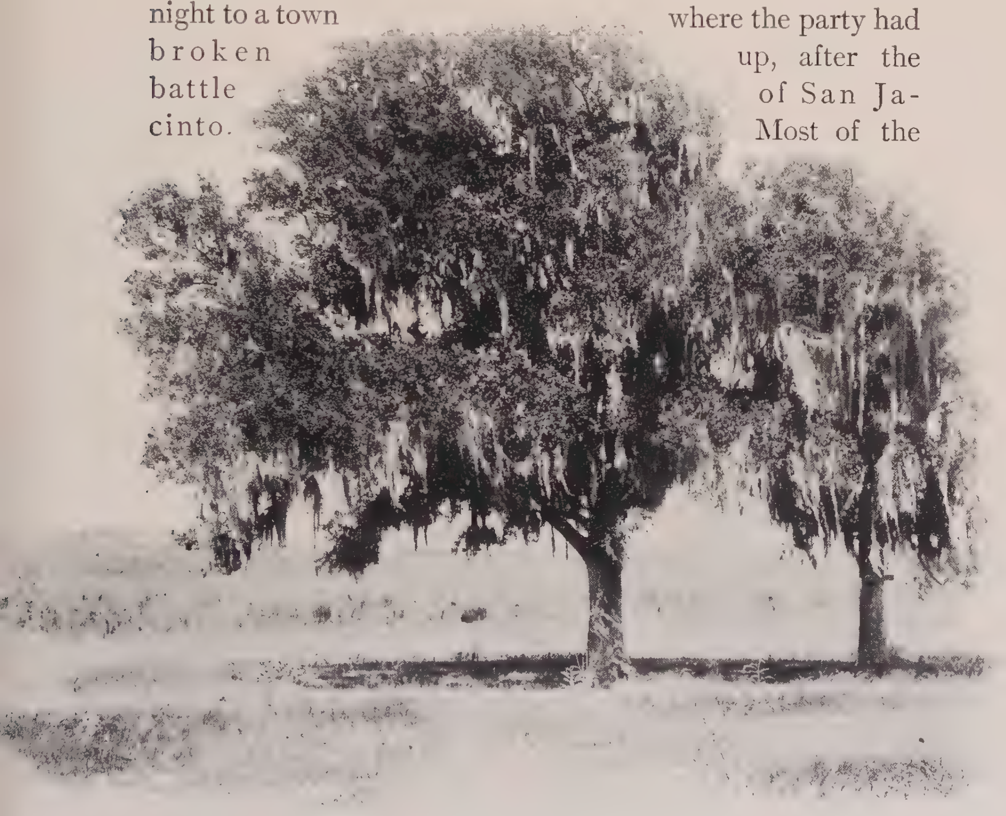


The San Jacinto Battle Monument
Commemorating the War for
Independence

Montgomery, in a mellow mood, rode many leagues toward Nacogdoches in quest of his true love. He found trace of the caravan with which she had traveled, and pressed hot upon its trail. On a day he met one who had been of that party; an invalided man.

He knew nothing of those that were sought; there were so many wagons. One wagon had been cut out of the train by a band of brigands. He did not know much about the event, because he was sick at the time. But he thought he remembered that some one said that there was a woman and four children in the wagon; and that the woman, a red-headed girl, had fought like a fiend. There was a funny thing about that band of brigands, too. Their leader was a white man.

Disturbed more than he would admit by the vague information, Montgomery hurried forward. He came one night to a town where the party had broken up, after the battle of San Jacinto. Most of the



Surrender Tree, near the Battle Monument on the Field of San Jacinto fugitives had gone back into outer Texas now that the danger had passed. There was no one who knew much about the people in the caravan. Most of them had not stayed there long. One wagon, however, had just left that day. Perhaps its occupants knew something about it.

Through the night he rode after them, headlong down the road, driving his weary animal with quirt and spur. In the early dawn he came upon the wagon, standing like a ghost in the morning mist. A man was gathering wood for a fire. With a voice that trembled with excitement, he asked the man if he knew of those whom he sought. The traveler scratched his head, yawned, rubbed his eyes, and stared.

Yes, he remembered them. They had been with the party for a little while, until a gang of Greasers, led by a fat white man, had attacked them and run off with them, wagon and all. The children had got back to their father, he said, but nothing had ever been heard of the girl!

Driveway and Gate to the San Jacinto Battlefield, near Houston, Texas

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE WAKE OF TIME

"FATHER, what is a Locofoco?"

Daniel Stevens, now a tall lad of eighteen, looked up at his father from the copy of the Baltimore *American* which he was reading, his face puzzled into a mass of interrogation points. They sat in the library of the mansion in Kentucky on an evening in June, 1840. The rain had driven them in from the veranda, where they usually spent the evening. Beside the lad was a brown-haired girl of fifteen, fingering daintily at her embroidery, who gazed up at him with round, wondering eyes. Her brother was such an astonishing man, and knew so much! She had never so much as heard of a Locofoco!

"A Locofoco, my son, is a Democrat," replied his father, closing his book upon his finger and giving his attention to the young man. Fernando Stevens believed in encouraging a desire for legitimate knowledge.

"I thought it was a match," suggested the boy, confused.

"So it is. They call them Locofocos because one time when they had a meeting at Tammany Hall in New York City, one faction put out the gas lights, and the other faction lighted candles, using locofoco matches for the purpose. That is why they are called Locofocos."

"Oh!"

Daniel, illuminated at last, turned to his paper again, and his father to his book. A tall, graceful, beautiful woman, younger than Fernando, entered as they read. He looked into her face affectionately, and pressed her hand as she passed him. Daniel and his sister had the new mother their father had promised them.

"Are they asleep, Eleanor?" he asked.

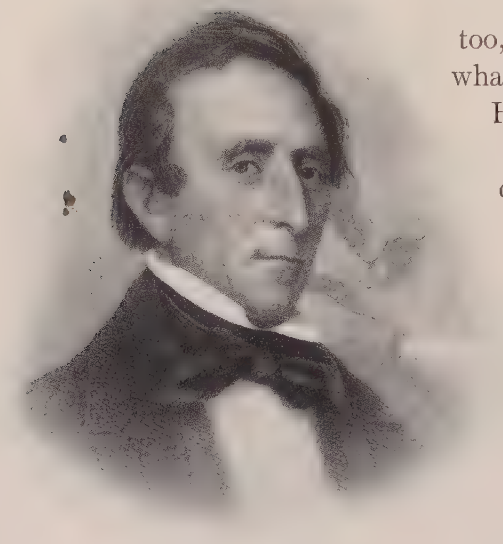
"Yes, dear," she answered.

She took up the sewing that lay on her table, and the family circle was quiet. Presently Daniel, with an indignant exclamation, jumped to his feet and threw the paper on the floor. His father gave him a look of reproach.

"I don't care. You 'd be mad, too," exclaimed the boy. "See what they say about General Harrison in this sheet! Listen! 'General Harrison will be quite satisfied to stay in Ohio if he can have a log cabin and a barrel of hard cider.' Now what do you think of that?"

The elder man immediately became infected with the angry excitement of his son.

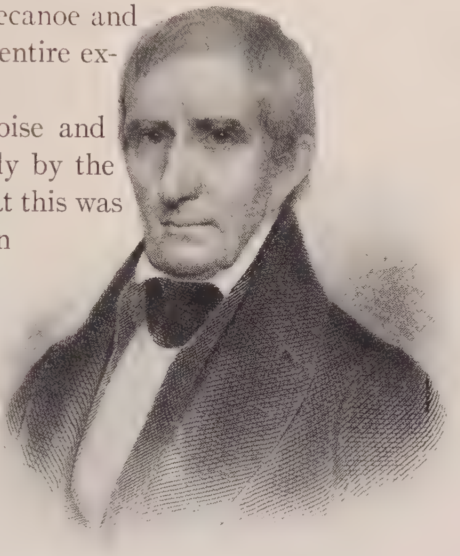
"Outrageous!" he exclaimed, rising and pacing the floor. "Infamous! We shall teach these Democrats, these inflated toadstools, better respect for the hero of our country, bah!"


John Tyler (*From the portrait by G. P. A. Healy*)

Words gave him no satisfaction. He stamped the floor with clenched hands and flashing eye. In vain did Eleanor his wife endeavor to quiet him. Nothing would do at last but that he must put on his hat and go through the rain to have it out with Colonel Lee, her father, the biggest Democrat in Boone county. She smiled the smile of a wise woman, and suffered him to go. A walk in the summer rain is a good thing for a heated temper.

It was this campaign slur in the Baltimore *American* which gave the Whigs their campaign symbol in the presidential fight of 1840. From that time forth a log cabin and a barrel of cider, often mixed with whiskey, became an important addition to their political resources. Combined with much loud crying of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," they comprised the entire expressed platform of the party.

The campaign was one of noise and excitement, contributed to largely by the contents of the cider barrel. That this was true is in no wise a reflection upon the candidates or the party. It was simply an expedient of politics. For the whole issue was whether Jacksonism, expounded by Van Buren, the present incumbent and Democratic nominee, should endure. All those who desired that it should not endure gathered together and nominated Harrison and Tyler.



William Henry Harrison (*After Balch's engraving from Hoyt's portrait*)

Obviously, there could be no unanimity of policy among the heterogeneous factions arrayed against Van Buren. They nominated Harrison because he was the hero of Tippecanoe, and had never been in a position to incur enmity. Clay was deserted by his friends in his canvass for the nomination, because he was too strong a man to hold together the contradictory interests of the makeshift party. He had many enemies. Tyler was chosen for the vice-presidency because, being a strong man in Virginia, he could hold the South in line. They had no platform, expressed or implied.

THE GRAVE OF OSCEOLA AT FORT MOULTRIE

Their campaign speakers avoided committing any one to anything, decried Van Buren, ladled cider, and led the cheering. The principal grievances against Van Buren were part of the hard luck that pursued him from the time he took office. He was not the man to succeed Jackson successfully. He believed in Jackson's policies. Many of them, in fact, were his own in the beginning. But he was not popular with the people behind him; he was not aggressive and combative; he was too instinctively a politician to resist the impulse to conciliate his opponents instead of fighting them; he was a low-pressure man in a high-pressure engine.

He found the country in a frightful panic over money. Jackson who started it had retired to private life at the Hermitage, and was now a spectator instead of the dominating factor in these great political movements. Van Buren could not control the situation, though he tried with a subtreasury bill, intended to remove money from circulation so that the people would not have the means for speculative gambling. Conditions improved only slightly. Van Buren was blamed for failure to save the country.

Another inherited sickness of his administration was the interminable war with the Seminoles in Florida. It was not until 1839, a year after Colonel Zachary Taylor, with 1000 men, had defeated the Indians at Lake Okeechobee, in the heart of the everglades, that the Seminoles submitted to be transported west of the Mississippi.

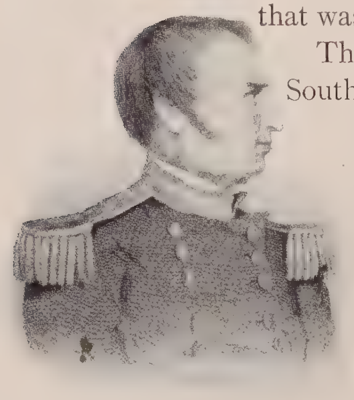
Even then, it was only after Osceola, their great chief, had been villainously enticed into the American lines by a flag of truce and basely and treacherously seized by General Jessup, who had promised him absolute liberty to go as he had come. It was not a savory thing to have in one's administration.

No reproach, however, could be brought against him in the *Caroline* imbroglio. Some Canadians near the United States boundary set up a revolt against England. A band of American anglophobiacs sought to help them, and fitted out the steamer *Caroline* in the Niagara River with implements of war and other accessories to revolution. A party of loyal Canadians took her, set her afire and adrift. She went over the falls in a glory of exploding gunpowder and frittered water. There was diplomatic correspondence, approval of the act on both sides, and an expedition under General Wool to discourage the filibusters.

Slavery became a threatening issue in

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "CAROLINE" *(From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter)*

1836 through the submission to the house by John Quincy Adams of a petition from negro slaves. Numerous petitions were being received by the house from abolitionists of the North, asking for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Adams's petition brought to a head the crisis that was developing from the constant petitioning. There was tremendous excitement. The Southerners were in a rage. The furore resulted in "gag" rule,— the refusal to receive any petitions on the subject of slavery. The petitions continued to come in, however. In 1837 slavery was brought into active party politics. Petitions increased in number and vigor. In 1838 Calhoun introduced resolutions against them. He was the champion of slavery and secession in the senate.



MAJOR-GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR (*From the original drawing by Major Vinton*)

Calhoun's resolutions rehearsed his views of the Union as a loose compact between States, maintained that the government and the States within the government had no right to interfere with the domestic arrangements of any other States, pointed out that the agitation over the District of Columbia was prejudicial to the slave-holding States, stated that it was not within the Constitution to interfere with slavery anywhere, and protested against the hearing of petitions on the subject. His resolutions, with immaterial amendments, were adopted by the senate. Clay, in a set of resolutions which he submitted, assumed a position of compromise with the South, upholding Calhoun's contentions in so far as slavery itself was concerned, without any discussion of the other's constitutional theory. The crisis was postponed by the refusal of the senate to recognize and meet it.

The census of 1840 showed a population of 17,000,000, with the center at Clarksburg, West Virginia. The inhabited area had increased twenty-seven per cent in ten years; the inhabitants, by more than fifty per cent. The frontier line passed through Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, western Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

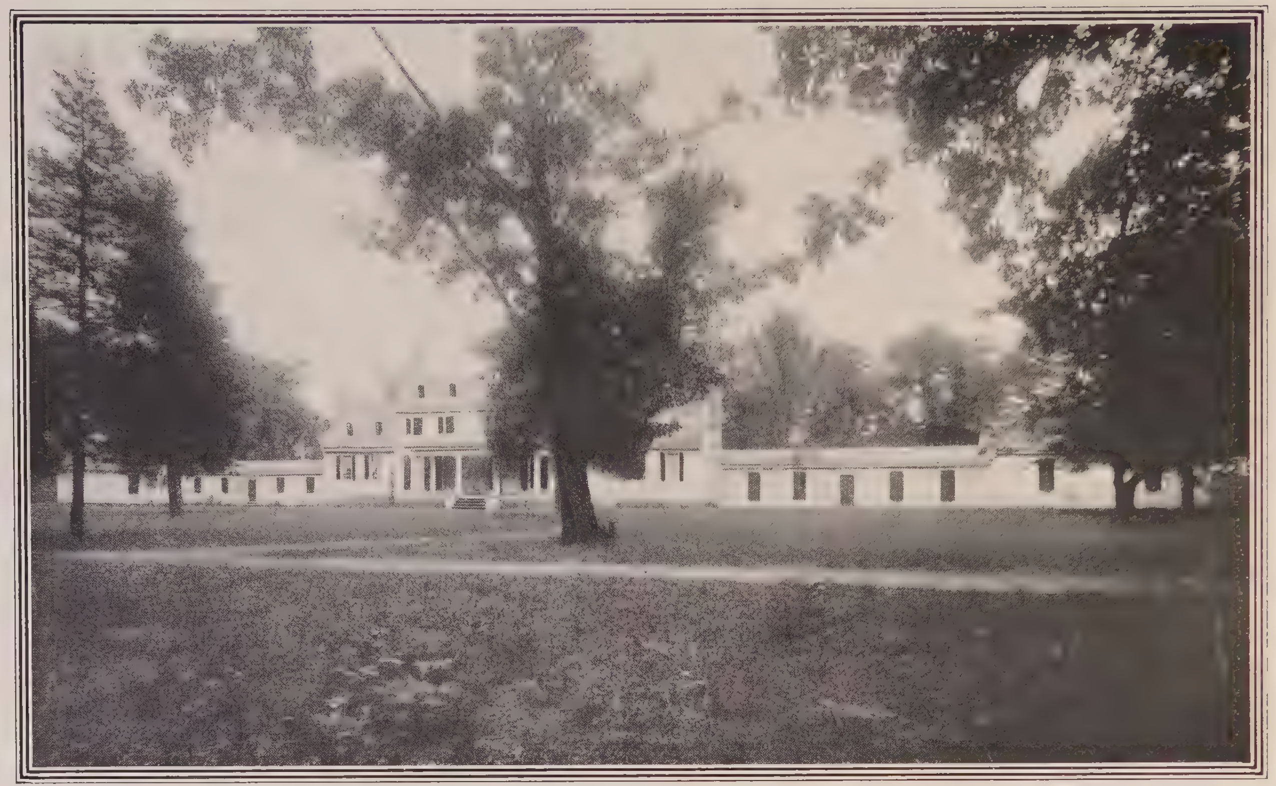
By virtue of the misfortunes of Van Buren's time, their alliterative war-cry, and the great noise that was made about it, Harrison and Tyler were elected, though the victory was not overwhelming. Webster was made secretary of state, after Clay refused the portfolio. Congress was convoked in special session. The President gave promise by his acts that he was going to cure the country or be responsible for not curing her. What either remedy or outcome might have been soon became a sealed mystery, for General Harrison died on April 5, 1841, a month and a day after his inauguration. The son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the grandfather of a future President of the nation, William Henry Harrison may assert more of fame in his family than any American, with the solitary exception of the Adamses.

Tyler took office the next day. Congress met. Clay took charge at once, issuing general orders for legislation in the form of a set of resolutions outlining a legislative programme. The first thing Congress did was to repeal the treasury bill of Van Buren. The next thing was to pass a general bankruptcy law, relieving many thousands of insolvent merchants, and giving them a chance to start again. Following that, they passed a bill rechartering the United States Bank, which had been doing business in an abridged form under a charter from Pennsylvania, since its national charter expired in 1836.

This bill Tyler vetoed, as well as one which succeeded it. A tremendous outburst followed his veto. The Whig party fell to pieces, as they inevitably must have done in the nature of things. Tyler was an avowed enemy to the bank. Everybody knew that when they nominated him. It was perfectly well understood by those who voted for him. But they had to have him, to unite the factions. They did not then think that he would be President. Now he was President, and vetoed their measure which, as much as any one thing, was the pet of the party. A howl went up all over the country. It took concrete form in a mob in front of the White House the night after the first veto, which hooted and broke windows and otherwise conducted itself in the approved fashion of mobs the world over. Clay, who wanted to run things, was furious. The entire cabinet, with the exception of Webster, resigned. Tyler set his face against them and did his best by his own convictions.

Douglas Stevens was no longer in elective office. He had voluntarily withdrawn from Congress in the last year of Van Buren's administration by the simple process of not running again when his term expired. He was moved thereto by the signs of the times. He saw the broil that was coming in the campaign. He guessed at the one that would follow the election. His ambition to be a diplomat made it desirable that he should be in no quarrels as a principal party. Therefore he quietly withdrew, and as quietly accepted a position in the state department. for which he was suggested by Van Buren himself.

His eminent qualifications being well known to Webster, he was retained in the bureau when that statesman and diplomat assumed the portfolio under Harrison and Tyler. In this wise it fell about that he had much to do with the famous treaty between England and America which settled the Maine boundary question, and which is known as the Webster-Ashburton treaty,— Lord Ashburton being sent as special plenipotentiary by England to negotiate the treaty.



Sherwood Forest, the Home of President Tyler

The line between Maine and Canada had never been determined from the time when Maine was part of Acadia. Owing to a difference of interpretation of terms, real or pretended, in old documents and treaties which were mutual authorities, England claimed as the boundary a line running along the "highlands" beginning at Mars Hill. America put forward another ridge, the southern rim of the Saint Lawrence basin, much farther north, as the "highlands" referred to in the documents considered as authoritative.

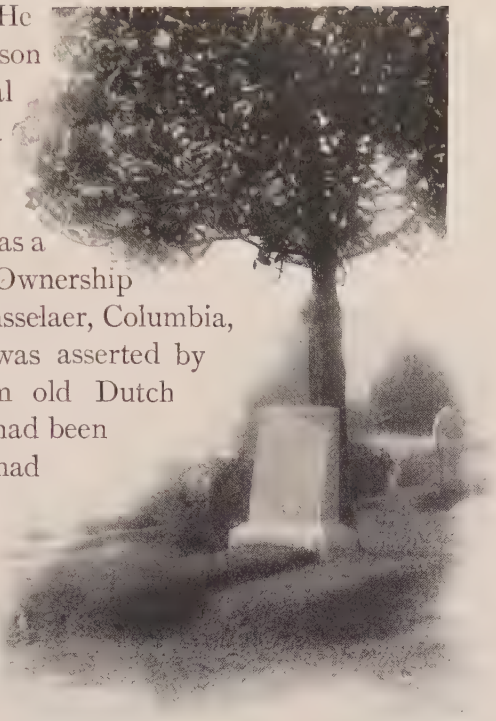
Many efforts had been made to settle the controversy. At the Treaty of Ghent in 1814 commissions were established for the purpose of finding where the boundary was. In course of years the commissions reported to the interested governments that there was a dispute concerning the location of the line; a result characteristic of commissions. In 1831 the matter was left to the King of the Netherlands. He looked at a map and picked out a gracefully curved line to divide the two countries. The United States would have none of it. In 1838-1839 citizens in the northern part of Maine got into armed difficulties with citizens of Nova Scotia. The trouble was known as the Aroostook War. It might have led to immediate international complications if General Scott had not succeeded in bringing about an adjustment. When Webster became secretary of state in 1841 he thought it was time to have the dispute settled once and for all, and invited England to negotiate. England responded by sending Lord Ashburton over.

Webster's task was involved. Massachusetts and Maine, as interested parties, had representatives in the negotiations. Maine was in a mood to whip all England. Webster was obliged to satisfy the domestic States as well as the foreign nation. In this he was materially assisted by Douglas Stevens, who was his confidential secretary.

Douglas discovered among the litter of maps which had accumulated about the question, one on which there was marked in red ink a boundary which was approximately that asserted by England. Tracing the map, he discovered that it was one which had been marked by Benjamin Franklin as showing the true boundary. Douglas pointed out to Webster the moral effect that might be gained by showing the map to the refractory commissioners from Maine. It would be embarrassing if that red line fell under the eyes of the British. The device succeeded. Maine backed down, on consideration of the sum of $150,000. Massachusetts, by the same token, became amenable. The treaty was signed, with the boundaries fixed as they are at present, on August 9, 1842. Soon after the ratification of the treaty by the two governments, it was discovered that there was another map on the subject in British archives, which, on British authority, made the line to be the one contended for by the United States. Whereupon the whole matter was fought over again in the newspapers and corner groceries of the land. But internationally the incident was closed.

The administration of Tyler was distinguished by certain violent internal disturbances. Rhode Island came back into prominence with a rebellion within its borders. Rhode Island was still under the constitution which it had received from the British King, Charles II, some 200 years before. It imposed a heavy property qualification as suffrage. Every one was agreed that he ought to have a new constitution, but he could not agree on the method of acquiring it. The diversity of opinion led to the election in 1842 of two full tickets, one of them headed by T. W. Dorr. A new constitution also came before the suffrage of the people. Dorr, maintaining that the constitution had been adopted by popular vote, attempted to seize the government and put it in effect, on May 18, 1842. His faction was dispersed in the following month. He was convicted of treason and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, from which he was released by amnesty in 1847.

In New York there was a series of anti-rent riots. Ownership of lands occupied in Rensselaer, Columbia, and Delaware counties was asserted by persons descended from old Dutch settlers to whom patents had been issued. An annual rent had long been imposed, but the farmer occupants supposed they had now acquired titles. This condition persisted for years; was most acute in 1844. Agitation, party organization, and lobbying having failed to secure removal of the rent tax, the farmers resorted to violence.



John Tyler's Grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia

Illinois meanwhile was contributing to popular excitement by her treatment of the Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, a religious sect that had been organized less than fifteen years. Their founder, Joseph Smith, was born at Sharon, Vermont, December 23, 1805. He was the son of a farmer, and at the age of ten removed with his parents to Palmyra, New York, and four years later to the neighboring town of Manchester. There, as he asserted, he received at the age of fifteen his first revelation—his divine call as a prophet of the Most High, with no less authority than that of the ancient prophets.

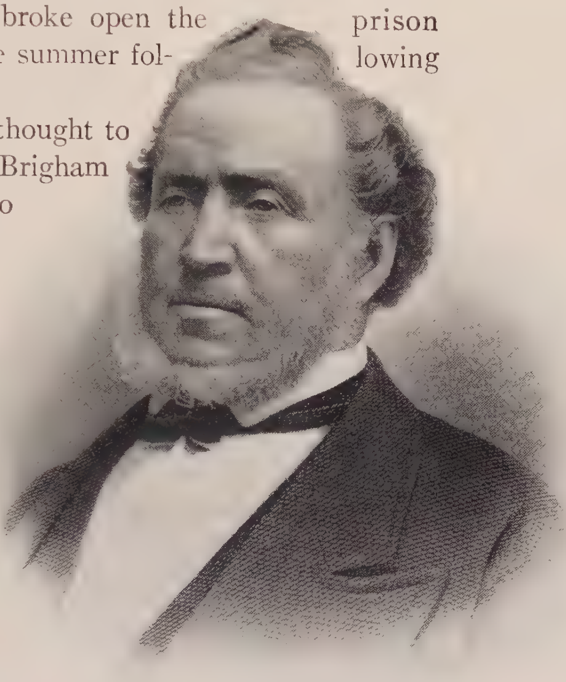
In a later revelation the youth was directed to repair to a hill near Palmyra, where he would find a record of the ancient inhabitants of America and a new gospel for mankind, written centuries before on plates of gold, in unknown characters and language, which the Mormons call the "Reformed Egyptian." From these plates Joseph Smith dictated the Book of Mormon, the first edition of 5000 copies of which was published in 1830. In the same year the first church, with only six members, was legally organized and the new religion began to spread rapidly.

Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet

The prophet was fiercely attacked by the preachers of older religious denominations, but held his ground firmly and proved a formidable opponent in the polemical field in spite of his lack of education. In January, 1831, the church removed westward and established its headquarters at Kirtland, Ohio. Here it thrived amazingly, and in the following summer a colony migrated to Missouri. This colony concentrated at a place called Independence, but two years later the settlement was broken up and they were compelled to scatter and seek refuge in adjoining counties.

But the frequent migrations of these people did not bring them peace. No sooner were they settled in a new community than they were visited with the indignation of their neighbors. Before leaving Kirtland, Joseph Smith was tarred and feathered, and in Missouri he was tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot, but escaped execution. Their final stand in the central West was at Nauvoo, Illinois. The colony grew to 10,000. Their neighbors made many absurd charges against them. Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were arrested and placed in the Carthage jail. A mob broke open the prison and they were shot. The summer following was full of violence.

Mormonism was now thought to be doomed, but under Brigham Young, who succeeded to the leadership, it survived the shock of its prophet's martyrdom; "the blood of the martyrs proved," as ever, to be "the seed of the Church." In a final effort to seek a haven of peace and safety, Brigham Young led a band of picked pioneers across the Rocky Mountains, and in the summer of 1847 settled in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the site of the present beautiful city of that name.



Brigham Young

The most signal and consequential event in Tyler's administration was the annexation of Texas. The negotiations that led up to it were long and trying. The independence of Texas from Mexico was recognized by the United States March 3, 1837, nine months after the treaty of Velasco. Meanwhile, in September, 1836, Texas by popular vote had declared in favor of being annexed to the

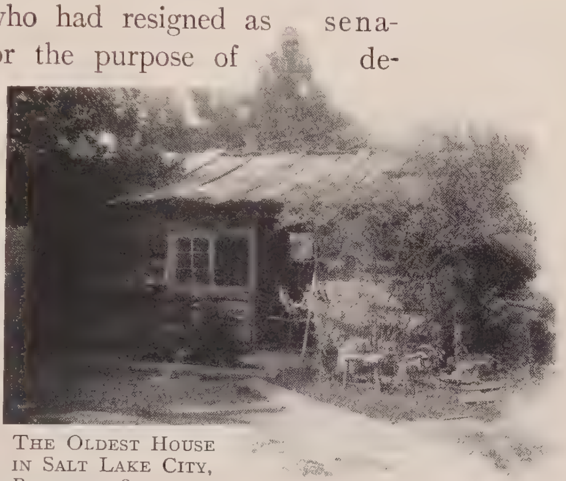
United States. It was an unfortunate time for the proposal to come before the country, for it was the time when the controversy over Adams's slavery petition was most bitter. Slavery friction had surcharged the political atmosphere, and the annexation of Texas could not be dissociated in the minds of slavery's opponents from an extension of the institution. The overtures of Texas at that time were coldly received.

Other advances were made by Texas in 1837 and 1838, with similar results. In 1838 Houston, then President, formally withdrew the offer of Texas to submit to annexation, and began negotiations with European nations looking to their assistance in maintaining the independence of Texas against Mexico. This aroused the jealousy of the United States. It was feared that England would acquire too great an influence over Texas.

The fear was increased when, in 1843, England brought about a truce between Mexico and Texas, which had been at war all this time over the question of the latter's independence. At the same time a rumor gained credence that England intended to abolish slavery in Texas by subsidizing the slaveholders against the loss of their slaves. Tyler immediately set about negotiating a treaty of annexation with Texas. The treaty was completed and signed March 12, 1844. The senate, however, refused to

THE BEE-HIVE, BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE, SALT LAKE CITY ratify it. It is interesting to note in connection with the tradition that the annexation of Texas was a trick of the slave States, that of the affirmative votes five were given by Northern senators, and of the negative fifteen came from the South.

But the senate was to learn that they had not pleased the country by their action. The question of annexation went into politics. Clay, who had resigned as senator two years previously for the purpose of devoting his time to a reorganization of the fragments into which the Whig party had split over Tyler, was the candidate of his restored party. He declared against annexation in an open letter, before his nomination. Van Buren would have been the candidate of the Democrats, if he had not declared similarly, by agreement with Clay. Both thought they would be rival candidates and they wished in this way to keep the issue out of the campaign.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SALT LAKE CITY, BUILT IN 1847

Van Buren's stand on Texas ruined his chances in the convention. James Knox Polk was chosen on the eighth ballot, the first "dark horse" to be nominated, after the first landslide in the history of conventions. The Democratic platform advocated annexation; and the Democratic ticket won. To show that annexation did not mean merely an extension of the slave-holding interests, let it be stated that Polk carried Illinois, Indiana, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, and Pennsylvania; while Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee voted for Clay against annexation.

Thus admonished, Congress, by joint resolution, on January 1, 1845, invited Texas to come into the family, with or without slaves, as she saw fit. The resolutions were finally passed on February 28, six days before the inauguration of Polk. Tyler immediately sent a messenger to Texas with the invitation. On July 4 the Congress of Texas, in special session, accepted the invitation. The people of Texas by popular vote declared for it almost unanimously on October 13.

Thus, in ten years, after many bitter struggles, the Lone Star State became part of our country; not because of any subtle intrigue in the interests of slavery, but because it was intended from the beginning that she should become a part of the greater republic. It was decreed by a higher intelligence than that of the people. It was part of the expansion movement of a race, impelled by a force loftier than their own several petty motives. It was destiny.

The Wasatch Range from Salt Lake City

CHAPTER XVIII

NEWS OF OLD FRIENDS

"MADRE DE DIOS! It is she, then!"

Don Federico Estévan, leaping to his feet, paced the stone flags in the patio of the Haltelolco prison, in the City of Mexico, in excited joy. His companion and auditor, an American, sitting on an old wooden bench beneath an olive tree, watched him with astonishment. He was a silent, melancholy man, this companion, in whose brown hair there were threads of silver, and in whose brown eyes there was a mingling of sadness and bitterness. His face was hidden in a rough beard.

"Her hair is red, you say?" continued Don Estévan, pausing to gesticulate after the manner of Latins.

"In God's name, man!" cried the other, "who? what? What do you mean?"

"I mean that it is she; your sweetheart, your beloved one!" replied the excited don. "I know where she is! The Señorita Luella! And she is with my people, with my beautiful daughter and my brave son, at Monterey!"

The American became vibrant with eagerness. "She is with you? How did she come there?"

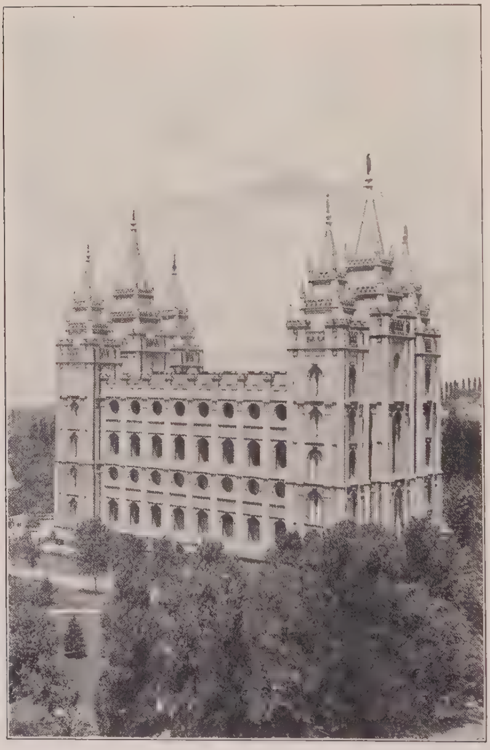
"Wait!" Don Estévan passed his hand across his brow as though to brush away a confusion of thought. "It is so strange. Let me think. I cannot think. By all the saints, it is she! Let me collect myself. Tell me again how it came that you lost her, and how it came that you came here. I have known you long, Señor Montgomery; until this day you have never told me your tale."

The other hastened through his narrative.

"I ran across her in Texas after Goliad. We had been separated many years. She was traveling in a wagon with friends. I went with them into the safe country. Then I went with General Houston. You know that part of it. After I left you at Velasco, I searched for her. I found that the wagon she had been traveling in was captured by some Mexican brigands, led by an American. I know who he was. I traced them into Mexico. I went to your capital, searching. I was in Monterey in '38—"

"*Madre de Dios!* she was then with us in Monterey," interrupted the other. "You may have passed our door."

"For four years I searched. At last I found one who had been in the marauding band. He told me she was dead; that the man, Corliss, had killed her, when he could not gain her love; and that Corliss, too, was dead. I went back to Texas. Lamar, our president, wanted men to go to Santa Fé, hoping to form an alliance with that province of Mexico which would help Texas. It was a wild vision; he was filled with his visions, that man. But I cared not. It was action, action that I wanted. If death lay on the other side, so much the better for me.



THE MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

We were taken prisoners. I was brought here. Santa Anna knew me. I was the one that captured him in Texas. He took a small revenge, like the black-hearted coward he is! When my friends were freed, me he kept here, because he could!"

"No; that is not why he keeps you here," cried Don Estévan, turning to him in new excitement. "That is not the reason, Señor Montgomery. I know. Let me tell you. It is this man, Corliss, that you call. He it is who keeps you here, hating you, dreading you. Know you not that he is the puppy dog of this black monster, Santa Anna, and used to fetch and carry for his wretched master? You are a bone he has thrown to his dog. I know!"

"Corliss?" cried Montgomery. "Is Corliss alive? The fellow told me he was dead; killed running away from a fight!"

"It was a trick, then, to throw you off the trail."

"'T was well played. He made the story plausible," sneered Montgomery. The first astonishment had worn down. He was coming into control of himself. "What is it that you know?" he went on.

"That this man Corliss is a fit friend for the arch villain who employs him — our despot, Santa Anna," Don Estévan explained. "When they tried me for treason,— *Madre de Dios*, that I should betray my country! — this man that you call Corliss, did he not tell them a pack of lies of things that I had said and men I had met, when he was in Monterey? And did not he and the black-hearted fiend, Santa Anna, exchange many glances as he told his vile tales about me, and nod their heads? And did he not take his very lies from the eyes, the rat's eyes of Santa Anna in the courtroom? *Caramba!* Your man Corliss did not so much as know me when he was in Monterey, and how could he know these things of me, which were not true? It is well that he did not know who I was. It would have gone hard with your loved one had he known that it was within my house that she lay hidden from him."

"Come, tell me about that, Don Estévan. Tell me how she came to be in your house," Montgomery interposed, bruskly. He quivered with impatience to know of Luella.

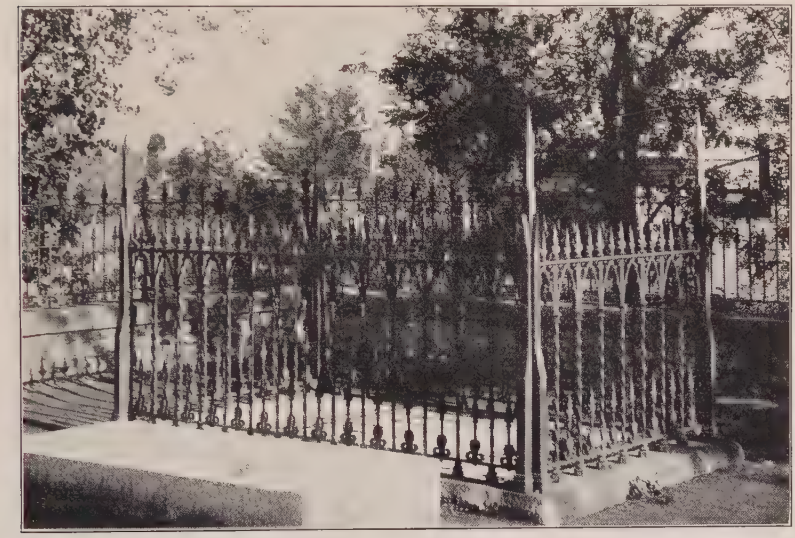
"Hah! She came to the door one night; the moon was gleaming in among the broken clouds in the east as the silver lies between the rocks in the black depths of my mines — but I will begin at the beginning. I was away at the mines. It was in the summer of 1836, eight years ago. My son Felipe was a brave, tall youth of fifteen, straight as a cypress and handsome as a mountain peak. My daughter, ah, my daughter! She was thirteen. The house was in the care of my son. On a night in August, when the moon —"

The Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City

"Ten thousand pardons, señor, but you have told me of the moon," interrupted Montgomery.

"It is I who should crave forgiveness," returned Don

Estévan, bowing elaborately, and taking a seat beside him. "I shall hasten, then. They were sitting in the court of my mansion in Monterey, on this night"— he overcame his poetic desire to describe the moon-bathed scene — "when there was a knocking at a gate which opened from the end of an arched passage upon a street, a side street. Felipe, who fears nothing, made haste to open. A woman entered swiftly, and closed the gate behind her without a sound, barring and locking it, holding her fingers to her lips to show that there must be no noise. In a moment the steps of a man passed down the street, hurrying.



The Grave of Brigham Young, Salt Lake City, Utah

"It was your beloved. She went with my son into the court-yard. Seeing my daughter, she held out her hands to her and wept. It was the first woman she had seen, she said, in six months. While she was weeping, there came a loud knocking at the gate. My son, who fears nothing, demanded who was there. It was the man searching for her. With much bluster and bravado, he declared he had seen her enter. My daughter, hearing the talk, led the señorita into the house. By the side of the gate on two pegs rested a sword, a Spanish rapier worn at the side of Señor Francisco Estévan in the courts of Spain. My son took it in his hands, opened the gate, and braved the fellow down.

"She could not tell them her story then; for they had not tongue between them. But we have learned it since. She is a wonderful woman, Señorita Luella! For six months she repelled the man who had taken her captive, by force, by trick, by cajolery. Among all these rough fellows, she held him aloof; for his heart is rotten with cowardice, and her two eyes braved him down. In the end she held out hope to him to trick him that she might escape. They came south. That she could not avoid. They came to Monterey. She had deferred as long as she could, even in this land of *mañana*. The crisis approached. She raised his hopes high; and the chance came for her to elude him as they walked down the street of Monterey on the day before she had promised to be his wife. She hurried into the dark street that led past our mansion; she heard the voices of my son and daughter, and — that is the end of it. She has been of us ever since."

"And me? Did she never seek to learn what had become of me? Tell me, señor. It is mine to know!"

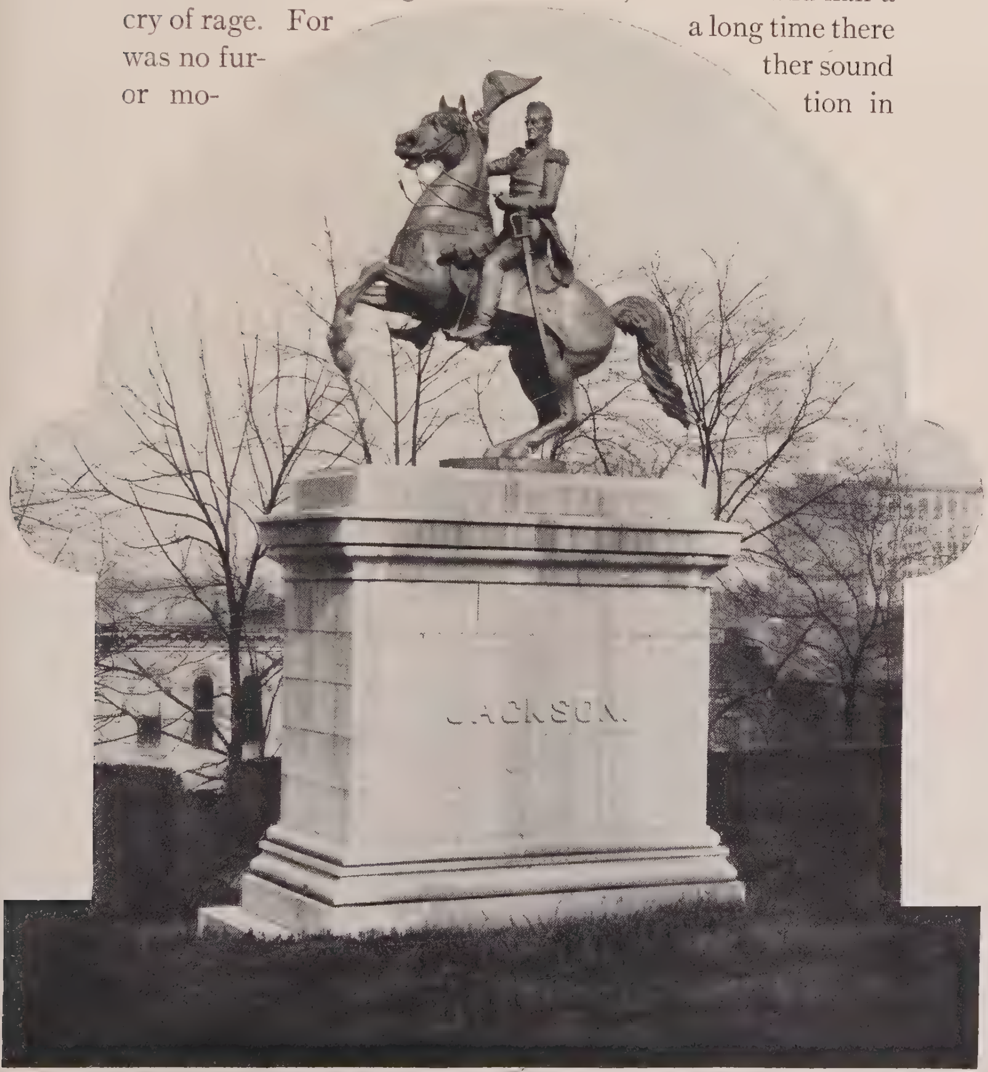
Like the blade of a sword was his voice. There was command and petition in his words. Don Estévan hesitated. "I — that I should not tell you," he stammered, "except that it is not what you think. She has told it to my daughter,— once, now that my daughter is a grown woman. *Madre de Dios*, how the woman loves you! But no. You should know. For her sake you should know. Listen, then. I will tell you." He arose and passed behind the bench where Montgomery sat. He would spare him what he could. He would not make it necessary that he should look into the face of another man when he heard. He placed a kind hand on the other's shoulder, bent forward, and spoke solemnly in the velvet tones of the Spaniard.

"Once — in the beginning — she was not strong enough. She was sick, and the dagger which she ever kept in her dress had fallen out. The unutterable coward —"

He felt the frame beneath his hand stiffen and jerk. He did not finish the sentence. He had told enough.

"Since then she has not felt that she could come to you," he added at last, quietly.

The man's throat gave forth a noise, half a sob and half a cry of rage. For a long time there was no further sound or motion in



Jackson's Statue at Nashville, Tennessee either of them. At length Montgomery broke the silence. His voice was like the hot sands of the desert.

"And this man lives?" he asked, speaking half to himself. "He lives and is in Mexico City,— now?"

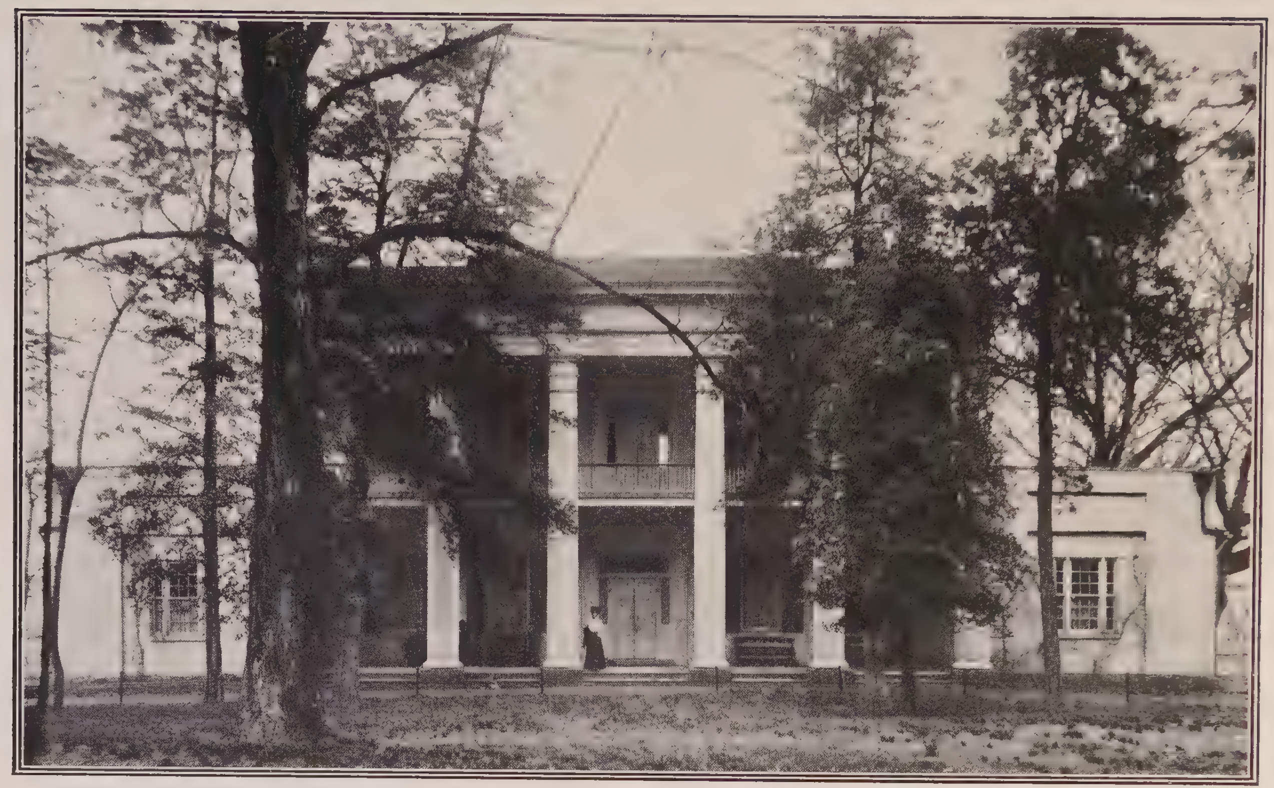
For answer Don Estévan pressed his fingers gently against the shoulder that was still beneath his hand. Montgomery, with a gasp and a shudder which made the bench creak again, leapt to his feet. With hands clenched behind him, with eyes on the ground, teeth set, he paced to the foot of the wall; turned and paced to the foot of the wall opposite, and so, back and forth, back and forth, with face as grey as ashes when the fire is cold; Don Estévan meanwhile standing motionless with downcast gaze.

At the end Montgomery returned to his seat with his wonted gait, his face showing no trace of the storm that had torn his reason from its moorings.

"Don Estévan," he began; and his voice was as it ever was, full and deep and strong, "Don Estévan, you have never told me what has brought you here? It is rather a daring question to ask of a man you find in jail, but it shows at least that I have a high confidence in your innocence."

Don Estévan, astonished at first by the change, was not long in divining that Montgomery had closed the other subject forever. With true chivalry he launched upon the new as though in all the world before there had never been another between them.

"'T is this cursed cut-throat, this insufferable scoundrel Santa Anna," he answered, his amiable face darkening and distorting into malignant lines. "He has charged me with treason, because I did not arise in the market-places of our towns and cry with joy when this double-dealer was made dictator three years ago. But that was not the reason. *Madre de Dios!* I could live and die here in this prison with joy, if but that my Carlota, my daughter, my beautiful,



The Hermitage, General Jackson's Home near Nashville, Tennessee

radiant angel did not suffer. Ah, how shall I say it? It is for her that I am here. Santa Anna has seen her and craved her. She would have spurned him. He is crafty enough to have discovered that. So he brought me here to his jail. She came to him to supplicate for me, the brave Felipe with her. He told her there was one hope for me. She cried to know what it was. He said that to her, this monster did, which would have brought death upon him at the point of her brother's knife, had not this Corliss, with others to his aid, held the youth. Then the cowardly wretch, fearing his own sins, forgave the boy and would have wed her openly. Think you she would have aught of him? She went as she had come. I implored and commanded her to risk herself no more for me. That was more than two years ago;— but you know — you were here when I came. Since then I have been his prisoner; but my beloved, my light of heaven, has suffered more than I. It is that that makes me hate!

"But the time is coming! the time is coming! He will tumble into the ruin he has made for so many before him. Since the dictatorship closed early this year,— Rodriguez has told me; my good friend Rodriguez, who brings me my *enchiladas* and *tortillas* and *frijoles* — since the dictatorship closed, and this monster has been President under the new constitution, the people have dared to breathe their hate against him, and he will fall. When he falls, I shall fly to my bird, my beloved linnet! *Madre de Dios!* Will there not be singing then?"

There was a silence. The volatile Mexican, clasping his hands in ecstatic anticipation, paced with a step that was nearly a dance, up and down the flags Montgomery had so lately traversed. The other, still sitting on the bench, sank into his own reflections.

There was the sound of many feet without the heavy door leading from the jail building to the patio; the clatter of many voices. A key squeaked in the lock. The door swung open. A company of men entered the patio; the keeper, adorned in his best *sombrero* and *serape*, a warden from the high court of the land, a priest, a sheriff with clattering spurs of silver and golden ear-rings, and a rabble of prisoners who followed to see what was taking place.

The group made its way to Don Estévan, where he stood with his back to the wall, surprised out of action. The warden from the court, drawing his hand from his bosom, held it forth to Don Estévan with a sealed parchment hanging from his fingers. There was no word spoken by the company. It was clearly an occasion for solemnity.

The Pew with the Open Door is the One in which Jackson Worshiped near the Hermitage

Don Estévan took the paper. All eyes were fixed on him. He read a half score of lines. His eyes started from his round face. He shouted a great joy. He danced across the uneven flags to Montgomery.

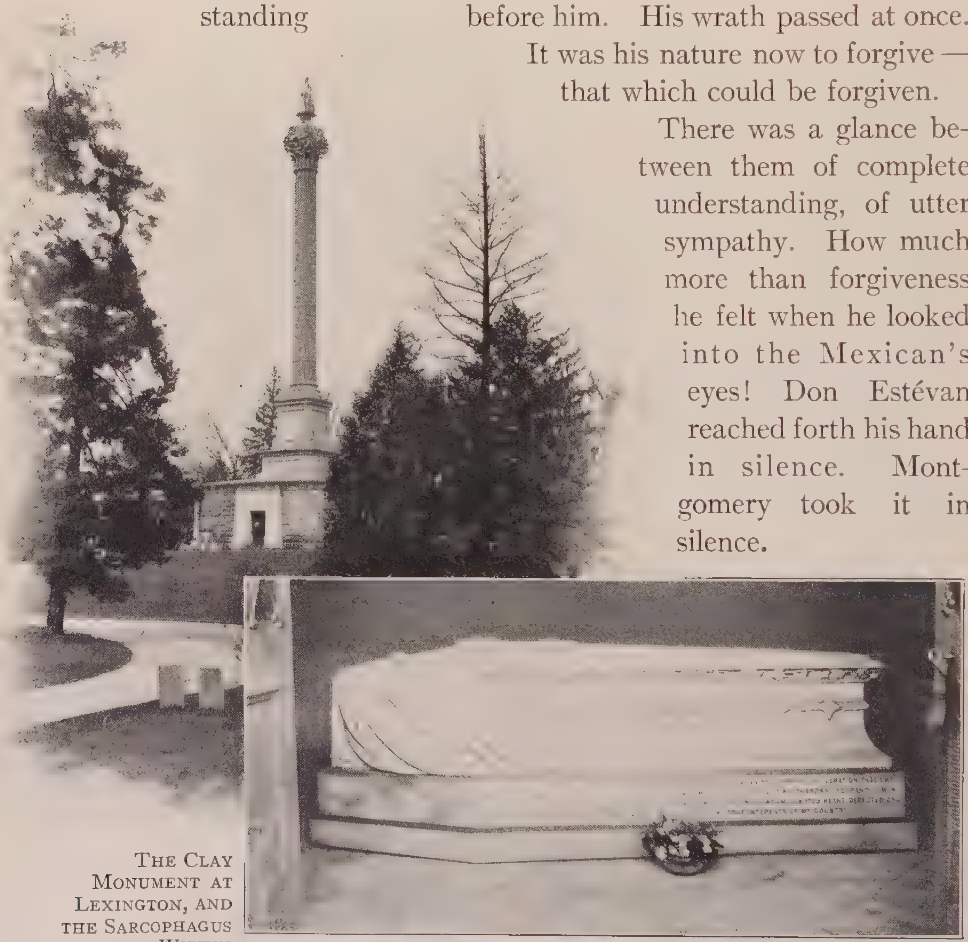
"See, see!" he cried, extending the paper, "the day has come. I am free. I am pardoned. Santa Anna is no more. What have I told you? He is banished this day from Mexico; may all the imps of hell go with him!"

Those who had come in to him followed to where he stood before Montgomery. There was great excitement. Amidst interminable felicitations, they told him that he was to be gone at once, that a carriage of state waited them at the door to take him to the palace, where the people would make amends for his sufferings by proclaiming him their friend, that he was to be taken in state to his home in Monterey, and much more. In his rapture, he forgot the stricken man with whom he had spent so many weary months. He started to the door, which already swung open for him, when his thoughts came to him. He returned hastily.

Jackson's Tomb at the Hermitage

Montgomery sat on the bench as he had sat through it all. That Don Estévan should desert him so abruptly in a change of fortune was entirely consistent with everything he had ever been able to learn of Mexican character. For the moment it surprised him in this man, whom he had found different. In the next instant it amused him. In the next, he thought of Luella, and it roused him to a fury that this man had left him thus without a word, to go to her. He looked up, in his anger, to see the object of it standing before him. His wrath passed at once. It was his nature now to forgive — that which could be forgiven.

There was a glance between them of complete understanding, of utter sympathy. How much more than forgiveness he felt when he looked into the Mexican's eyes! Don Estévan reached forth his hand in silence. Montgomery took it in silence.



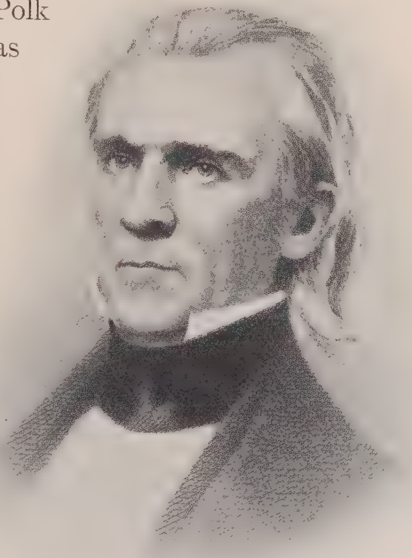
The Clay Monument at Lexington, and the Sarcophagus Within

"Tell her," said Montgomery, at last, "tell her — that I am coming to her — when I can!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE OLD DOCUMENT

"'FIFTY-FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT,' as a felicitous alliteration, lends itself admirably to campaign purposes and popular demonstrations, but as a principle of international policy it has a variety of weaknesses. President Polk is being criticized because he does not vigorously uphold that part of the platform on which he was elected. President Polk has upheld it, with a vigor that has nearly brought us into war with England. It is not he, but James Buchanan, secretary of state, who has worked for a compromise on the forty-ninth parallel. It is the result of Buchanan's statesmanship that the treaty which has already been approved by the senate was proposed by Great Britain."



President James Knox Polk

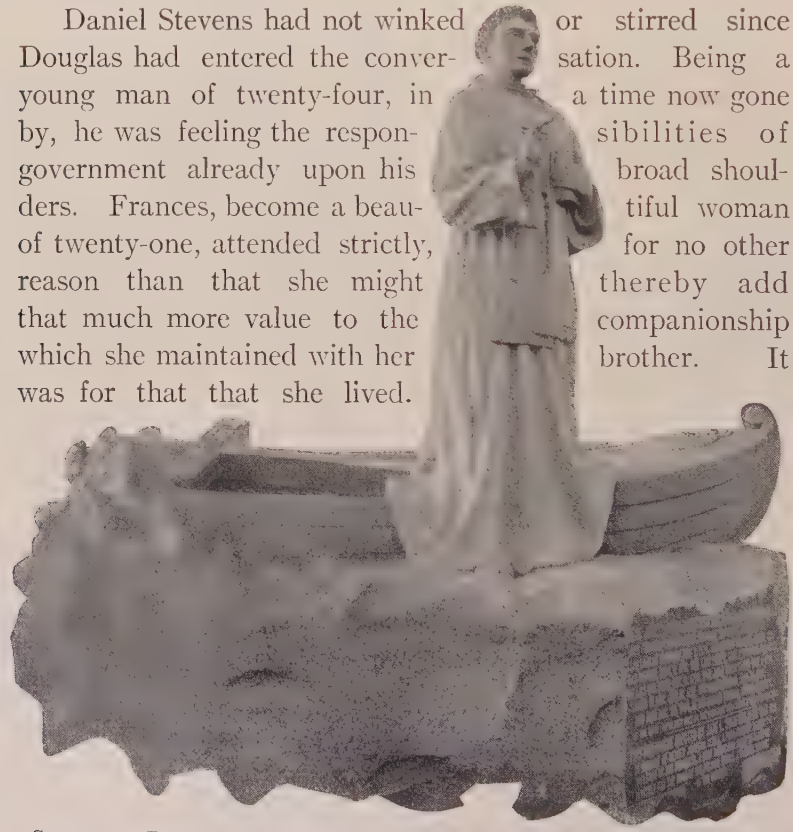
Mr. Douglas Stevens, of the department of state, seated for the second time in his life at the board of his remote cousin, Fernando Stevens, of Boone County, Kentucky, delivered himself of his expert opinion on matters of state to an audience which made up in respect what some of its members might have lacked in comprehension.

Mrs. Douglas Stevens, his wife, seated at the right hand of Fernando Stevens, beamed upon the assemblage with a warm and pardonable pride in the man she had married. Fernando Stevens, the host, listened with rapt attention. It was not often that he had opportunity to satisfy his thirsty interest in matters of state at such a fountain.

Mrs. Fernando Stevens, sitting at the foot of the table, having considerately endeavored to engage her guests in interesting conversation, had discovered in the course of events that her services were not needed and had subsided.

Colonel Lee, her father, had abandoned the belligerent attitude which he habitually assumed toward all who pretended to the possession of facts or opinions, and was listening with patronizing condescension, a frame of mind into which he had been thrown by the early deference which Douglas had accorded his views of things.

Daniel Stevens had not winked or stirred since Douglas had entered the conversation. Being a young man of twenty-four, in a time now gone by, he was feeling the responsibilities of government already upon his broad shoulders. Frances, become a beautiful woman of twenty-one, attended strictly, for no other reason than that she might thereby add that much more value to the companionship which she maintained with her brother. It was for that that she lived.



Statue of Padre Junipero Serra, Founder of the Carmel Mission at Monterey, California

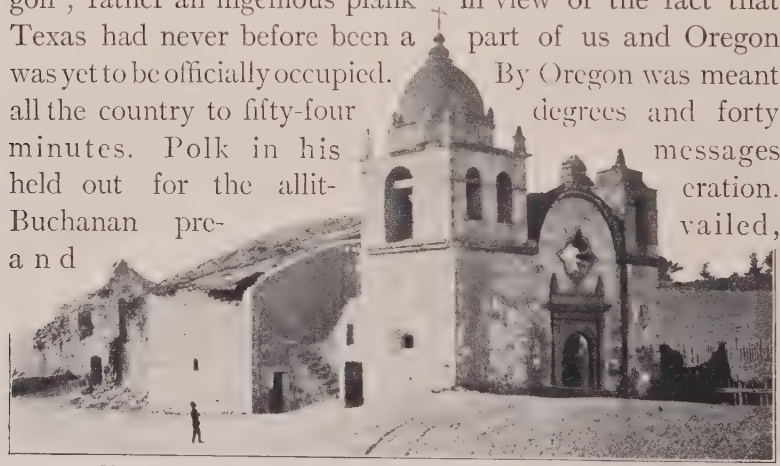
Oliver and Rosalind, the two children whom Eleanor had borne to Fernando, were still too young to be more than spectators at this family *soirèe*, but they were seen to regard Douglas with fascinated if silent admiration.

The time was early July in the year 1846; the question of the Oregon boundary had been introduced by a criticism of President Polk's course in the affair, tentatively submitted by Colonel Lee.

"If you will consider for a minute without passion the elements of the case and the present circumstances, Colonel Lee, I think you will concede that the President has brought matters to the best possible issue. Under strict justice, the territory contained between the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific Ocean, parallels forty-two degrees and fifty-four degrees forty minutes, called Oregon, should be-

The Spot where Father Serra Landed near Monterey in 1770. The First Prayer was Said under the Live Oak long to Spain, if there is any virtue in claims based upon discovery. It was her sailors who first reached the coast. Monterey was given its name, for example, eighteen years before our Pilgrim ancestor landed at Plymouth, and her missions have been gradually progressing north. But of course Spain, in international affairs, is at present a negligible quantity. Russia placed the southern limit of her claims at fifty-four degrees forty minutes by treaty. Spain placed her northern boundaries at forty-two degrees, by treaty. It remained for England and the United States to claim the intervening district, basing their claims on occupation.

"Twice have there been compromises by which the country was held open for joint occupancy. Such an arrangement was impossible as a permanency. Our pioneers became so numerous that they had to have a government, and this they organized provisionally. Floyd of Virginia began an agitation in the house as early as 1821 which has grown into the present demand for recognized rights. You know the result. Polk was elected on a platform of 'reannexation of Texas and reöccupation of Oregon'; rather an ingenious plank in view of the fact that Texas had never before been a part of us and Oregon was yet to be officially occupied. By Oregon was meant all the country to fifty-four degrees and forty minutes. Polk in his messages held out for the alliteration. Buchanan prevailed, and



THE CARMEL MISSION, NEAR MONTEREY, FOUNDED IN 1770 offered a compromise of the forty-ninth parallel. It had already been offered in previous negotiations. Packenham, British minister, refused it without reference, in words that were not well conceived, to say the least. It was not due to his diplomacy that we were saved from a war.

The Interior of the Ruined Carmel Mission, near Monterey

"Polk withdrew the offer. England intimated that Packenham had been hasty, and that they would be glad to consider the proposal. Buchanan intimated in turn that it would be more seemly if the suggestion should come from them. It came on June sixth in the form of a treaty, and on the tenth was approved by the senate, to which Polk referred it. So we got off without a war and with a just and fortunate proportion of Oregon.

"Permit me to point out to you, Colonel Lee, what might have been the consequences of a war with England at this time, with Mexico growling at our skirts. England, with her superior navy and bases in the Pacific, would have

The Bay of Monterey, Discovered by Sebastian Viscaino in 1602 had excellent opportunity to occupy and hold the district, her chances on land through Canada being equal with ours. Thence it would be but a step for her to filch California from Mexico, after her well-known methods.

"California, gentlemen and ladies, is the richest district on this continent. Yerba Buena has a magnificent harbor and should become a center of trade, while Los Angeles, farther south, lies in the heart of a most promising country. The time will come when that strip of coast will be of greater value than any given geographical section of our country. It will open to us control of the Pacific and a world-policy which will place us at the forefront of nations, which will permit us to introduce into international politics the magnificent elemental truths of our political life.

Yerba Buena in 1846, the Year it was Renamed San Francisco

"Let me assure you that England has had her eye on California for many years, and that this was the basis of her obstinacy in the Oregon matter. I might add, depending upon you to respect it as a confidence, that this is the purpose of my mission to Monterey; to counteract locally the influence of British agents."

Fernando looked at the man in a wondering way when he had finished. This, then, was the impudent and tactless stranger who had dined with him twenty years before!

Colonel Lee was bristling up to repel the insinuation that the United States would not always be equal to a conflict with England, when Daniel averted the clash.

"What is the cause of the opposition to war with Mexico in the Northern States?" he asked, as of an oracle.

The Beginnings of Los Angeles, California

"Politics, young man, politics," replied Douglas. "Annexation got into the campaign. The Democrats grabbed at it as an issue. The Whigs let it slip. It became necessary for them to say unkind things about it. The most effective thing they could say in the present intemperate state of the Northern mind, was that it was a device of the slave States to get more slave territory.

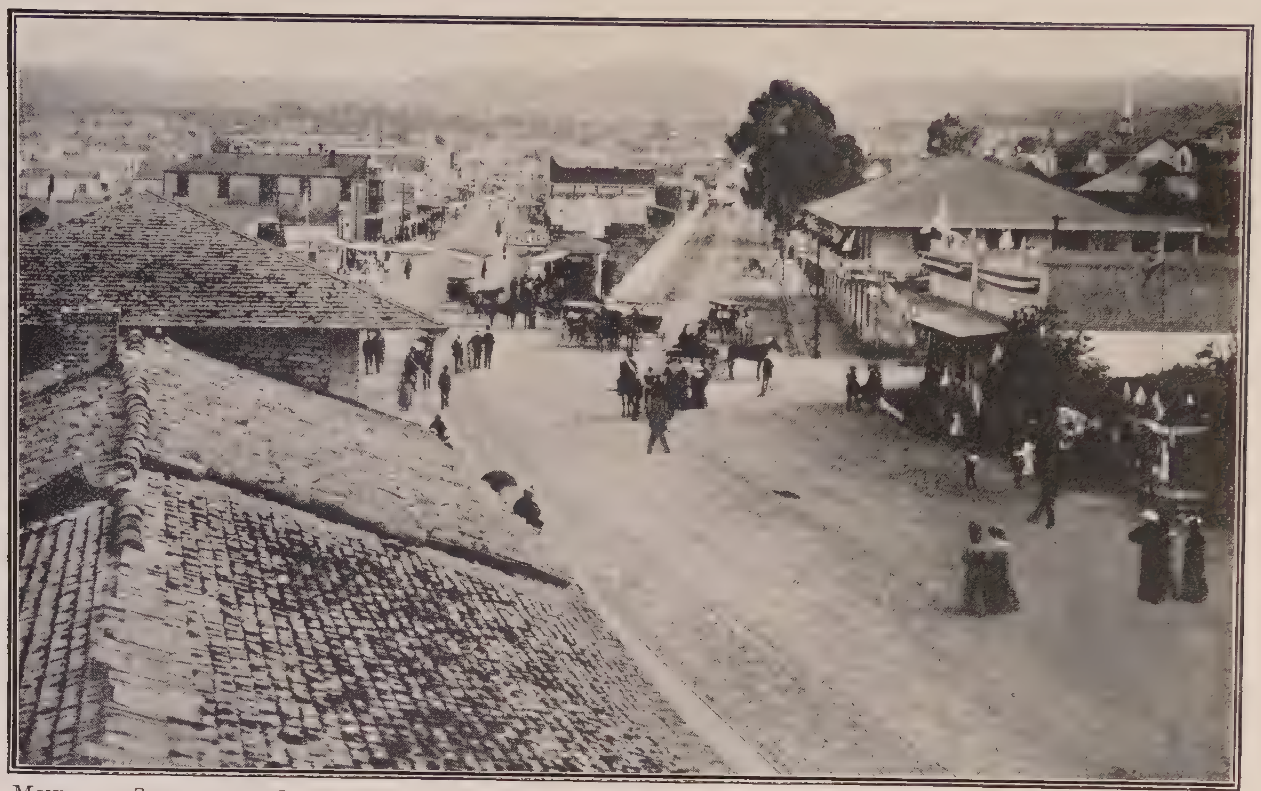
"Their argument, like most campaign arguments, was advanced with a picturesque neglect of the facts in the case. You know, of course, that Texas was founded by the Austins, who were from my State and disapproved of slavery.

You will recall, of course, that Texas was independent and free and attempted to get into the Union ten years before she succeeded. You are doubtless aware that she failed on the first attempt because fifteen senators from slave-holding states voted against her. It was only when England commenced to coquet with our little sister on the South that we took her out of temptation."

"Don't you think that Polk brought on the war needlessly?" Fernando Stevens asked. It was a point of bitter controversy between himself and Colonel Lee.

"The war, of course, resulted directly from annexation. Tyler brought about annexation, with the help of the influence which Polk's vote brought to bear on the senate," replied the man of state. "The resolutions of annexation were passed six days before Polk was inducted into office. Inevitably, Mexico would fight against them, never having acknowledged that Texas was not a part of her own territory. What Polk might have done cannot be charged against him, if you prefer to consider it in the light of a charge.

"For my part, I cannot see that it is a war of which we need be ashamed. Texas was provoked to her independence by precisely the conditions, — at least, in their essence, they were the same, — as those which induced us to free ourselves from England. Mexico, in the person of Santa Anna, then president, acknowledged her free. Nine months later our country recognized her as a nation. Mexico had no complaint to base on that circumstance. When General O'Donoju, head of the Spanish forces that were sent to subdue revolted Mexico, signed in the field of his last defeat a stipulation that the country was now independent, we immediately recognized it as being so. The situation of Texas, with marauding Mexico at one side and insinuating England at her water's edge, was dangerous to herself and to us. She, an independent nation, desired to be



Monterey, Showing the Principal Street, Roof of Custom-House in Foreground; on the Right the Pacific Hotel, the First in California

a part of us. We desired the same thing. Upon what can our mutual right be questioned?"

The table was silent for a space. It was Frances who spoke first, moved by an anxiety in the case which was purely feminine.

"But don't you think it is mean for us to whip a poor little country like Mexico, Cousin Douglas?" she asked.

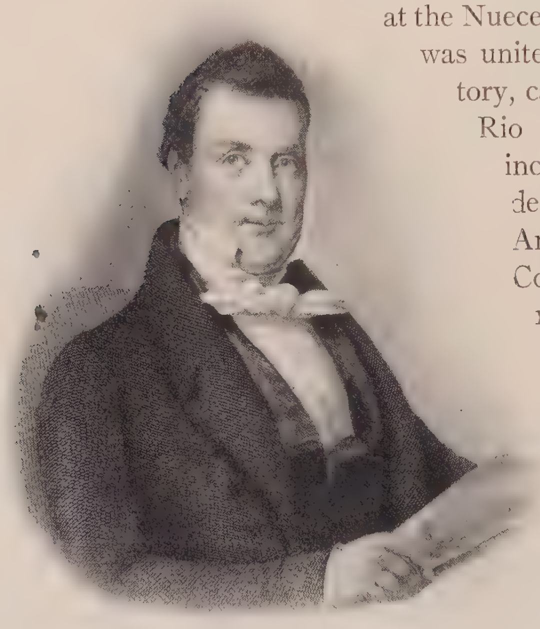
"It is sometimes the painful duty of the elder brothers among nations to correct the insolence of their juniors, my dear," he made answer. "If Mexico knew that she was a pitiable power, and her knees knocked together as we set upon her with a club, with no distinct right behind the club, it would not be a pleasant spectacle. But do you know that Mexico believed that America was frightened to submission by the bombardment of Fort Brown? One of their papers in Matamoras, the day after Taylor withdrew to strengthen his base at Point Isabel, said that the 'cowardly invaders had fled like a gang of poltroons to the seacoast, and were using every effort to get out of the country before the thunderbolt of Mexican vengeance should smite them.' Does that make you feel sorry for them?"

Frances flushed with indignation at the insults of the Mexican press. Daniel shifted impatiently in his chair, and cast a look upon his father in which Douglas, who missed nothing, read reproach and rebellion. Colonel Lee, forgetting in his desire for controversy the consistency with which he had upheld the war against the Whig views of his friend Stevens, at last aroused himself to a belligerent frame of mind toward the representative of government.

"How does the government reconcile Taylor's advance to the Rio Grande with its self-satisfied sense of eminent justice?" he challenged, with an arrogant snapping of words which was always a red flag to Fernando.

"She does not reconcile it," returned Douglas, not in the least affected by the method of combat adopted by the other. "She is not required to. There is nothing to be reconciled. Under the contention upon which the conflict is based, Texas extends to the Rio Grande. If she has any right whatever in Texas, she has the right to go to the river. The original boundary of Texas was at the Nueces River. In 1824 Coahuila was united with the original territory, carrying the boundary to the Rio Grande. Seceded Texas included Coahuila. Independent Texas included Coahuila. Annexed Texas included Coahuila. Taylor had as good right with his army on the left bank of the Rio Grande as he had on the left bank of the Potomac."

It was said so quietly, so modestly, so amiably, so guilelessly, that Colonel Lee expired without humiliation.



James Buchanan (*After the portrait by J. Eichholtz*)

Mrs. Fernando Stevens here intimating to Mr. Fernando Stevens that there was no further object in remaining in the dining-room, they all filed out, amidst the fragmentary chatter which always accompanies the breaking up of such a gathering. Fernando and Daniel led Douglas captive to their stables to see the new hunter which the young man had just bought. Douglas, walking between them, chatted of hunters with a minute knowledge which astonished them. In the midst of it, he broke abruptly into another topic.

"You are not a good American, Cousin Fernando," he said, lightly, placing one hand upon his shoulder, and the other on his son's.

Fernando demanded with some fervor to know why.

"Why, you will not let your son go to the war."

Father and son glanced at each other in surprise.

A shadow passed across the face of the father. Douglas, seeing it, turned from the topic with his habitual facility.

The day went in much pleasant discourse. Douglas said nothing further on the point to father and son. It was as though he had but mentioned it as a passing thought.

Not so, however. In the evening, making occasion to be alone with Fernando, he came abruptly to the discussion again, with an insight bewildering to the other's brain.

"You should not let this old family tradition interfere with your son's desire to go to the war," he said.

Fernando stared at him. "You know the story?" he asked.

"The major told me. You will remember that he also has the advantage of coming from the Virginia line, where the legend has been preserved."

"How did you know that it was in my mind in connection with my son's enlistment?" Fernando demanded, almost in awe of the other's perspicacity.

"Well, it is clear that you want him to go, that your patriotism impels you to permit him to go, that are you deterred from letting him go because of something that affects you to agitation. I jumped at the inference."

"But he would go out to fight against his own blood," pleaded Fernando, disturbed in spirit. "Our ancestor especially enjoins us against going to war with Mexico."

"Our ancestor lived many years ago, cousin," returned Douglas. "He was not given prophecy. He could not foresee what might happen to bring the respective branches into conflict. He had no right, binding upon us, to dictate our course of conduct in perpetuity. Also, the blood would have become so attentuated in the course of two hundred years that if by any rare chance your son should let some of it, it would not be upon him more than the blood of any one slain in war."

Monterey, California, in the Early Days

Fernando, rubbing his hands in his agitation, was lost in indecision.

"I would that I might see it so," he said.

"Let me make a proposal." Douglas spoke as one with a new idea in his mind. "Your son is a man. Put the case in his hands. Let him decide it for himself."

The father, demurring at first, was brought at last to consent. They sought out the young man, as he sat moodily on the veranda. His father beckoned him, and led the way into the library. A lamp burned dimly on the table beside the father's great chair. By the light of it, Fernando delved to the bottom of an old iron-bound chest which he opened with a ponderous key. Amid a litter of papers was one yellow with age, almost tumbling to pieces. Fernando arose with it in his hands. Motioning Daniel, who stood looking on in wonder, to sit in the great chair, he handed him the document.

"Read!" he said.

Daniel spread the brittle paper on the table. It was torn. A corner of it was gone. It was covered with labored writing, in rambling characters, almost illegible. Daniel bent over it.

"I cannot read it," he said. "It is in Spanish."

"On the other side is the translation. Read it aloud."

Daniel turned the paper, and read:

"'Know, all that read herein, that I, Francisco — ' there is no name; it is left blank!" he cried.

"The name had been torn off when the paper was found," Douglas explained.

The boy continued: "'that I, Francisco ———, being now in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and eighty-five in the forty-fifth year of my age and in sound mind do herewith warn and enjoin all of those who spring from my line, for all time to come, that there shall never be warfare or fighting of any nature between themselves and the Spaniards of Mexico, it being that my brother Felipe dwells therein to the best of my knowledge and belief, having been lost to me when that I returned to Spain and was shipwrecked on the coast of France; the which is well known to be true to my sons, Felipe and Matteo. Now theretore, it being a grievous sin for brother to slay brother, and not knowing what time may bring forth, and finding no peace of mind concerning him who is lost, I make this writing to witness unto my sons to the last generation that they shall not go to war against Mexico; and I lay it upon their souls to search out the seed of my lost brother in time to come, and to live fraternally with him. And may the curses of God rest heavily upon him who disobeys the injunction of his father. Done under my hand and seal, as God and man witnesseth, this 13th day of September, 1583, at the Spanish city of Saint Augustine, in America.' Francisco, — did he not sign it? Is not his name there?" asked Daniel, turning the document quickly.

The Interior of the Carmel Mission, containing the Graves of Father Serra, Many Missionaries, and a Number of the Early Governors of California

At the place where the name would have been was a hole, made by a fold in the paper. The names of two witnesses were there, but not the name of the writer. The yellow stains of age on the paper, the smell of musty centuries that it exhaled, the quaint phraseology, the archaic hand, the strange tale told by this unknown author of a dim past, wrought upon the young man. He looked upon his father and his cousin, perplexed, excited.

"What is this?" he asked, in almost a whisper.

"That is the story of our family; his brother's descendants are of the race you would go to fight," replied the father, impressively.

"How do you know? There is no name here."

"There is a tradition in the family that identifies the document," his father said. "The year after that was written, Sir Francis Drake fell upon Saint Augustine and took these boys, Felipe and Matteo, to England. They were only children, but they remembered it. In England they were separated. They were sent to different families. Their name was changed to Stevens. Both came to America, one to Massachusetts and the other to Virginia. It is from the Virginia branch that we descend."

"Why do you show this to me to-night?"

"That you might know against whom you would go to fight, and take it upon yourself whether you go or stay."

For a long space there was no sound. At last his voice broke the suspense. Solemnly, in hollow tones, he spoke.

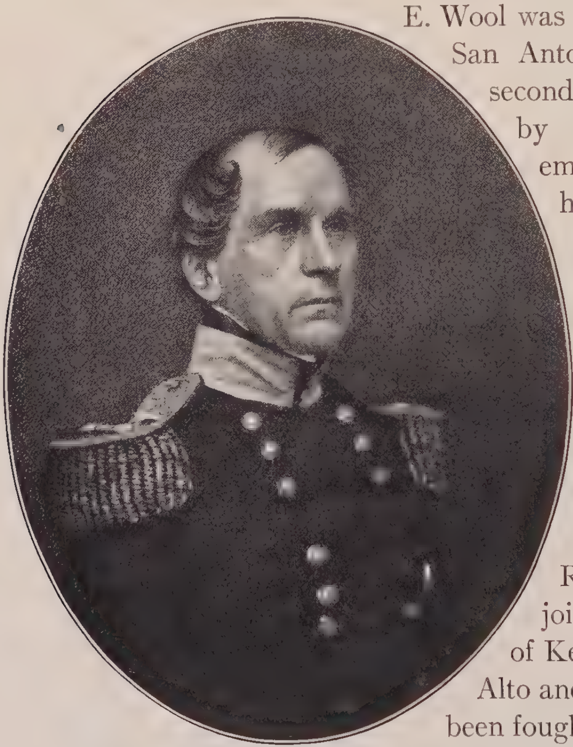
"I am going," he said.

The Tomb of Polk in the State Capitol Grounds, Nashville, Tennessee

CHAPTER XX

THE SIN TIME BROUGHT FORTH

DANIEL, the ghost of his mysterious and anonymous ancestor hanging upon his trail despite his patriotic idealism, joined the recruits whom, in late July, General John E. Wool was whipping into shape at San Antonio. He was made a second lieutenant on the spot, by virtue of his father's eminence in the service of his country, by virtue of a note which he carried with him from his illustrious cousin of the state department, and because he had with him the hunter which he had ridden from Boone county.


General John E. Wool
(*After a daguerreotype*)

Taylor was on the Rio Grande when Daniel joined him with a regiment of Kentucky volunteers. Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought and won. Matamoras had been taken. Invasion by the Army of Occupation was arrested only until the reinforcements arrived. Until the Mexicans struck the first blow the American forces had lain quietly opposite Matamoras. Now they had begun to fight.

When Texas was annexed, in 1845, the local government urged upon the United States the need of immediate protection against Mexico's inevitable resentment of her action. In response, General Zachary Taylor advanced in August to Corpus Christi, at the mouth of the Nueces, with a force of between 4000 and 5000 men, under orders to occupy a point near the Rio Grande. In the following January it became known that John Slidell, who had been sent to Mexico to negotiate for the purchase of Texas, would not be received. Taylor was thereupon ordered to advance to the Rio Grande, asserted to be the southwestern boundary of Texas.

Captain May's Charge at the Battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846

He moved to Point Isabel, where he established his supplies. Thence he advanced and built a fort at the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras. Arista ordered him to retire. Mexican cavalry and marauders crossed the river. A company of dragoons, under Captain Thornton, was attacked and captured. The Mexicans had 6000 troops. Taylor fell back to strengthen Point Isabel, leaving the fort in command of Major Brown with 300 men.

When he returned toward Fort Brown he met the entire

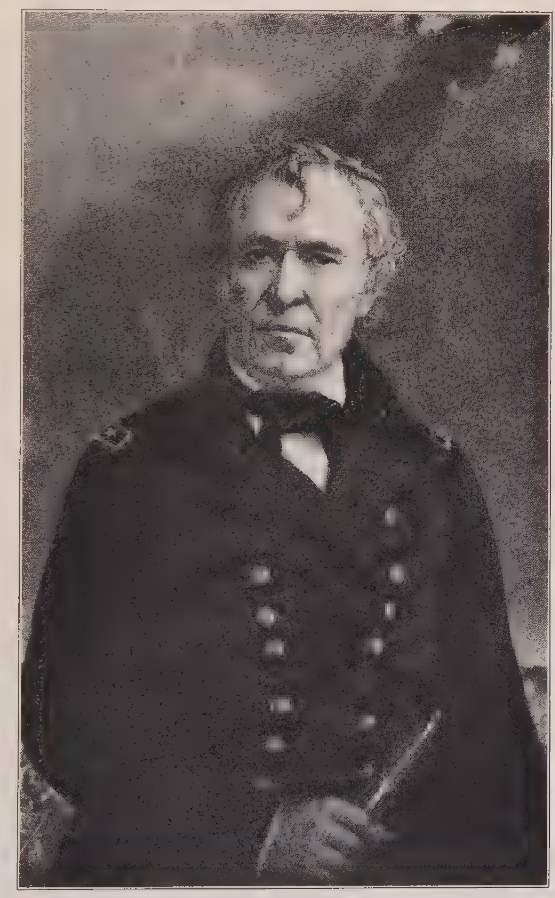
Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. May (*After a daguerreotype*)

Mexican force in position at Palo Alto, on May 8. In five hours' time he drove them, with only a trifling loss. The battle was won largely by the artillery fire of the Americans. The next day Arista waited for him at Resaca de la Palma. His army was stationed behind the bed of a dry river, filled with cactus. The Mexicans served their guns better than on the previous day. Captain May was obliged to charge with his dragoons before they would give way. By nightfall the Mexicans were all beyond the river.

Arriving at Fort Brown, Taylor found that Major Brown had been killed and the garrison severely pressed by constant bombardment. Ten days later Matamoras fell, and the Mexicans retired to Monterey, Taylor advancing up the right bank of the Rio Grande.

War was declared on May 12. Fifty thousand volunteers were called for. Ten million dollars was voted. A grand invasion was planned by General Scott. General Kearny, with the Army of the West, was to cross the Rocky Mountains and take the northern provinces of Mexico. Taylor, with the Army of Occupation, was to penetrate into the heart of the country from the north. Scott, with the Army of the Center, was to move from the Gulf coast upon the city of Mexico. Although the political capital that had been made of the Texas question had its effect now in somewhat deadening the enthusiasm of the Northern Whig States, the response of the nation at large was immediate and vigorous. In the latter part of August, Taylor was ready to move on Monterey.

The march toward Monterey was a pleasant excursion for Daniel. The way lay through pleasant valleys where palm trees grew, over plains dry and barren, weird with fantastic growths of cactus, which appealed to him with a feeling of mystery; and the bright eyes of the señoritas, who danced fandangos for the entertainment of the men of the north, aroused him to a quick sense of the romantic, which the tale of the lost brother, Rodrigo Estévan, made more keen. He pictured his



MAJOR-GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR (*After a daguerreotype*) unknown cousin as a don of tremendous wealth and power in the land; he saw in his fancy the dark beauty of his daughter whose eyes shot warmth of love upon him through their drooping lashes; he dreamed the dreams of youth.

It was on September 19 that the army, debouching into a high valley, saw the city of Monterey glistening in the hot sun of noon, at the far edge of the plain, against the great gray bases of the Sierra Madres. The Kentucky regiment in which was his command was in the van. Riding at the head of the troops, Daniel could see the works thrown up at the east end of the town; the great fort to the north, setting black against the white of the town walls; the works upon the hills behind and to the westward; the great stone building upon an eminence just beyond the point where the last houses straggled out upon the plain, which was the bishop's palace; all the hostile preparations of an enemy.

Here, then, was to be a fandango of a different sort! His pulse surged through his veins at the thought; but it hushed with a sudden stopping of his heart. For here might be the señorita of his dreams, the far-off cousin whose people he had come to slay!

That day, and the next, the army lay in camp at Walnut Springs, three miles from Monterey. On the afternoon of September 20 Daniel's regiment was ordered to fall in. Fully accoutered, they formed in line and rested on their arms, waiting. Long files of troops wheeled past them and swung out into the road that led along the left side of the valley, toward a smaller valley that came down out of the pass in the mountains. At last came the word of command to the Kentuckians; with a rattle of the drum and a blare of the trumpet which sent the skin twitching all over Daniel's back, they struck into step, swung out and down the road, in columns of four, a long, sinuous, sentient line.

He could see clearly now, far to the left, the fortifications

THE BATTLE OF PALO ALTO (*From the painting by Carl Nebel*)

that stood in the north of the town, which the soldiers had already nicknamed the Black Fort, because of the color. He could see groups of people standing on the flat roofs of the low houses of Monterey, watching the movement of the American troops. Now they came where they could gaze far up the beautiful little valley that lifted itself high upon the shoulders of the crowded hills over the pass of Saltillo, on the way to Mexico City.

Daniel traced the graceful course of the little stream that came bounding down out of the hills to float lazily past the lazy town of Monterey. He followed with his eyes the road that lay beside the stream. Where his eyes could no longer travel it, his fancy ran ahead to Mexico and conquest — and the señorita.

"Boom!"

A wisp of smoke floated high on the brink of the bishop's hill. A flash, a puff leapt forth, a second report, echoing up the cañon far behind in the hillsides. His blood tingled. He reached to his waist, boy that he was, to see that his sword was free in its scabbard; he lifted the pistols from his holsters to make sure of them, letting them settle gently into place again.

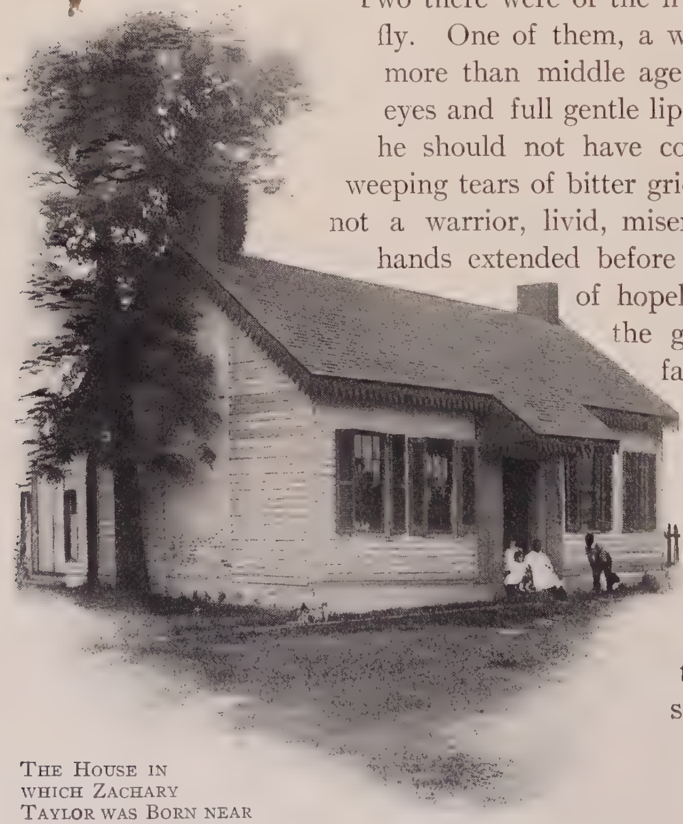
The firing ceased. General Worth was not ready for a fight that night. He withdrew beyond range, and camped near the Saltillo road, where it turned to the pass. The pink shadows yet lay long across the valley when the troops were astir again.

Daniel, for his swift mount, was given the privilege of going on a scout with the rangers to reconnoiter the force of the enemy on the hill beyond the little stream, in back of the town, commanding a branch of the road to Saltillo.

They rode swiftly over the gray ground of the plain, alert and keen. They passed the toe of a hill at full gallop. Already the guns from the distant hill were booming impotently at them. Directly in front of them was a regiment of Mexican lancers. With a wild yell, the lancers put spurs to their horses and charged. The rangers had not come to fight on that ride; but never a ranger turned tail to a foe. A handful against a regiment, they charged in turn, meeting the enemy in full career, firing and cursing like demons.

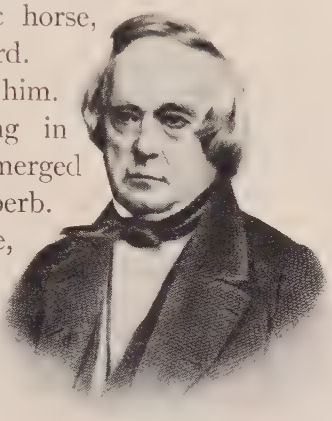
They bowled over the tiny horses on which the Mexican cavalry, the pride of the nation, was mounted. They shot down those of swarthy skin. They hewed them with sabers. They appalled them with shouts. It was not warfare, this charging of a handful upon a regiment. They were brave, the Mexicans, but this was not fighting. It was the madness of devils. Protesting in orotund, sibilant Spanish curses, they turned and fled, — those of them who still lived.

Two there were of the living who did not fly. One of them, a well-fleshed man of more than middle age whose soft brown eyes and full gentle lips showed well that he should not have come forth to fight, weeping tears of bitter grief for that he was not a warrior, livid, miserable, with spread hands extended before him in a gesture of hopelessness, stood on the ground beside his fallen charger. In the folds of his collar was twisted the strong hand of Daniel Stevens, glorying in his first prisoner of war. The other of the two who did not fly, small, dark, wiry,



THE HOUSE IN WHICH ZACHARY TAYLOR WAS BORN NEAR LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY with movements in his body like a cat, with arms that thrust forth his saber like a serpent's tongue, his eyes flashing, his white teeth gleaming with rage, his voice raised in exhortation to the troopers, stood his ground alone, fighting the enemy, fighting his frantic horse, which struggled to join the fleeing herd.

The combat circled away from him. The rangers, victorious, were wheeling in full gallop to return. The young hero emerged from the storm that passed, furious, superb. His eye fell on Daniel, whose horse, wounded, lagged behind. With a shout, he rushed upon the young American. One ball remained in Daniel's five-shooter. He steadied his horse. The Mexican was upon him. Another bound, and the flash of his sword would end it all. Daniel, looking full into those flaming eyes, fired. His deadly enemy, with a scream of hate, softened from the taut, tense warrior into a limp mass. The horse, feeling the reins released, wheeled, and rushed back to the retreating foe. The body of the young trooper, retained in the saddle by back and horn, flopped grotesquely from side to side, but did not fall. The horse reached the fugitives. Daniel, as he turned to rejoin his party, saw a strong arm go about the waist of the hero, and saw the man whose arm it was ride close beside the stricken soldier on the road to the city.



John Slidell

Turning, he saw, seared in his mind like the ghost of a deadly sin, the flaming eyes of that handsome, brave young warrior. It would not be put away. That night, in his dreams, he saw it fixed and staring hatefully where should have been the glorious beauty of the face of his señorita.

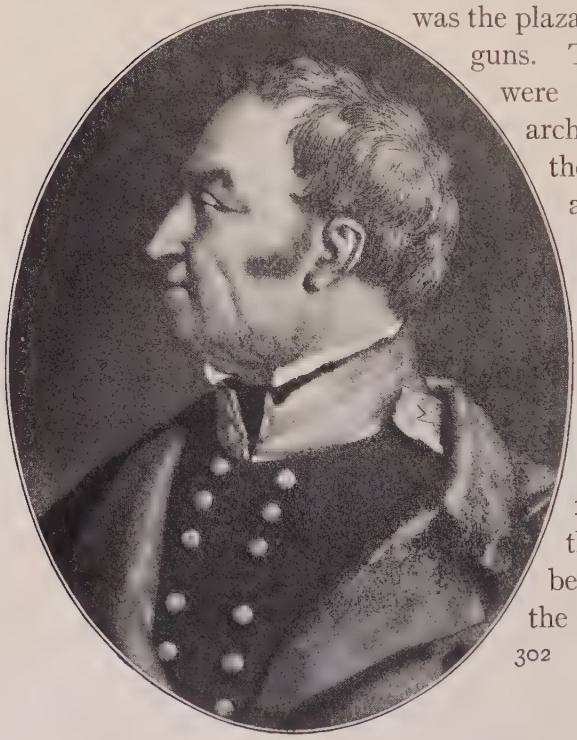
CHAPTER XXI

THE WOUNDED MAN

"AH, Carlota, to you they are enemies, but to me they are friends. Perhaps they bring me my lover. Who knows? Is there in that no shred of comfort for you, *carissima?*"

A woman, pale, beautiful, whose hair had caught the last color songs of a thousand dying suns, in whom the splendors of full maturity had replaced the lighter charms of youth, stood beside a Mexican girl of twenty who sobbed and trembled with a torn heart.

They stood beside an old olive tree in the court of a house in the midst of Monterey. To the east, a block away, was the plaza, now a fort bristling with guns. The house and the court were larger than most. An arched passage, leading from the court under and through a part of the surrounding structure, gave into a side street. Otherwise there was no access to the court save through the house. A profusion of roses twined across the walls. The battle about Monterey was at its height. To the two women who stood beside the olive tree among the roses in the *patio*, it was



Zachary Taylor (*From a sketch by Captain Eaton, Aide-de-Camp, Camargo, Mexico*) as though the thunder of all time had burst through the floor of Heaven to come shattering down about their ears. To the north, with horrid rapidity, boomed the great guns of what the foe had dubbed the Black Fort. To the west the crash of small arms, risen to a solid wall of sound, was broken here and there by the heavier detonations of cannon. Surging in from the east came little pulsing blasts of din, where the smaller redoubts quarreled with their foes.

The Americans Driving into the Main Plaza at the Battle of Monterey, May 23, 1846

Now there arose from the southwest, from the hill beyond the river, where the firing had been terrific, mighty cries of victory and joy. The girl, clasping her hand over that of her companion, closed her eyes, shrank close, and gasped convulsively. They knew, standing among the roses, that the hill had been taken.

"Mother of God! Will nothing stop them?" she moaned.

"Carlota!" The other sought to soothe her with soft hands.

"If I could help! If I could kill!" Her voice was low, but it was as though she had screamed it.

A sound of shuffling feet at the gate in the street. Quick exclamations! A weak, faltering voice. Another voice, raised, bidding that the door be opened. The girl moved toward the passage leading to the gate, her face set, her teeth closed tight together, her hand clutching something in her bosom. The other would have detained her. She put her strong arms off as though they had been rags.

"No, Señorita Luella; it is for me to go," she said. "God has answered my prayer. Now shall I help, — or kill!"

She unbound the heavy locks and threw open the gate. A lancer, blood on his sleeve, sombrero in hand, stood before her, seeking to hide what was behind.

"It is Señorita Luella whom we seek," he faltered.

She thrust him aside. Two men, abashed, uncertain, stood without. In their arms they bore a man, slight, dark, handsome, little more than a boy. His eyes were closed. His head hung limp upon his chest, rising and falling with his heavy breathing. The girl looked at him without a word, only raising her eyes in a question to each of the two men in turn, who would not meet her glance.

"Knock again. Does no one come?" It was his voice, feeble, far away, but his own.

"*Si*, Felipe, some one has come. Open your eyes; you shall see. It is I, Carlota, your sister."

A wonderful calm had come upon the girl. Her olive face was serene and peaceful. A rush of color was back again, within the soft dusk of her cheeks. Now there glowed in their marvelous depths a light of high purpose, a light that was close to gladness.

Her brother, at sound of her voice, by great effort raised his lashes. His eyes, roving, fell on her. His dry, cracked lips parted in a smile.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE, MONTEREY, MEXICO

"It is nothing," he said, with infinite labor. "A scratch. It is the anger — the chagrin — that — makes me — like this."

She made no answer. With a cast of her head she bade them enter. In the midst of the passage they met Luella, hurrying with water and wine. Carlota waved her out of the way.

"Go and prepare his bed," she commanded.

"It is done, *carissima*," answered the other.

They bore him thither and laid him gently down. The two women with tender hands cut the clothing from the wound, bathed it, bathed his head, placed the wine flask at his lips, chafed his hands, saying no word the while. A surgeon came and dressed the wound. When Luella whispered to him as he left, he shook his head solemnly, after the manner of his kind.

"Through the shoulder," he answered her. "Touched the lung, you know. Time will tell."

Carlota asked him nothing. When he had gone, she sat beside the bed of the wounded man, or glided about to minister to his needs.

The sunlight, striking aslant upon the walls opposite his window, crept up until the following shadow was upon the eaves. He sighed, and opened his eyes. He had slept. She sobbed, once, in gratitude to learn at last that it was only sleep, and smiled upon him.

"Father? Where is father?" he whispered.

"He went forth to the fight with you," she answered. "He would not come back; unless he came as you have come."

His face clouded.

"Ah, then it is true. I have not dreamed it!" he moaned, closing his eyes as a storm of pain ran through his wound.

"Is he killed, then?"

"No," Felipe answered; "a captive. Taken by the one — who shot me."

The girl's eye kindled.

"You know, then, who gave you your wound?"

The soldier answered with his lids and brows.

"You would know him again?"

The Plaza at Monterey, Mexico

Again he told her as he had done.

"I shall surely cure you, brother of mine. You have much to do."

She was tense as a cat about to spring as she said it. He felt her emotion, too, and scowled with hatred.

A wave of uproar from the hill of the bishop's palace, louder than any of the day! Up, up it swelled, filling the air with the crash of arms. Rising, rising, it broke at last into a crest of loud cries; the same cries of victory that had told the women earlier in the day of the fall of the hill behind the river. The wounded man groaned.

"They have gained the hill; God, that I might be there to stop them at the bishop's palace!"

With the setting of the sun the firing died away. At last there were only fitful gusts from scattering points. And as night came Felipe grew stronger and more alert. Carlota observed the change at first with dread, fearing that it might be a final rally; but as it continued without any fever she took courage.

The wound was not as severe as was at first believed. The ball had passed through the left shoulder, barely touching the lung. His low condition in the morning was more the result of the first shock, the fatigue of his return from the field, and the reaction in his volatile temper, than the severity of the wound.

In the evening came to them Pedro Sanchez, a faithful *peon*, to tell them how the day had gone. He had been all day fetching water to the troops where the fight was thickest. *Los Americanos* had taken one of the redoubts to the east of the town. Some of them were already scattered in among the houses, whence they had driven the Mexican defenders with lead and steel. They were devils to fight, *los Americanos.* They would not stop coming. The hill beyond the river was lost early in the fighting; the bishop's hill had gone in the afternoon. By the grace of God, the bishop's palace would stand against them; and the Black Fort still growled and bit.

Felipe slept deeply that night, soothed by his nurse, who would not leave her post until he was full of rest. The morrow's sun had filled the little courtyard with gold before he awakened. The sound of firing it was that aroused him; the sound of scattering shots out on the bishop's hill that rose and swept into a crashing din ere he fully knew where he was. The clamor of war fell as swiftly as it arose, to be followed by the more horrible cries of victory from the throats of *los Americanos.*

That day was a day of suspense. The great guns of the fort rumbled incessantly, shaking the floors of the house;

little scurrying storms of firing arose and died here and there in the outskirts; now and then a gun on the plaza, not a block away, boomed a warning to a prowling squad of Americans at some distant street crossing; but the struggle was in a lull.

Night came, the second night of the fight, the night of September 22. A hush settled over the embattled armies with the darkness. Only the tired voices of the soldiers broke the silence, and the clack of their heels on the street stones as they dragged bags of sand to the tops of the houses for defense.

Felipe, gaining strength every hour, passed early into a deep slumber, into which not even dreams entered to disturb.

But in the night he was roused by a rustling through the dark in the eastern end of the town, which drew closer to the plaza. It was the Mexican force withdrawing from the redoubts at the eastern end of the town. He was awakened again by the sound of a cannon in the plaza, firing on the Americans in the far ends of the streets leading to it.

The detonation shattered his slumber into a thousand fragments. His eyes opened abruptly. The warm sun of the morning lay across his bed. Slowly the débris of sleep was cleared from his mind, and he recalled the scenes and circumstances.

Carlota was still resting. Luella was at his side.

"How goes the fight?" he asked.

"The Americans are in each end of the town," she answered, deeming it best that he should know.

"They will come no farther!" he exclaimed.

Now the storm burst upon them full of fury. Out of the eastern end of the town came the thunder crash of musketry; the ground shook with the detonations of the guns in the plaza. Each dark cloud of men on the roofs sent forth its sprinkle of lead. Higher, higher rolled the volume of sound; closer and closer came the diabolical cries of the Americans, pressing toward the plaza.

A lull. Faint cheers from the defenders. A respite for the wounded man. Carlota at first would have kept out those who came with news of the fight, but Luella showed her that it would drive him frantic, wishing to know what went forward.

Mexican Soldiers To-Day

A rattle at the door-latch, and Pedro Sanchez, his face dripping with the sweat of his haste, panted into the room and flung himself cross-legged on the floor, against the wall. He had no breath for speaking, he had run so fast in coming there. Felipe fixed him with a look of exquisite anxiety.

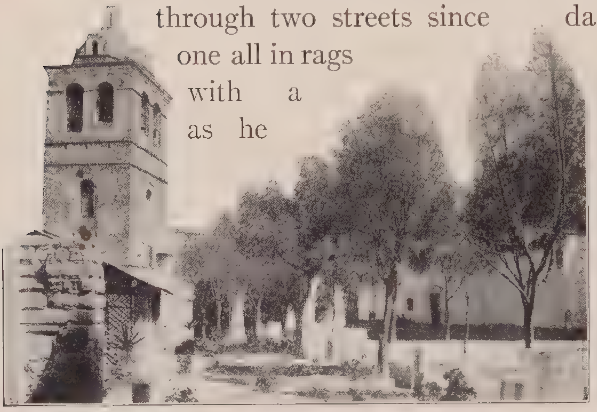
"*Los Americanos* are so many devils," quoth Pedro, at last.

"Speak, man; what is it they do now?" demanded Felipe, unable to contain his impatience longer.

"Why, they burrow like rats from one house to the other, through the walls, with nothing but their knives, and God knows but that it may be with their teeth too! What shall we do? They make a hole through the walls, they swarm in like ten thousand vermin, they drive our fellows into the street where they can shoot them down, they mount to the roofs and throw them from the parapets, and then — they go to the next house."

"Where are they now, those who do this?" Felipe held out his hand toward his sword, unconsciously pleading with his eyes that it be given him.

"Know you where they are now? They are in the west end of the town! They are four streets away, having come through two streets since daylight. At their head is one all in rags and tatters, who fights with a great knife, and laughs as he fights. His eyes are two molten seas of brown flame. He is horrible to look upon, laughing as he fights. I saw him. And with him was a lad with a sword, who wept as he fought."



A Typical Mexican Courtyard

"Think you there are none who need your water now, Pedro?" said Felipe, gently chiding him, when he was through with his tale. The certainty of knowledge had calmed him.

"I thought I might serve you here," faltered the *peon*.

"When *los Americanos* enter through that wall, it is time to serve me here," replied the wounded man, pointing to the wall against his bed, which was the west wall of the house, dividing it from the one which lay in the direction of the American advance.

Pedro withdrew and hastened back to the fighting.

Now the tumult arose again to the east; but the firing of the Americans grew more and more distant. Surely, they were falling back! In the west there was less noise of battle, but the knowledge of what went forward there made the stillness more horrible than the din of open conflict. To be dug out like a rabbit from a warren, to lie behind a wall and wait until a blood-maddened enemy struck at you out of the other side, to wait interminable hours for the final short struggle, dragged hope from the soul and sent the limp limbs shivering together.

"Sister mine, let me have my pistol about me, with double charges. This fellow who laughs so merrily may be taught to laugh another tune."

Carlota brought him the weapon, and one for herself. Luella sat apart on a low wooden bench, gazing out into the *patio*. Tacitly they had all come to regard her as one apart from them in the present climax. And she was waiting to see that which she should see, with beating heart.

An hour passed. Another hour. The cries of the Americans were at the next street. The tumult rose higher every minute. This was not fighting, this game of ferret! In the room all was calm and quiet.

Felipe was stronger now, much stronger. Alert, he listened to every sound, questioned every friend who came into the room with dire reports. Carlota, seated by his side, drew threads out of a piece of linen that she might make of it something of beauty for the adornment of their house; so great was her calmness. Luella, with her head resting against the sash of the window opening, gazed out upon the roses with eyes that saw nothing.

The hoarse cries of the Americans were so close now that the voices were distinguishable. Commands, curses, cheers, broke severally on the ear. Among them all was the sound of low and measured laughter.

"Five years of prison has not tamed this arm, eh, Dan?" They heard him laugh, and: "Remember the Alamo!"

They heard, all of them; and knew what the horrid cry portended.

In the next house but one! In the next house! They heard the bricks of adobe crash down upon the floor! They heard the rush of feet! They heard the hoarse cries of the conquering rats! They heard the firing of guns beyond the one wall that was between. They heard bullets spattering upon the other side of the eighteen inches of dried mud. They heard bodies falling dully to the floor. Above it all, they heard a low and measured laughter! They heard, "scrape, scrape, scrape," against the other side of the wall!

Carlota, with a deep breath, clutched herself in her iron will and continued to pull the threads from her piece of linen.

Felipe held his hand up to see that it was steady. For a minute it did not quaver. He smiled as he rested it again beside the pistol.

"'T is well that it was my left shoulder that he hit, is it not, sister of mine?" And he fell to humming a fandango.

Luella, eyes unwinking, hot, staring, mouth agape, head thrust forward, pulses jerking through her, her whole body

A Tropical Valley
in Old Mexico

numb with tension, sat with her gaze upon the wall beside the bed of Felipe.

The clang of iron against the adobe bricks, the thump of blows upon the wall, the thud of pieces falling, the rustling of dust out of the niche, the breathing of the men working without words, the low, modulated laughter of one of them! God! Would it never cease? Would they never end?

Louder the blows. Faster the falling of the bricks on the other side. A bending of the wall beneath the impacts. A little flake of plaster loosened and tinkled down to the floor; a larger flake, baring the face of the brick; a brick, leaping beneath a blow, flew out upon the bed.

Carlota, looking up for an instant, continued to pull her threads. Felipe hummed a new song. Luella's very soul departed from her, floating in space.

A cataract of dust flowing from the tiny hole in the wall. A shower of pieces. A brick, loosened, displaced, poised for an instant before it lunged forward on to the bed, bounding against the bandaged shoulder of the wounded man.

Carlota, putting down her linen, dragged the bed aside. Felipe took his weapon in his hand.

"Now then, all together!"

It was the man who laughed that gave the order.

A prodigious impact, bulging and cracking the wall.

"Once more," said the man who laughed.

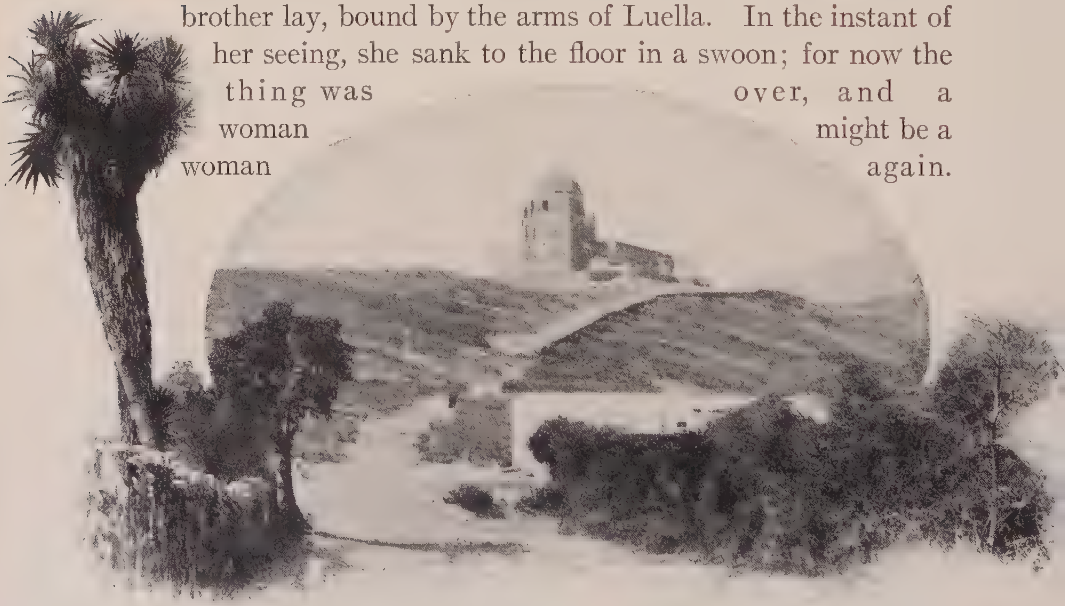
A second blow; a third, like the ramming of a catapult. The wall, shivering and trembling for a moment, gave way through a space the size of a man's body, and fell thundering to the floor.

Out of the cloud of dust that arose within the room of the house, which was the house of Don Estevan, his eyes aflame with the fire of fighting, his tattered clothes hanging in dusty, blood-clotted shreds about his shoulders, stood Montgomery Stevens, the Laughing Panther. At his side, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and his breast swaying with sobs, was Daniel.

At sight of Daniel standing there Felipe, livid with rage, cried out: "There is the man," and pointing his weapon, fired. In the moment that he fired, Luella, with a moan of despair, leapt across the room and dashed herself upon the arm that held the pistol.

"It is he! It is he!" she shrieked.

Looking behind the veil of smoke that her brother's weapon had made, Carlota saw the two men, the one who laughed and the one who wept. Felipe's aim had been thrown out by Luella. With a little gasp of horror, she leveled her own weapon, and fired. Through the smoke that choked her she saw the man who laughed stagger, stumble, crumple up, and fall across the bed where her brother lay, bound by the arms of Luella. In the instant of her seeing, she sank to the floor in a swoon; for now the thing was over, and a woman might be a woman again.



Pathway Leading to the Bishop's Palace, Monterey, Mexico

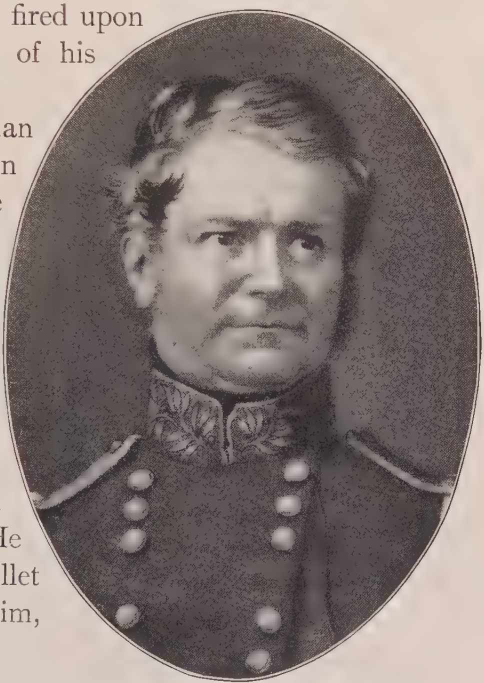
CHAPTER XXII

SEÑORITA OF DREAMS

DANIEL STEVENS, bursting into the home of Don Federico Estévan that day, entered his castle in Spain. For in the woman with the flashing eye and the flushed cheeks of dusk who fired upon them, he saw the señorita of his dreams.

He did not see the man lying sick of his wound upon the bed. He did not see that the man leveled a weapon at him. He did not see the woman who leapt across to the side of the man. He heeded not the shot that muffled through the room. He paid no heed when Carlota aimed and fired her own pistol. He did not know that her bullet struck down the man next him, his cousin, his hero.

All he saw was that she was marvelously beautiful; that her face was perfection in every delicate feature; that her cheeks were like the soft dusk of morning when the sun warms through the dawn; that her dark eyes, brilliant with excitement now, could melt with the love of the southern sky, or burn with its hate; that her lips asked to be kissed



GENERAL W. J. WORTH (*Engraved by John Sartain from a daguerreotype*) and dared him do it. All he knew was that his whole love floated out to her; and that she had fallen to the floor.

He was at her side. He would have knelt there, but a voice from the bed deterred him. As he paused, a woman, the duenna of the household, rushed in and bore her away.

A Panorama of Monterey, Mexico

"Jesus pity me, what have I done?" moaned the voice, in Spanish.

Involuntarily he turned to look. Face down upon the bed lay the body of a woman, horribly still. At the other side of the bed, swaying, clutching at the covers, leaning across toward her, knelt Montgomery. His glassy, pain-dimmed eyes were staring at her. One hand lay in her hair.

Something about the tinge of her hair, something in the face of Montgomery, wrung a cry from his throat. Breathless, on tiptoe, he looked at the two. The fingers of Montgomery, groping through the beautiful red hair, blindly sought the cheek of her who lay there.

"Luella! Luella! Luella!" he whispered, with the sound of one in whose soul is the last dread.

"Jesu, Jesu, pity!"

It was the voice again, speaking in Spanish. Daniel's gaze sought out the one who spoke. His eyes fell upon the face that he had made frightful in the first day's fight, the face that had haunted him since, blotting out the visions of his señorita, the face of the hero he had shot, pale, horrified, perplexed, staring at the two who were upon the bed. Sensation left him and dwelt apart from his body. The thing had gone beyond human grasp.

A strong hand took him by the arm. A coarse, good-humored voice struck against his ears.

"Vell, vell, vat iss, vat iss?" cried the voice. "Vat you make here, eh? Is it a play-piece vat you do here, a vat you call dramatical, dat you standt so around making faces? Who id iss dat iss deat' yet, und who id iss dat iss nod? Led me close de preaches, led me close de preaches; dis var pusiness is a horrid ting, bud goot for der toctors, yah!"

It was Doctor Bergman, surgeon of the regiment, who came ever in the wake of the fighting with splint and lint and broken English to "close de preaches." The tension was broken. Daniel's sensations entered his body again. He stepped to the side of the bed with the surgeon, whose professional eye had led him thither.

"Hah, dis is nod warfare to kill ladies!" growled Dr. Bergman, as he lifted Luella, with Daniel's help, and placed her on the bed, beside the wounded Mexican, at the side where Montgomery knelt.

At her throat was a stain, deep red and wet. Her eyes were partly closed. Her lips smiled. Montgomery, still on his knees, crept closer. His fingers groped blindly through the beautiful hair. They found her face.

"Luella! Luella!" They could not hear him whispering her name, so low had his voice fallen. They could only see his lips move.

Doctor Bergman, observing him for a moment in some surprise, laid his finger along the side of his nose, jerked his head once or twice, shut one eye and left the bedside. Daniel, following, whispered a question. The surgeon shut both eyes, pursed his lips, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and bustled out to look for other breaches to heal. Soldiers, bent on death, passed noisily through the room.

A Street Scene in Rural Mexico, Showing an Adobe Wall

Daniel passed to the side of the bed where Montgomery knelt, his fingers groping in the hair and over the face, seeking a response to his touch,—his eyes, glassy and vacant, fixed upon the smile that was on her lips. Ceaselessly he whispered, "Luella, Luella, Luella," as one who called a soul that was gone.

Her lips moved. Her eyelids fluttered. Montgomery crept closer, swaying, and rested his ear close to her mouth. Daniel turned away his head. Felipe closed his eyes. "Jesu, Jesu, pity us," he murmured still. "I did not intend it so."

The room was filled with hurrying soldiers, but they paid no heed. To them it was but an incident of war.

She opened her eyes and looked upon him. Her lips made sounds they could not understand. He made no answer save the look he returned. Between them was no need for words. He drew himself closer. His fingers twined in the beloved hair. He kissed her on the lips. She sighed. The light of a great peace was upon her face.

Montgomery rose to his feet and reeled to the center of the room, laughing softly, wildly.

Doctor Bergman, returning, saw him standing there, supported by Daniel and a soldier.

"Ach, Gott! You fool! Why did you nod say you vas hit?" he cried. "Come, find anudder bet for dis man who laughs!"

Between them, they supported him through the door and across the *patio*, still whispering the name softly to the roses, to the sunlight, to the breeze that floated through the olive branches. A door stood open. They entered. In the room was a cot. Four soldiers, grinning, were gathered there, looking upon something that was in the shadow of the corner. Daniel followed their gaze. Seated there, pale, defiant, was the Señorita of Dreams! At her side was the duenna who had brought her from the chamber of death. The men, at sight of Daniel, who was their lieutenant, slunk from the room. The señorita still sat defying the intruders with her eyes.

"By your leave, señorita, may we use the bed for this wounded man?" asked Daniel, in Spanish; for he had diligently learned to speak the tongue that he might hold converse with his Señorita of Dreams, when he should find her.

She made no answer, but arose and left the room. They placed Montgomery on the bed. The surgeon set to work dressing his wound.

The battle within the walls of the houses still continued.

American troops from the east had come close to the plaza, taking to the side streets. The division that had come from the west was within a square of the ultimate defense. There was musketry fire from the house-tops and in the streets; but there was little of the fighting that came to the surface. For the most part it was in rooms grown dark with the gathering dusk, where the clanging shots died muffled and the cries of slayers and of slain were strangled in the smoke and dust of close, brutal combat.

Leaving Montgomery, who was not seriously hurt, in the care of Doctor Bergman, Daniel, dazed, wandered back to the room which they had entered through the wall. Soldiers had borne the body of Luella away. In a dwindling stream, others passed through the room and across the *patio* into the next house. The intervening wall had already been penetrated.

Felipe still lay in the bed. Carlota stood beside him. Their composure had returned. The setting sun, flooding the opposite wall of the *patio*, cast a halo of light into the room. Ah, she was beautiful! Daniel went close to them, beseeching them with a look.

"We have seen terrible things," he said, in Spanish. "Shall we not be friends in the presence of death?"

"Who is this man?" asked Felipe, eagerly, by way of reply.

"He is my cousin," answered Daniel. "Since their youth he and this woman who is dead have been lovers. Their story is a bitter one. To-day they met for the first time after a long parting."

His voice shook with sorrow.

"Whence came he?" demanded Felipe, seeking to resolve a question in his mind.

"He escaped lately from a prison in Mexico City. Alone he made his way hither through hostile country, knowing

The Capture of Monterey (*From the painting by Carl Nebel*)

that she was in Monterey. He came to us down out of the mountains, when we fought on bishop's hill. For twenty years, since I was a child, I had not seen him, or her."

His voice broke. Tears ran down his cheeks.

"Carlota! It is he, then, of whom our father told us!" cried Felipe, turning toward his sister. "He was with our father in the prison. Jesu, that it should have so befallen!"

"Nay, but he would have slain you, my brother! And my father; what has he done with my father?"

Anger and defiance still lingered in the heart of the girl.

"Ah, Carlota, you have blundered!" he cried; but checked himself. Understanding was in his eyes.

Confused, she looked from Daniel to him and to Daniel again. In the eyes of the American also was the light of a revelation; in his face was the shadow of it.

He returned her gaze fully, frankly. As the stars, as the deep sea, she was beautiful!

"It was not he," he said to her. "It was I who shot your brother. It was I who took prisoner the man who was your father!"

The girl made no answer, save that her eyes, her eyes of unfathomable black, opened wider, and her breath came more quickly.

"Was it for this that you would have killed him?" pursued Daniel. "But you knew, you knew!" He turned to Felipe.

The countenance of that one was upon him with a look of compassionate pity so great that it partook of awe. In the instant the significance of the bitter tragedy came upon him fully. Before he had seen half; now he knew that it was himself whom Felipe would have slain as they entered the room, that Luella, thinking it was her lover, had sacrificed her life to save his own.

"Hah! I have much to answer for!" he groaned.

He passed his hands through his hair, over his face, twisted them together, shuddered, shut his eyes. Brother and sister looked upon him tenderly in his sorrow, though to the girl the cause of it was still vague.

A sword clanked against the edge of the hole in the wall. There was the tread of feet. An officer, elegant in the uniform of an American general, stood in the room among members of his staff. He caught sight of Daniel.

"Lieutenant Stevens!" His tone was formal and commanding. Daniel turned quickly. It was General Worth. He drew himself up and saluted.

The Railway Approach to Monterey

"Is your work done, sir?" demanded General Worth, severely. "Have you subdued Mexico?"

His cheeks burning, Daniel saluted again, and was gone across the *patio*, through the house into the next building, and so to the front where the soldiers still gnawed through walls of brick into the heart of the enemy. Worth and his staff followed.

Night came. The firing ceased. The moon, brilliant in the Mexican sky, filled the *patio* brimful of shining silver. Montgomery, relieved of pain, slept the sleep of a strong man who has learned well the lesson of life. Felipe, soothed by the soft hand of his sister, rested. The house was empty of war, save for a few hurt whom Doctor Bergman had brought there to his care.

On a bench in the *patio*, beneath the shadow of the olive tree, sat Carlota. About her was drawn a dark shawl;

for the evening was cool. Silent, motionless, she sat there in strange agitation. Before all the terrible scenes of the day, eclipsing the memory of the time of trial through which she had passed, arose the face of one whom by all laws of justice known to her she must hate as an enemy of her country, as one who sought the lives of her well beloved. In her heart she was struggling to plant hate against him.

A soft step fell on the adobe floor of the *patio*. A figure came from the shadow of the room the soldiers had passed through to the fighting. It came to the center of the *patio*, by the tiny fountain, which had begun gently to plash and murmur since the sun was gone. The face of the one who had come was raised into the clear light of the moon. The face, and the sadness that was upon it, tore at the tendrils of the hate which she sought to plant in her heart. It was Daniel.

He murmured something in his own tongue which she could not understand. But the sound of his voice awoke a swift beating in her heart. He passed to the wall where the roses twined thickest. He plucked one, and pressed it to his lips. She would have fled, but that she could not. For what shall the woman of southern skies do when love has entered? From the first something had called to her, and she had loved this enemy who came sobbing and slaying into her presence. She had not known then that it was he who would have slain and taken from her her own.

He was coming toward her. She quivered. The beating of her heart was in her throat. He was beneath the shade of the olive. He stopped abruptly.

"Is it that I dream again, or is it you, Señorita of Dreams?" he whispered in her tongue.

"Is it I whom you call Señorita of Dreams?"

She arose and stood before him. For a moment he could not speak. With a trembling hand, hesitating, he held out to her the rose he had plucked, a white rose, fragrant, in full blow.

"An offering of peace!" he said, simply.

She took it with faltering fingers. Before he had not seen the exquisite beauty of her hand.

She left him and went to the vine where he had plucked the flower. Like the breath of a rose she went, so soft, so sweet, so fair. Like the breath of a rose she came to him again beneath the olive tree. In her hand she held another, white, full-blown, fragrant.

"You are our enemy," she said. Her voice was as soft as the flush in her soft cheek, which he could not see for the shadow of the olive tree. "But you have suffered. My brother has told me how you have suffered. I am sorry. To one another we have brought grief. Perhaps it is not needful that you and I should be enemies. Let this be to us a token of forgiveness."

THE FOUNTAIN IN AN OLD MEXICAN PATIO

She came close to him and placed the rose she had gathered in his coat. He could speak no word.

"You speak of dreams," she said, presently. "Can you of the cold North have dreams?"

"I have dreams that I dare not think of, they are so beautiful, and so hopeless, — Señorita of Dreams." The last in a whisper which she could not hear.

"I cannot hear all that you say, señor, señor — What shall I call you? Señor of Dreams?"

"*Si,* Señorita of Dreams!" It was in a whisper, but she heard.

"Why do you call me Señorita of Dreams?"

"Will you promise me something?"

"That I cannot tell."

"Will you promise me that when the war is over, when our countries are at peace again, I may come to you and tell you of my dreams?"

Close, close they stood beneath the spangled shadow of the olive tree. So close that his hand rested upon hers.

"I must go to my brother now!" she whispered, at last, taking her hand from beneath his, resting gently upon it.

She passed from the shadow of the tree. She crossed the moonlight. She vanished into the darkness of her brother's room.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE QUEST

ON the morrow Daniel did not see Carlota. The duenna would not permit it. "She is tired; she has been through much," said the duenna. To console himself by doing her some manner of service, he obtained leave and returned to headquarters, searching for her father, whom he had taken prisoner; for negotiations of surrender were going forward, and the fight was ended.

Three days he searched, learning beyond doubt at the last that Don Estévan had been sent back to Matamoras to await exchange. Returning with this news he found Felipe in a disturbed frame of mind because of his sister's condition. She was in the reaction from the strain of the battle. The duenna said that she must leave the scene. Felipe more than agreed with her; he insisted. At Saltillo were her mother's kin. Thither she must be taken.

Ulysses S. Grant, Brevet Second Lieutenant, Fourth United States Infantry

Finding them so, Daniel brought to bear such influence as he and Montgomery had, to make it possible for Felipe to accompany her. It was so arranged. Until the day they left, Daniel did not see her again. On that day he assisted in bestowing them in the chaise which he procured. Carlota looked demurely at him, as one who should say, "You would send me away, and so I must go."

He leaned in through the window of their carriage on some pretence, to whisper farewell to her. "*Adios*, Señor of Dreams!" she murmured. Her words were soft as leaves of the rose. Her hand rested on his for an instant, light as the rose's breath. He watched the carriage until it wheeled out of sight. For four days thereafter he had not courage to sit in the *patio*.

Cos surrendered. His men were permitted to march home on parole. The American troops moved into the city. Montgomery and Daniel were permitted to remain in Casa Estévan. Montgomery healed rapidly of his wound. His strength, depleted by hardships in the flight from prison, built rapidly under the solicitous providing of Daniel and the whimsical nursing of Doctor Bergman.

October came and went. The army was idle. An armistice existed between the two nations. There was talk of ultimate peace. It was shrewdly suggested, now that Santa Anna was back in Mexico from exile at Havana and had supplanted Paredes as president, that it would not be difficult for the United States to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion at a less expense than that required by complete conquest in arms. It was intimated that the United States government was more than apathetic in the matter of his returning from Havana; that they had done more than make it possible by a loose blockade.

Daniel was consumed with impatience to advance. It was not war that led him on now. It was love. Only the companionship of Montgomery made it possible for him to survive the inaction. The two were always together. Many were the tales of border warfare that the young man listened to; many times did he solicit repetition of the story of the other's long wanderings and stirring adventures in Texas. And sometimes, when the moon was low in the sky and the midnight breezes whispered in the leaves of the olive tree in the *patio*, would the other tell briefly that part which his love had played.

Grant's Birthplace at Point Pleasant, Ohio (*From an etching by W. E. Marshall*)

For many days Daniel was in doubt whether to tell Montgomery of the fateful error which had brought it about that Luella had died for himself, when she had sought to save her lover's life. At last, one day as they sat on the bench, a familiar retreat for them at all times, he told. Montgomery listened in a long silence.

"I do not know whether it is easier for me, knowing that, or not," he said, after a long pause.

"I hope it may be," said Daniel. "It is easier for me to have told you."

"Then it is easier for me, my lad," his cousin responded, placing his arm assuringly about the young man's shoulder.

They sat so for a long time, in silence. They were sitting so, watching the goldfish in the tiny fountain, watching the doves that came to drink at it, watching the shadow of the olive tree trembling on the floor of the *patio*, lost in their reveries, dreaming the one of the past and the other of the future love, when the gate at the end of the little passage opened and a small, thick man with a bold, strong face, bright eyes, and alert bearing entered and came briskly to them. He was dressed in civilian clothes, not too good, loose and comfortable.

At sight of him Daniel sprang to his feet and saluted.

"Keep your seat, Stevens," said the man, speaking quickly. "Let me be just a plain man once in a while. I get tired of being a general always. That 's why I came here this afternoon to see you."

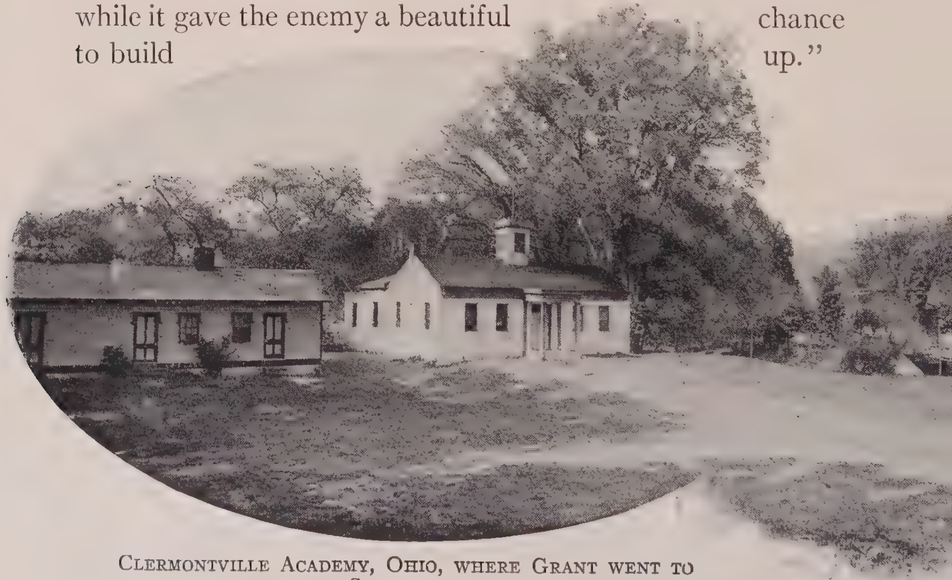
He accented the "you" with his eyes on Montgomery, and extended him his hand, giving the other to Daniel at the same time with a cordial glance, lest a slight should be inferred. In the midst of their greetings he sat down beside Montgomery, and motioned to Daniel to join them. The young man, with pronounced respect and deference, sat next him on the bench.

"It has often occurred to me that it must be lonesome to be ranking officer, General Taylor," observed Montgomery, when the first lull came, after their salutations.

"Lonesome!" ejaculated the commanding officer of the Army of Occupation. "Lonesome is n't the word, Stevens! In all my blessed army there is not one man to whom it is safe for me to open up my mind, unless you will do me the service!

"I 'm tired of all this fussing in Washington!" he began. "I am tired of Polk and his political jealousies. I 've half a mind to run for President myself when I get back. If I win another battle, damme if I don't believe I will. He has n't got a Democrat in the army above a sergeant, as far as I know, and he hates to see a Whig win reputation and credit at home by licking the enemy in the field. General Scott and I are both Whigs. Scott has had the bee in his bonnet for this long while. Things looked too good for Scott in the beginning of the war, and they would not let him take the field,— afraid of him. Now I have had a little success, through the fighting qualities of my men, the abilities of my officers, and the tricks of a picked-up scout" — he winked at Montgomery, to show whom he meant,— "and they are turning Scott loose again.

"I don't give a damn what Scott does. I would be as glad to see him enter the city of Mexico at the head of an army as any American ought to be. But I don't like the way they cripple me. In the first place, they tied me up with an eight weeks' armistice that could n't possibly do me any good, while it gave the enemy a beautiful chance to build up."

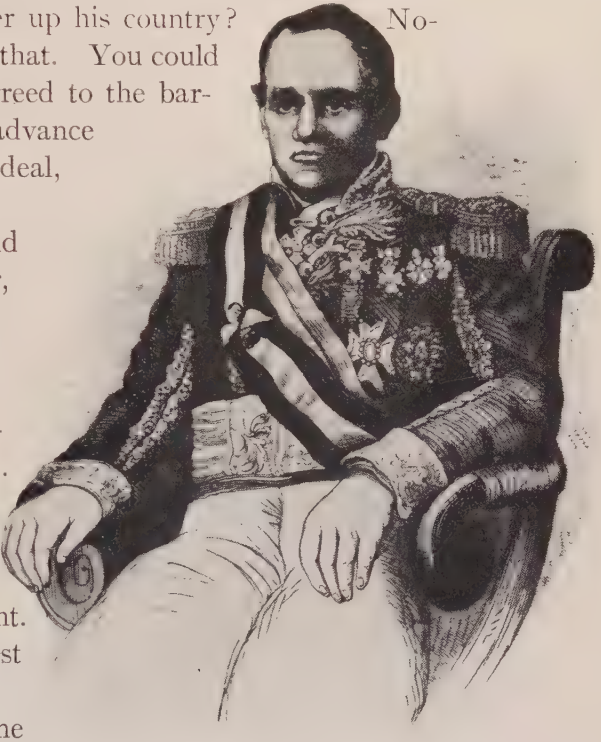


Clermontville Academy, Ohio, where Grant went to School

"Was the armistice really on account of the return of Santa Anna?" asked Daniel, interrupting with appropriate apology.

"Precisely!" answered Taylor. "You don't know, do you, that they sent to Havana and offered Santa Anna money to come home and deliver up his country? Nobody is supposed to know that. You could hardly believe that he agreed to the bargain and took all the advance they would make on the deal, could you?"

"Nobody in the world would take a bribe quicker, and nobody in the world would betray his country with freer conscience if it served his purpose," remarked Montgomery. "The one great defect in the plan, aside from its morals, is that Santa Anna would not stay bought. He could not be that honest even."


Santa Anna, Dictator and President of Mexico

"That 's what makes me so mad!" exclaimed the general. "If they wanted to soil themselves with a job like that, why in God's name did n't they take up with somebody who would prove a good investment? Everybody ought to know what Santa Anna is by this time. All they need to do is to read a bit of recent Mexican history."

"My cousin is the man who captured him at San Jacinto!" ejaculated Daniel, in a burst of hero worship.

"It 's a pity anybody ever took him prisoner!" rejoined General Taylor, significantly. "But aside from the armistice, which was simply a matter of poor judgment, there are ten thousand petty annoyances in the war office. Damme if I won't steal off and cuss 'em once in a while when I can find a couple of discreet and sympathetic gentlemen!"

He ended as he had begun in jocular strain. Montgomery, tactfully permitting the subject to remain closed, asked General Taylor what plan Scott was engaging upon.

"Same plan. First plan," General Taylor made answer. "Take Vera Cruz and go in that way to the capital. I don't know any reason why it won't work. I hope it will. Only thing I don't like about it is that Scott is likely to call on me for men."

"And what will you do, General Taylor?" inquired Daniel.

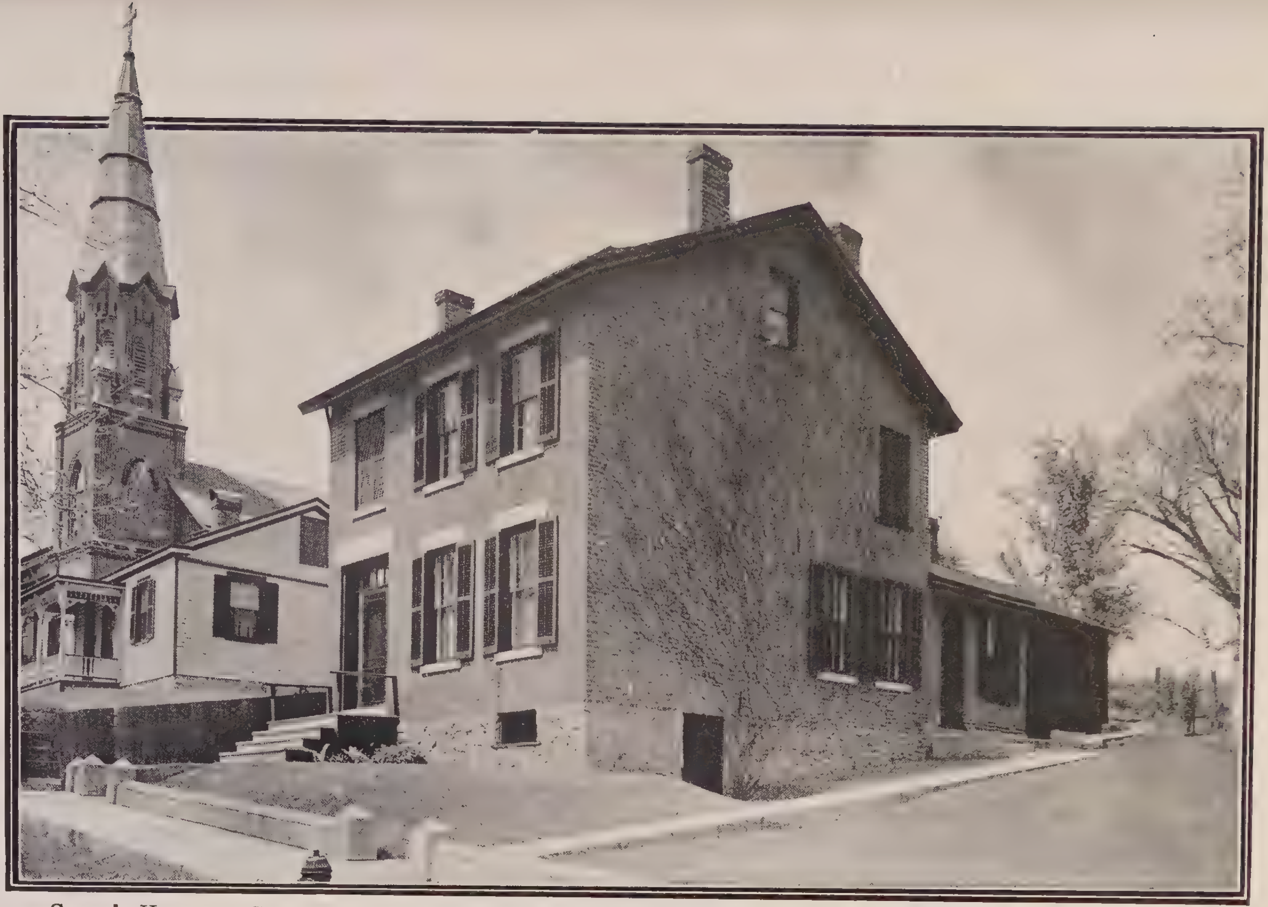
"Sit here, knitting!" he jerked. "Keep the plug in, my boy, that 's all. I 'll hold what I 've got, God and Polk permitting." He turned to Montgomery. "I 'd like to have you stay with me, on my staff, Stevens," he said, "but I suppose you will want to go with Scott, where there is better prospect of fighting."

Montgomery gazed into the fountain.

"I don't think I will go with anybody, thank you, general," he said. "I have seen enough of killing. I don't want any more of it. There is just one fight left in me, and that is not with an army."

General Taylor, with instant regard for the other's privacy, passed the matter off. "Heaven help the other end of the fight, my man!" he said, lightly. "Good day."

They arose to bid him farewell. He was entering the passage, when there was a knocking at the gate; it opened, and a square-cut young man, with a square body, square head, square chin, and square mouth, entered.



Grant's House at Galena, Illinois. Here He Lived from 1859–1861 while Clerking in His Father's Store

"Good day, Lieutenant Grant," said Taylor, returning the salute of the newcomer. "Here 's a man you ought to like, Stevens," he added, turning back to the two who had attended him to the passageway. "Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant. Oh, you know him, do you? Did you know about the big thing he did when we took this place? You 'd never hear it from him. We had a detachment in a bad way near the plaza on the second day. They were short of ammunition. This young man got on a horse and rode through the streets of the town exposed to the entire fire of the enemy, to bring up more ammunition." He laid his hand on the lieutenant's shoulder, nodding his head in commendation.

"Has it escaped your attention, general, that the direction which I took was opposite to that in which the enemy lay?" laughed Grant, to hide his embarrassment.

Taylor laughed with him and was gone. Daniel exchanged greetings with the visitor, whom he had known for some months casually, and presented him to Montgomery. This was his first visit to Casa Estévan. He sat and chatted with them for a space, under the olive tree. Presently he arose and walked about the *patio*, examining it closely, with quick, comprehensive glance.

"Which wall did you come through?" he asked, at length.

"See that window there?"

Daniel indicated with a nod the one which opened upon the *patio* from the room which had been Felipe's. The square-cut young man demonstrated that he saw it by going to it and peering in.

"See the patch in the wall opposite?"

"Yes."

"Well, that 's the place; or was."

"Wish we 'd thought of that on the other side of town," remarked the young man, coming to the bench. "Have a cigar? Whose idea was that?"

"His!" cried Daniel, glowing, pointing to Montgomery with the cigar which he accepted from Lieutenant Grant. "That 's the way they did when old Ben Milam led them into San Antonio."

"Oh, were you with Milam?" asked Grant, his eyes opening with the expression of one who looks upon a hallowed thing.

Montgomery nodded his head.

"Did they use to call you the Brown Sphynx?"

"Yes; Sphynxy Brown it was, though." He was surprised to hear the old name. Since he had joined Taylor's army and met his cousin, he was known only by his own name, Montgomery Stevens.

Grant's Birthplace, Point Pleasant, Ohio, is Marked by the Mounted Cannon

Bridge over Big Indian Creek, on the Banks of which Grant was Born

"That 's it!" exclaimed Lieutenant Grant. "That 's a funny thing. Somebody told me about the man called Sphynxy Brown who was at San Antonio and described him to me. He told me how this man laughed when he fought. When I heard about you here at Monterey, and the way you went after them, it recalled the other man to my mind; and when I saw you I thought I had seen you before. That 's what it was."

"It 's all a mistake about my laughing when I fight," remarked Montgomery.

"Why, don't you know that you laugh?" asked Grant, curious.

"Why, of course not! I don't laugh."

"Ah, you do though, Monty! I 've heard you, myself," interposed Daniel, removing his cigar from his mouth for the purpose. "You 're the only one who laughs, though, you bet!" he added, with enthusiasm.

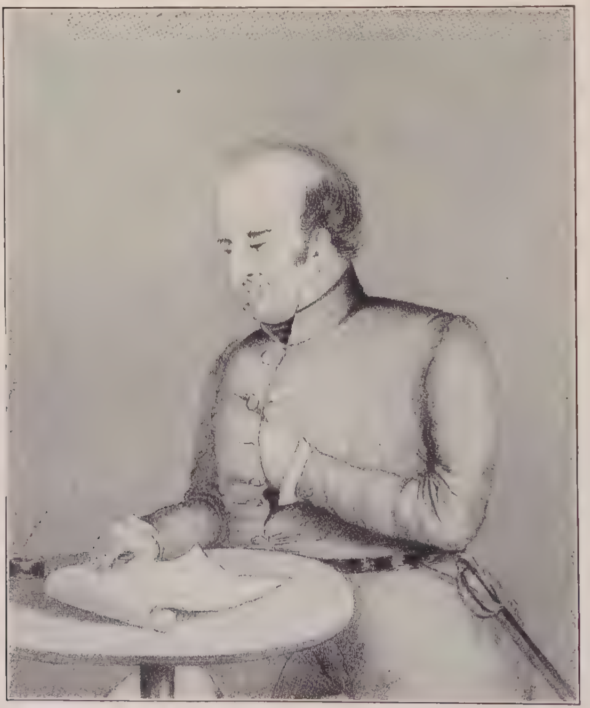
They all laughed a little at this, and fell to talking of deeds of might and valor the world over. Through the afternoon others came and went, as was the custom. Since the time when these two had entered the Casa Estévan to stop there, many sober young men of war had fallen into the use of coming to sit in the *patio* and talk of mighty things. They came in hero worship to the feet of Montgomery, whose fame and history had gone abroad among them; they liked the frank, engaging young man, his cousin — and the *patio* was a pleasant place at the worst.

There was Colonel Jefferson Davis of the Mississippi Rifles, who had seen service in the Black Hawk War, a graduate of West Point, a fine young Southern gentleman, and friend of the Stevens cousins by inheritance. His men had been with those who came through the walls of Monterey from the west. His men were yet to save the army of Taylor from obliteration, twice. There was Lieutenant G. G. Meade of the Engineers, who was to win fame in years to come on a tremendous battlefield of the Civil War — Gettysburg. There was Major G. H. Thomas, destined to live in history, Captain Bragg of the 3d Artillery, and a number of others whom death and circumstance withheld from posterity, but who then were equal in brain and bravery to those whom fate chose for its heroes.

As a group of them talked on this afternoon, there came among them an orderly who announced with a high chin that General William J. Worth would be pleased to be received by Colonel Montgomery Stevens. Colonel Montgomery Stevens bade it be so, with a quiet smile, and there presently came upon them a general officer, elaborate in all the trinkets of his military rank; unimpeachable uniform, untarnished gilt, unlimited braid, unbending spine, and — unimpressive. Hero of war that he was, in time of peace he was as complete a carpet knight as might be found, jealous of distinctions of rank, punctilious to triviality.

Those of the group, including Montgomery, arose with varying degrees of alacrity to salute him. He returned the salute with heavy dignity. He looked from one to the other until his eye fell upon Montgomery.

"Being this way, I took the liberty to call upon you on matters of the service, Colonel Stevens," said General Worth, pompously. "I am



Brigadier-General Zachary Taylor *(From an original drawing by T. Doney)* not aware that the rank by which I address you is already yours. You will pardon my use of the title. But in the position to which I am willing to promote you it will be your unofficial rank. If you do not object to the presence of these officers, I shall state my errand at once, and not encroach too far upon your time."

Montgomery begged him to do so, a feeling of elation in his heart at the implied trust.

"I have to say that my division will move upon Saltillo to-morrow, November 12, the armistice having expired between our government and that of Mexico, and hostilities being about to be resumed. Being fully advised of your ability and value as a scout, and being in need of such an one at present upon my staff, I do myself the honor of offering such a position to you, sir. I have come in person that the honor might be more fitting to one of your bravery and resource, as demonstrated during my recent occupation of this stronghold of the enemy."

Montgomery gracefully acknowledged his sensibility of the honor and distinction.

"But I am not ready to attach myself to any branch of the service beyond recall, having matters of my own which demand attention," he said. "However, it is possible that I may take advantage of your generous spirit to the extent of accompanying your column, if you are willing, in which case I should be glad to render you such service as I might be able to."

"I shall be glad to have you come with me on such a basis, if you do not care to be officially of my staff," replied Worth. "In either case, should you wish to go with my column, you may report at my headquarters to-night at ten. Good afternoon."

That night, long after the group of officers was gone, long after the sun had sunk behind the Sierra Madres, and the moon was mounting the sky, Montgomery came to Daniel and bade him good bye.

"You are going, then?"

"I have a quest, Daniel."

Daniel went with him to the gate and watched him depart. With a heavy heart he turned back to the *patio*, wondering where the quest might end.

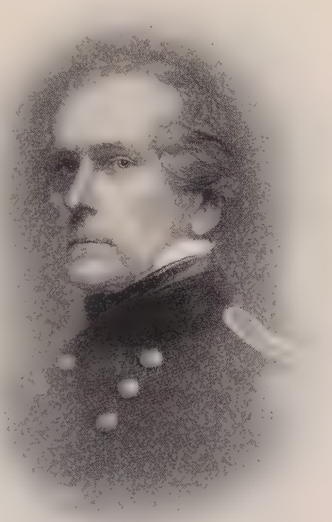
Log Cabin Built by Grant in 1854, in Saint Louis County, Missouri, when a Frontiersman and Farmer

CHAPTER XXIV

THE JACKAL

THE Kentucky regiment in which, for conspicuous service, Daniel now held rank as captain, was not of General Worth's division which marched on the following day and occupied Saltillo on November 16. Until the column moved, Daniel clung to a hope that it might be. His impatience to be gone in the direction which his Señorita of Dreams had taken was heightened when he saw the column slip between the hills in the high pass that led there. At Monterey, idling, unable to make one move toward her, wore upon his spirits.

Aside from his impatience the winter in Monterey was pleasant enough. Many of the citizens of the better class remained in the city after its occupation by the Americans. These opened their houses in hospitality to the officers of the invading army. Those of simpler life came into companionship with the soldiers. For the officers were balls and masquerades, dinners and receptions. For the men were fandangoes and barbecues, fiestas and bull-fights. The Mexicans appreciated the lively market provided for them by the army, and all went merrily enough.


MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL

General Taylor, in the middle of December, set out for

Victoria, intending to march thence to capture Tampico, on the coast. He had not gone far before he heard that Santa Anna, instead of making peace, was gathering an army to attack Worth at Saltillo. Returning at once to Monterey, he learned that Wool, with 3000 men, had arrived at Agua Nueva, near Saltillo, having marched from San Antonio, Texas, through Coahuila. He retraced his steps to Victoria, occupying that place on December 29.

Street Scene in Vera Cruz, Mexico

The complaint that General Taylor had confided to Montgomery and Daniel acquired a wider foundation. Scott, restored to command of the war by the administration, resumed control, arriving at Matamoras in December. He immediately prepared to carry out his original plan of attacking through Vera Cruz, instead of continuing the invasion through the interior, where Taylor had already penetrated.

Scott informed Washington that he needed some of Taylor's troops in his project, minimizing the importance of

Taylor's operations to vindicate his demand. Taylor was ordered to turn over to him such as might be desired. The news of it came to Taylor as he was on the eve of an extensive winter campaign; for Tampico was already taken by Commodore Connor and he was free to work his will in the province of Tamaulipas, the capital of which, Victoria, he now occupied.

But the depletion of his forces by Scott's levy obliged him to abandon his plans. He turned over to his senior officer all but 500 of the regulars who had been with him since the beginning of the war. His force remaining numbered barely 6000 men, of whom about 3000 were of Wool's command, and had never been in action. At the same time rumors of Santa Anna's approach with a heavy force continued to come in, and became a certainty. Elected provisional president in December, the arch gambler had raised an army of 20,000 at San Luis Potosi, and was ready to march against Taylor. He had learned of the weakness in the invaders' army, caused by the heavy drafts made for the Vera Cruz expedition. Santa Anna was bold. He determined to annihilate Taylor and return to the City of Mexico in time to be ready to meet Scott, or

San Luis Potosi, Mexico

penetrate Texas in case Scott's expedition should be abandoned after Taylor's destruction.

It was the last day of January, 1847, when Taylor set forth for Saltillo with all his troops, save a small garrison left to protect Monterey.

February 2 they were at Saltillo. Thence Taylor pushed on to Agua Nueva, twenty miles south, in the pass from San Luis Potosi. There, on a dark, cold night, the night of February 21, there came riding into his camp from out the mountains a tall, lithe man of middle age, with silver-brown hair and brown eyes absorbed in retrospection. He passed among the tents through the shivering soldiers to the camp of General Taylor. He dismounted, threw the reins over his horse's head so that they trailed on the ground, and entered headquarters. Taylor, seated at a table writing dispatches, greeted him with surprise and satisfaction. It was Montgomery Stevens.

That night there was a long council of war in the tent. The soldiers, shivering about their meager fires — for the altitude of the mountain pass brought cold to the southland — whispered among themselves that Santa Anna would be upon them in the morning, and made themselves morally ready to welcome him.

On the morning, Taylor fell back to a narrow defile three miles south of Saltillo, where he rested his army across a pass near the *ranchero* of Buena Vista.

The night of February 21 came on bitter cold. A searching wind crinkled down from the frozen mountain-peaks that towered above them. There was no fuel for camp-fires save pithy, bodiless stalks, dry, rotted stems of yucca, and dwarf palm. Daniel lay on the cold ground before a fire that rustled into ashes before he fell asleep. He was partly sheltered from the wind by a large rock, but with every gust that tore at the heart of his feeble blaze he

Major-General Winfield Scott *(From a daguerreotype by Brady)*

shivered, with chattering teeth. As he fell into slumber at last, he could hear the distant rumbling of many feet upon the earth. The Mexican army was on its way.

He awoke in the morning stiff and numb with cold. At his side a lieutenant was seated on the ground gazing fixedly to the southward. Following his eyes, he saw a sight which stirred all his blood through his veins and sent him to his feet, quivering with excitement. Coming down the road that led from Agua Nueva and San Luis Potosi, a vast, living, sinuous stream, was the Mexican army.

With even step that shook the ground like a great pulse, silent, grim, glorious, they came. Dark blue in the rose-tinted haze that hung in the defile, there flashed through their ranks flames of bright color where officers moved with them, where troops of proud lancers swung down out of the sky. The sun, climbing the crest of the lofty ranges that rimmed the cañon, gleamed from thousands of bayonets as from some dark, mysterious, many-faceted jewel.

Now a column of horse, swinging about the toe of a ridge, burst into view in gorgeous coloring, with pennants flapping, feathers floating, the delicate tracery of gold across proud breasts visible through the crystal air; gay, debonair, flippant in the face of death.

All along the King's Highway where it lifted itself up into the crowded hills, wound the line. It appeared where the road first broke the sky-line across a ridge many miles away. A long file, bending over the edge of the world, dragged its weary length across and sank down the face of the hill, leaving the road naked against the blue, — leaving those who watched from the American lines to hope that they had seen the end of the army. In a moment, another file rose up out of the beyond, mounted the crest, dipped down, and glided toward them, to be followed by another and another. When the sun rose high in the sky, they still came; and far beyond the crest of the ridge a column of dust floated into the air to tell of others on the way.

Daniel, moving among his men in the 2d Kentucky, saw a white puff of smoke burst from the midst of the Mexican ranks, heard the crash of a cannon, saw the men of the 2d Illinois open and close again, with a derisive shout as a solid shot bounded through. The battle had commenced.

Behind, where the reserves lay along the crest of a ridge, a great noise of shouting went up from the troops. It came toward his regiment. It centered at the left end of the line about a company of horsemen. The mounted group approached. At the head was General Taylor, talking to the soldiers briefly as he went. With them was Montgomery. His face was not alight with the fire of fighting as it used to be, but it held no apprehension.

On the Road to Vera Cruz

The noise of the shouting swirled down the line, and back again to the left, as the commander passed among his troops.

Santa Anna sent a flag of truce and with it a message. He demanded the surrender of the American army, at discretion. General Taylor replied briefly. He "declined acceding" to the request.

On the part of the Mexicans it was to be a war of extermination. Already General Minon, with 2000 horse, was in the rear to cut off fugitives. With him were 1000 men from the *rancheros*, armed with *machetes*.

Four thousand against 20,000, a thousand miles from friends, fighting against one who took no prisoners, with no help, no hope but in themselves, they stood in their lines this day raising shouts to the man who was answerable for what might befall them. The notes of "Hail, Columbia!" played by regimental bands arose and mingled with the cheering of the desperate men. The battle cry, "The Memory of Washington," rang against the granite tops of the impending mountains. Fitting day to die for their country, the day when he was born!

The enemy making a demonstration on his right, across the stream from the road where Washington's battery was stationed, General Taylor ordered Captain Bragg to take position behind the ravine on the other side, supported by the 2d Kentucky, Daniel's regiment.

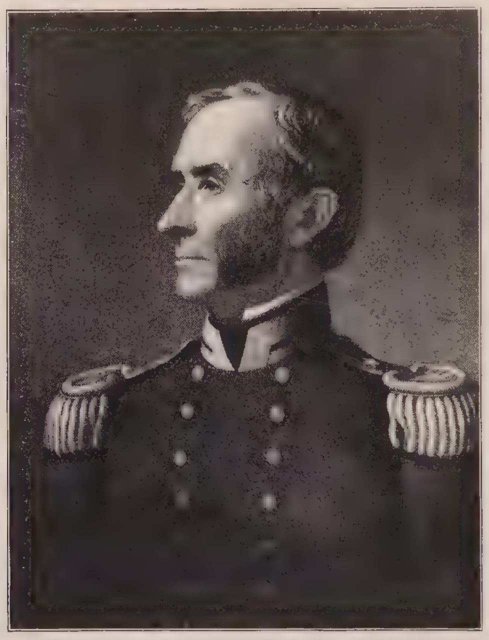
A clatter of arms to the left, against the mountain; a fringe of fire and smoke along the apices of two parallel ridges; the sharp billow of the hill breaking into a whitecap away to the top of the mountain where the Mexicans and Americans sought to outflank each other throughout the afternoon. In the end, dusk and silence. To-morrow would be the day!

Daniel lay in the shelter of the rock where he had slept the night before. To-night he could not lead his thoughts from her. Forebodings of disaster oppressed him. He was lying thus, chilled, lonesome, homesick, miserable, when some one laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. He looked up. It was Montgomery. His face was contorted by a grief that twisted his soul. He sank down.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "I wanted to be with some one of my own blood; some one who knows. My God!"

The whole of his anguish was in the cry, half a sob, half a prayer. "I have trace of him again!" Daniel knew whom he meant. "He is still jackal to Santa Anna." He paused, suddenly arresting himself in mid-voice.

The other's hesitation did not escape Daniel's quick observation. It started a wild fear in his mind. He had heard enough of the circumstances of Don Estévan's imprisonment from Montgomery to stir his suspicion. The story came to him now with new and stronger significance. That and his companion's reticence built upon the foreboding that possessed him. He reached his hand out through the darkness and grasped Montgomery by the knee. Even the strong man winced in the grip.



Commodore David Connor

"You have not told me all that you know," he said. His voice was a hoarse whisper. "Where is Corliss? What is he doing? Have you seen her? Is she near? Is her brother with her?"

"Perhaps it is better that I should tell you," said Montgomery, placing his hand gently on the hand which gripped his knee. "Perhaps there is something you can do. You have guessed too closely for the good of your soul. Corliss is bent upon abominable evil. He is searching out your señorita, your Señorita of Dreams — he has not found her yet — for his infamous master. Her father told me of the man's designs when we were together in the prison of Haltelolco; now this unutterable villain is helping him in them."

The power of thought was driven from the mind of Daniel.

"Her — her brother; where is he?" he stammered.

"Her brother is in the army Santa Anna commands," replied Montgomery, significantly.

In the Harbor of Vera Cruz

Daniel leapt to his feet and stalked into the night, his face raised against the cold rain to cool the fever of his brain. The other, having learned well the lesson of life, knew that no hand could be raised for the boy in the fight that was upon him, and lay down to sleep beneath the rock.

As he passed into slumber, he heard the feet of Daniel crunching heavily upon the splintered stone that lay about, as he paced up and down through the cold, dark rain.

CHAPTER XXV

A LITTLE MORE GRAPE

THE position occupied by the American army was peculiarly adapted to defense. It was one remarked and remembered by General Wool when he first passed over the road that leads from Saltillo to San Luis Potosi. Here the two masses of the Sierra Madre Mountains, impenetrable save through their passes, pinched close together. Between their sheer and shaggy sides there was not more than three miles of open space.

The Center of the Buena Vista Battlefield, Showing the Roughness of the Ground

The cañon lay generally north and south, the stream running in a northerly direction. The western side, the American right, was made entirely impassable from the river to the mountain-wall by deep and tangled gullies. Toward the east long spurs ran from the mountain toward the road, which followed the course of the stream. The tops of the spurs bore plateaus offering footing for an army and making possible the manœuvering of artillery. Between the spurs were deep, rough ravines which would break an enemy's attacking formation. It was a perfect position for a small force on the defensive against a superior force.

Colonel Jefferson Davis, at the Age of Thirty-Two

Captain Washington's battery occupied the road at La Angostura, by the side of the impassable gullies. He was supported by Colonel Hardin's 1st Regiment Illinois Volunteers, on a ridge behind. Mounted volunteers, from Arkansas and Kentucky, were at the extreme left, where the plateau of the foothills merged into the steep ridges that ran to the tops of the mountains. Between them and the Kentucky troops were the 2d and 3d Indiana Volunteers. Colonel Jefferson Davis with his Mississippi Rifles, several squadrons of the 1st and 2d Dragoons, and the light batteries of Sherman and Bragg were on the ridges behind as a reserve. The 2d Kentucky, Daniel's regiment, was still to the west of the stream, across from the main army, whither they had been sent the day before.

Daniel was still pacing the ground, in a fever of excitement, when the sun rimmed with pink the mountains across the valley. As the light gathered in the defile, he saw the two armies ready for the encounter. The men arose from their blankets, shivering, beating their arms to start their blood.

Nine o'clock! The sun high and bright! The eternal mountains lifting their backs to the sky! Brief man fighting and slaying about their feet! The ground shook; the air was thrown into rumbling, rushing pulses! From ridges, from plateaus, the guns of the enemy bellowed and smoked. The ridges, the plateaus, the ravines swarmed with dark masses of men, foot and horse. The Mexican army advanced in three columns. The fight was on!

"Withdraw, and take position on plateau, to the left of Washington's battery!"

The order came to the 2d Kentucky, disposed at the east of the stream. They hastened across.

On came the Mexicans! Ten to one, a column emerged from the shelter of a ravine and fell upon the troops of Indiana and Illinois. One to ten, the men of Indiana and Illinois held them in check. One to ten, victory was to these raw troops, standing there a promontory of vivid life against the inrushing sea of death.

"Retreat!"

In the moment of glory, the moment of victory, the order came to the men of Indiana. It was given by Colonel Bowles of the Indiana troops. It was a misunderstanding, a mistake. It was a tragedy! The men of Indiana did

The Battlefield of Buena Vista, Mexico

not retreat. They ran! It was a rout. In vain did their officers seek to re-form them, to reassure them. They did not know war. While they fought, they fought. When they could no longer fight, they must run, each for himself.

Now the vast sea of men, flooding over the point where the headland had opposed them, pressed on. A second division, joining them, forced all before. They drove the men of Illinois, they drove the artillery that tore raw and ruddy holes through their ranks. They stopped not. A third division, working across nearer the base of the mountain, burst swiftly toward the rear, like water that passes a hole in a dike.

Panting, trembling with excitement, his voice choked by emotion, Daniel struggled up the steep slope to the top of the plateau, at the head of his company. He had left his horse. One cannot fight with a horse. He heard the firing and shouting along the left, passing farther and farther to the rear. He knew the meaning of it. Tears came into his eyes, — tears of anger, of intense emotion.

With a terrible curse on his young lips, he swung his men into action, where another column of Mexicans, moving against the center, the road to Angostura, the key held by Washington's battery, was even now wilting before the terrible blasts from the guns. Let them do their best on the left! Kentucky would do her best here!

He seized a gun from a soldier who fell, a great hole torn in his side by a cannon-ball. He brushed a film of the dead man's blood out of the lock and the sights, loaded, knelt, aimed, fired, cursed, loaded, fired again, wiping the tears from his eyes each time as he aimed.

A hushed cheer came from the left, the hard-pressed, the torn and twisted left — the cheer of dawning hope! Taylor had come from Saltillo, where he had been to strengthen the defenses. Colonel Jefferson Davis was with him, and his 800 Mississippi Rifles, his 800 angels of death! With a rush, Davis led them through the drifting soldiers, giving way disheartened before the force of numbers. With a rush, he was out upon the plateau, in front of the Mexicans.

Like the lash of a whip the line snapped into battle array. Like the crack of a thousand whips was the crack of their rifles. Like the blow of a whip, the whistling of lead fell upon the writhing, quivering line, which cringed and crept as flesh that is stung with a lash. Again, and again, the men of Mississippi crumpled the ranks of the enemy. The Mexicans hesitated. They recoiled upon themselves. The dark-faced men looked about behind them, to see what might be done, to see how many came to help them. Their eyes showed white to the Mississippians across the ravine. They wavered. They broke.

It was not enough!

"Forward!"

It was Jefferson Davis who shouted the order, his sword waving, his face gleaming like the face of the sun. He was the first to leap into the ravine. A ball struck him in the foot. He skipped across the rough ground, touching it lightly as he went. When he put it to the ground, there came from his shoes frothy red foam, sopping through the eyelets with a soggy sound. He dashed on, at the head of the Rifles! Once had he saved the field!

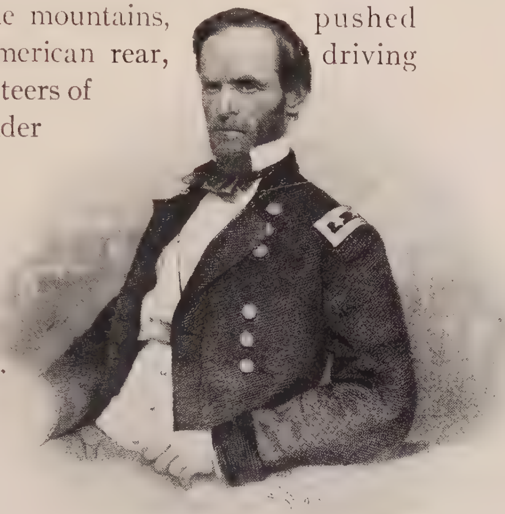
The din became appalling. From the top of the mountain to the brink of the river rose the rattle and crash of small arms, the heavy booming of artillery prolonged into one continuous growl,

General Taylor's Hospital Tree at Buena Vista the cries of the contending forces, the rumble of hoofs as vast hordes of cavalry swept over the earth,—all the horror and magnificence of war!

Captain O'Brien lost a gun. His men were killed beside it. There was no one to take it with them.

A swarm of cavalry, pressing between the column that had turned the left and the mountains, pushed on to Buena Vista in the American rear, driving before it the mounted volunteers of Kentucky and Arkansas, under Yell and Marshall.

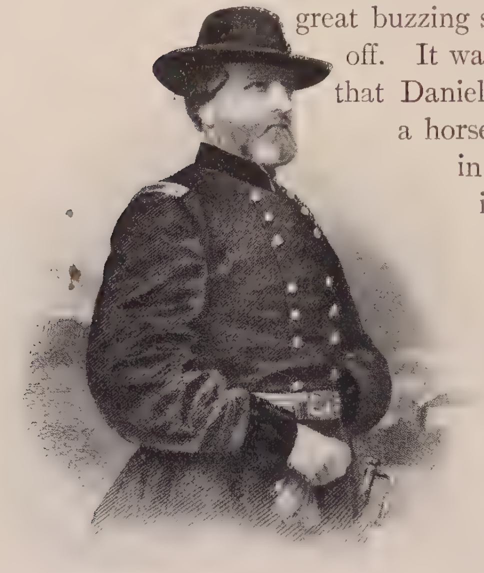
Beaten, driven, turned in flank, an overwhelming force in the rear, with no hope in defeat, with no help but themselves, the men of America fought on, each an army within himself, intelligent, conscientious, determined, courageous. One to five they held. The light artillery, waspish, dashed madly over the uneven ground, moved by a judgment unerring, instantaneous. They were here, they were there, firing with a rapidity that made one dizzy, sending with each fire a load of death into the enemy, massed and moving against them. O'Brien, Bragg, Prentiss, Sherman, Washington, Thomas, French, sent whole columns tumbling into disorder, drove them creeping away, with a trail of dead and dying behind them. It was superb, the fighting of the artillery! It was as though they had a thousand guns. They were ubiquitous.



William Tecumseh Sherman (*From a photograph by Brady*)

The column moving against Washington, in battery at the road, melted as it came within the blast of his guns. The head of it went like a board fed to a buzz-saw. They did not stop, those Mexicans. While they continued to fight, none could fight better. They would not be stayed save only by death.

But death stayed them! Crowding up always, they fell at an invisible line of death; fed into the leaden teeth of that great buzzing saw, the end of them was lopped off. It was superb. It was so tremendous that Daniel, mounting the heaving sides of a horse dying of a shot, waved his hat in one hand and his borrowed gun in the other, cursing horribly through his tears.



George H. Thomas *(From a photograph by Brady)*

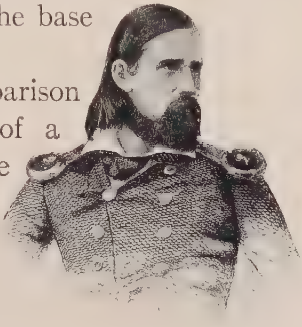
Away in the rear he heard the sound of fighting and cursed again, as of those drunk with excitement. It was May, at the head of the Dragoons and the Mounted Volunteers of Arkansas and Kentucky, engaging and driving the force of cavalry that was working toward the rear. A mad, fierce, wild, desperate struggle, and the Mexicans were pressed back against the mountains; but not until Yell and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay and Lieutenant Vaughn and many others were dead.

Out of the heavens there came a storm. Thunder peals vied with the battle's roar. Lightning made lurid illumination. Rain drenched those who fought and died.

Two o'clock. Nothing to eat since morning. Nothing to drink save what chance left in the canteens of the slain, or rain that gathered in puddles. No respite in the struggle.

The gray smoke of battle, laden with the fumes of burnt powder, drifted down the field, strangling, acrid. For two miles the terrible strife was in progress. Clinging to the edges of the hills like a drowning man, the American army had made good its hold at last against the human flood. They had stemmed the tide of the enemy. And now, Captain May was rolling them up along the base of the mountain.

A large body of horse, brilliant in caparison and arms, swept down from the heights of a plateau upon the Mississippi Rifles and the 1st Indiana to stay the repulse. Now might they redeem their State from stain, those men of Indiana! Nearer and nearer the Mexicans came, magnificent, moving like a vast machine, banners, pennons, and flags flying in the breeze. Colonel Davis, pale from pain in his foot, held his men in check, reserving their fire. The men of Indiana, too, were silent.


Colonel C. A. May

On came the chivalry of Mexico, young gentlemen of rank and fortune, handsome, brave, debonair, flashing in the sun; — the Huzzars, the President's own bodyguard! They would sweep away this little barrier of northern barbarians! They would seize the road in the rear of Washington's battery! They would end the fight, leaving the enemy to be put to the sword by the common soldiery!

A fringe of fire ran along the thin barrier. From out the splendid ranks dashed riderless horses. A windrow of dead stretched across the field. Another fringe of fire, another scattering of free steeds, another and another! The Huzzars, dismayed, appalled, turned and rejoined the army. Twice had Jefferson Davis saved the field!

Back along the foot of the mountain May rolled the enemy. Darting from point to point. the light artillery kept pace with them, pausing to unlimber for a few shots in flank, and dashing forward to rake them once more.

They tried to fight back, but the spirit of fight had gone from their souls. They huddled close to the base of the mountains. Bayonet and lance mingled in a web, a network which flashed back the rays of the sun.

Mexican artillery tumbled shot upon the Americans. They heeded not, pressing the enemy more and more closely against the relentless hills. They would not desist. They had the army by the throat. They needed but to tighten the grip and strangle the life from it. And that would they do.

"Cease firing!"

The order passed down the line.

Santa Anna had sent a flag of truce.

"What do you want?" he asked General Taylor.

General Wool went to answer. The Mexicans fired upon him. Their guns had never ceased. Santa Anna, with characteristic perfidy, had taken refuge behind the flag of truce to extricate his men from their fatal position. The Americans, seeing the trick, pressed again to strangle them, infuriated, bent on destruction. It was too late; the trick had worked.

More tricks than that had worked. Infamous, cowardly Santa Anna, in the interval of truce, brought his last resources together in a mighty column, 12,000 strong, to move against the center. Before the Americans were certain of his treachery, he launched his horde upon them.

Twelve thousand, marching against a regiment from Kentucky, placed with two others on an exposed ridge of the plateau!

They could not stand against it. By the very laws of physics, of weights and measures, of equilibrium, they could not stand against so many. Sheer weight, avoirdupois, must drive them.

The Battle of Buena Vista (*From the painting by Carl Nebel*)

The Americans were pressed into a gully. The sides were steep, covered with shard and broken rock. It was loose. It gave to the step. There was no foothold. The men, standing to load and fire, slid against each other. They were jostled. They were knocked down the steep hill. All about them, against the sky, were black clouds of Mexicans, pouring bullets upon their heads.

What face was that against the blue of heaven? The face of horror, the face of the wounded man of Monterey, the face of her brother! Exclaiming to his men, urging them on, he pointed with his sword to the officers of the entrapped troops, promising much blood.

Slowly, like a glacier, the compact mass of stumbling, struggling soldiers moved toward the base of the gully, leaving a moraine of dead and dying along the banks. Better those who were dead; for the dying felt the bayonet, the heel, the musket butt!

Daniel watched the face. He sought to catch the rolling eye of the blood-maddened young man.

He heard a groan beside him. It was Colonel McKee, struck down by a bullet. He grasped the wounded man as he sank to the stony ground.

"Come; a little effort. We shall soon be out of this," Daniel urged hope upon him.

Colonel McKee only smiled, and shook his head.

"Leave me!" he whispered.

Daniel, taking him in his arms, sought to carry him. He slipped on the loose stones, and fell.

"Leave me!"

Colonel McKee commanded it.

Daniel would not obey. He struggled to his feet again.

The men were close to the mouth of the cañon. A cry of dismay went up from them. Daniel looked. The Mexican horse cut them off from egress. They were hemmed in, trapped. Now it would be a butchery. But the butchers must pay!

He knelt beside the wounded man, to place his arms about him once more. A sword flashed before his eyes into the throat where the last breath was rattling. He looked up. So quickly did he move who had made the thrust that even as he looked the blade was descending upon his own head. And even as he looked he saw that the face of him who struck was the face of her brother. In the last instant before the blow fell, he saw that the other knew him for the first time in that same instant, and that he would have stayed the blow. Then a crashing, crackling noise in his ears and the back of his neck, a blinding light; then stillness and perfect blackness.

The battle swept past, rising to a shrieking, screaming climax of din on the plateau, where the 12,000 were moving in long ranks against the 2000. Washington's battery cleared the jaws of the trap of Mexican cavalry. The threatened regiments escaped, leaving their dead. General Taylor, his coat gashed in two places by bullets, the spattered blood of dead men on his sleeves and trousers, was at the apex. O'Brien, with two guns, held the enemy at a pause for the moment. Bragg, with his three guns, was dashing up, his caissons and limbers bounding free of the ground as the horses jerked them wildly over the rough surface. Hurry, Captain Bragg!

Montgomery Stevens, dashing up to Taylor, shouted in his ear:

"Minon and his cavalry have fled to the hills. Donaldson and Shover with two guns have driven them from the pass!"

Since the day before Minon had been dawdling in the rear with 2000 cavalry, waiting to be told to enter.

On came the Mexican 12,000, a swinging mass of men, in perfect step, in long straight lines. Montgomery, driving his horse with knee and spur, was at the front, watching them come. He searched their lines, oblivious to the shot that went past him in a hissing, whining torrent. A rattling, rumbling racket behind the lines! A shout of warning! A lane between the soldiers! Captain Bragg and his three guns had come; the horses foaming, panting, staggering, the men clinging to their seats on the limbers, the drivers shouting, with Captain Bragg far ahead, directing where they should go!

O'Brien fired his last gun, in the very teeth of the enemy. He worked them until the Mexicans were within bayonet reach. Then, and only then, his bleeding, battered cannoneers limped away. They had held 12,000 men through precious moments by the weight of their cannon's iron. Bragg had had time to reach the field! Their work was done!

On, on before the staring eyes of the enemy leapt the three guns, a thin blue thread of soldiers following to support. Bragg raised his hand. The horses, burying their heels, slid on their haunches, stopped, wheeled, swung the jumping guns into battery. The men leapt from their seats. They loaded! They fired! A dripping, gory, groaning lane opened in the ranks of the 12,000. But still they came. The bravery of the Latins is a great bravery.

Again and again those bellowing guns leapt wrathfully as they sent blasts of grape into the close ranks of the enemy. Again and again gaping wounds opened up, to be closed by those who came behind, climbing over their own dead. Would nothing stop them? Would they sweep the field, even to Buena Vista, to Saltillo?

Taylor rode up, cool, watchful, thoughtful. Montgomery came in a cloud of dust, sending a shower of sharp pebbles before him as he reined his horse at the side of the commander. The line was holding! If it held here, the day was saved. If Captain Bragg were to turn this stream of men, they would not have died in vain whose blood and bones marked the trail to this field. If Bragg stood, the lives of 4000 would not be cut off in an awful slaughter; the fields of Texas would not groan beneath the tread of Mexican foot; Santa Anna, the "Little Napoleon of the West," would not make good his boast to plant the flag of Mexico on the Sabine River.

General Taylor at Buena Vista (*From the painting by H. B. Chapin*)

Bragg, leaving his guns for an instant, approached General Taylor.

"Can you give me some support for my guns, general?" It was for them all he asked it.

"Give them grape, Captain Bragg; I have not a man to spare from anywhere."

Like dogs at the chain the guns leapt, roaring, and biting deep into the front of the foe. Like a river, like death, like time, the enemy came! They howled in rage at the killing guns. They shook their clenched fists. They showed their teeth. They cursed. They hurried on.

Taylor was behind the guns. He was at the side of Captain Bragg. He saw that the enemy were wavering. He saw that the moment had come for the Latin courage to break. He leaned over to Captain Bragg, where he strode among his guns.

"Give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg," he said.

With the lives of 4000 men to answer for to his country and his God, with the fate of the war in the balance, with nothing between him and destruction but those three leaping, howling guns, he leaned over and spoke the words softly into the ear of the captain, as one who saw events about to happen, and would not disturb them from their course.

"A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

He spoke them softly, yet they will be heard as long as the tale of brave deeds is told, as long as heroism awakes an echo in the human heart.

That was all. Another round. A quivering in the line. A shudder throughout its huge extent. A vast sob among the multitude.

It is no longer an army. It melts and scatters. Men hurry away. They dodge, gasping, behind the end of the hill, stumbling over their dead. May, with his cavalry, comes upon their heels, a winged death.

At their head rode one with gray-brown hair, singing as he rode the song that the Texans sang at San Jacinto: "Oh, Won't You Come into My Bower!" Bitterly ironical it was, at such a time and place.

Santa Anna, hearing it, started and stared as he was swept along by the current of the retreating 12,000. His horse had been shot under him. On foot, he was submerged by the tide, trampled, jostled, cursed at, prodded with elbow and fist; for he would stay the rout to learn who it was that sang that song.

General Taylor, with a little sigh, swung in the saddle and sat crosswise on his horse, both feet on a side, as was his wont when matters progressed as they should. He had won another battle.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN THE SPAN OF A DREAM

INTO the blow-soddened senses of Daniel crept slowly, heavily the roar of the battle, now at its height in front of the guns of Captain Bragg. Behind it there came a vague, impersonal, indifferent inquisitiveness to know what it was all about. Without process of thought, he became possessed of the belief that it was still the battle which had filled his attention at the last moment of knowledge. Without process of thought, he wondered lazily how matters went. Some day, he promised himself, he would open his eyes and see. For the present, the effort was too great. And, after all, it did not greatly matter!

"Ah! Señor of Dreams! *Señor of Dreams!* SEÑOR OF DREAMS!"

Through the terrible rumbling of earth and sky came the sound of a voice, — a whisper as tense, as penetrating as a scream, — as full of despair. He knew it as her voice, the voice of the señorita of his dreams. And who else, surely, would call him by that name? But his soul stood aloof, like the soul of one in a dream, to hear what she might

THE CHAPEL OF IXTACALCO, AN ANCIENT SHRINE ON THE VIGA CANAL, MEXICO CITY say, to see what she might do. For his life, or hers, he could not have taken part in that which followed.

"Maria! He is dead!"

Beside that which was himself knelt her slender, quivering form. Across that which was his body were stretched her imploring arms. He felt them not, though they clung to him. Into his staring eyes gazed her eyes, wonderful in compassion and solicitude. He saw and understood, but could make no sign. Above, bent Maria, the duenna.

"Nay, he is not dead; he breathes!" cried the elder woman.

"Look, his heart beats!" She held his wrist.

"*Sacramento!* It is not he! It is a Gringo!"

She had seen the uniform of the American. She had seen the white face. She had missed the features of Felipe, whom she supposed it to be. Seeing, she stood erect, pulling at the girl. The girl twitched her shoulder free.

"Water! Water! Give me the wine, Maria!" the young woman cried. "Think you I know not who it is? *Gracias à Dios*, he is alive!"

All this he heard, all these things he saw, as one who sat apart, a spectator at a play. He knew that soft, swift hands searched out the place on his head where the pain had focused, and bathed it tenderly; he knew that a flagon of wine was pressed to his lips, that they opened and the liquid ran into his throat; he knew that she murmured and wept as she worked over him; he knew that the horrid noise of war came closer each moment. But in it all he had no more part than an onlooker.

There was another looking on. A heavy man, with mottled face, fleshy lips, stagnant blue eyes, cold and shifty. He stood behind the kneeling girl. Something about him started the dead pages of Daniel's mind to turning. He had seen the face. The eyes were fixed in his memory.

General Taylor at the Battle of Buena Vista (*From the painting by Powell*)

The other placed a hand on the shoulder of the girl as she tended the wounded one. He spoke to her. She looked over her shoulder, startled. All this he saw as one in a dream.

"Señorita! Señorita Carlota! Your brother sends for you. Do not be alarmed. He is hurt. He is badly hurt. He bid me search for you. You must make haste if you would see him. Yes, I am afraid he is dying!"

The man anticipated her quick questions as he spoke. And as he spoke there stirred in the consciousness of him who viewed the scene apart, dim and distant recollections, called up by the sound. He was on the veranda of his father's home in Kentucky. A man whom he feared was talking to his father. He was among the slaves in the fields, playing with butterflies and flowers. A man whom he mistrusted with the wisdom of innocence came among the blacks. He was beneath the trees on the river bank. A man lurked in the woods. The scenes were conjured from the dead past by the sound of the voice.

As he puzzled over it, the señorita, clenching her hands at her bosom, arose to her feet, stifling a gasp, gazing with anguish upon the face that was his own.

The screech of battle was almost upon them. It pressed close to the mouth of the cañon where they were.

"Will you come?" said the man. "There is little time. The enemy will get to him soon, if — nothing worse reaches him first."

The Señorita of Dreams placed her hands before her face for an instant. Removing them, she was calm.

"Stay you here, Maria! Let no one come near him!" she commanded. "I will make haste to my brother. I will come back. Wait for me!"

Daniel would have stayed her, for unknown dread of the man filled him. But his soul was apart from his body.

He could not utter so much as a word. He could not raise a finger for a sign. She was gone, accompanying the man.

The form of the young woman was lost in the smoke of battle, as she hastened with the man toward the mouth of the gulch. Maria turned a look upon the wounded American.

"Huh!" she grunted. "He is an *Americano*, a Gringo, as good as dead! Why should a daughter of Mexico stay?"

With that she turned upon her heel, and followed, more slowly, lest she overtake her mistress.

Daniel, abiding apart, watched her until she vanished. His brain was bursting to call out after her.

The noise of battle was upon him. Now it was but the babble of rout, the delirious cries of victory, the tramp of hurrying feet which shook the ground. The throbbing came back to his head. His back tortured him.

The blood burning through his brain, the tickling in his veins, was the revivifying wine calling life back to him. He found strength to roll his head so that the sharp stones cut in other places. His voice made response when he sought to cry.

"Carlota! Carlota!" he said, hoarsely. "Señorita Carlota!"

Another was kneeling by his side. A strong arm went beneath his neck,

In the Heart of Old Mexico

lifting his head from the punishing stones. In the exquisite relief, he looked to see who it was that came to him in answer to the cry, and looked into the face of Felipe.

"*Madre de Dios!* He is not dead!" said the young Mexican, fervently. "Hah! You are alive? Speak!"

Stunned and confused, Daniel gazed at him, silent.

"Do not look so upon me!" cried Felipe. "I did not know who it was whom I struck. Are you badly hurt?"

Daniel paid little heed to what he said. His thoughts were upon other things.

"Was it all a dream, then?" he murmured.

"Dream? Dream? What is it that you say of dreams?"

"Your sister, the Señorita Carlota, was she not here? Did they not send for her? Are you not hurt? Were you not dying when they sent for her?"

Felipe, holding him at arm's length, looked upon him in doubt that was almost terror. He feared the man was mad. Madness was a thing of dread to him.

"What do you say? My sister? Here?"

"Ah, it was surely a dream," said Daniel, with a sigh. "I did not know. It was the blow, I guess. I thought she was here, at my side, giving me wine, when they sent for her, saying that you were hurt, that you asked for her."

A new fear came over the dark features of the young Mexican. He brought himself close to the speaking lips of the wounded man ere he had finished.

"You have had wine! It may be true! You have had wine! It is on your breath!" he cried, with a gesture. "Tell me, who gave you wine?"

"Unless I dreamed, it was she," said Daniel, confused. His faculties could not follow the changes that came into the face, the voice, the behavior of the other.

"*Madre de Dios!* How is this, then?" Felipe spoke more to himself than to Daniel. "It might have been.

She was close by the field to-day. Perhaps she came to succor. You tell me they sent for her? You tell me they said to her that I was dying?"

"Unless I dreamed," Daniel made answer, abstractedly.

In his mind there were the dissociated parts of this puzzle. With his whole strength he sought to lay hold of them, to fit them into the hidden meaning of the mysterious message. The dread of the man who had brought the message, the inexplicable associations which he had called up, baffled him. Him he could not explain. His weakness prevented him. In his weak helplessness he wept, for that he could not rise to the crisis.

THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA

The face of Felipe, gazing earnestly upon him with clouded brow, changed once more at sight of the tears. It cleared. Doubt left it. He knelt closer. He grasped the right hand of the wounded man impulsively.

"*Adios, Señor Americano,*" he said, in a low voice. "Jesus pity us both. I did not mean that it should be so!

May God forgive me, and teach you to do so too! *Adios! Adios!*"

He took his arm from behind the neck of Daniel, placing his head tenderly among the sharp stones, and was gone with the retreating army. In the moment that he left, Daniel, whose brain awakened fast, knew that the other thought him in the delirium of death; that what he had told him had no weight; that he went from him serene of all danger that threatened his sister from the false message.

Plantation Landing in Old Mexico

And in that moment the scattered glimmerings that had been in his brain, — the trick in the false message, the indistinct recollections of the man who brought it, the news he had had from his cousin on the eve of battle, leapt into focus and illuminated his intelligence with a blast of light before which he shrank in dismay.

The man who had led Carlota away from him was surely Corliss, Santa Anna's jackal!

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DESERTED CASA

FORGETTING his hurt in the shock of his discovery, Daniel dragged himself to his feet and staggered blindly in the direction in which the man had taken Carlota. He did not take many steps. The ground swung under him, twisted his knees, and flung him heavily to the ground. As he struggled to arise a second time a strong arm lifted and supported him. It was Montgomery, come to seek him.

Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan *(From the portrait owned by the Missouri Historical Society)*

His cousin bore him in his arms to a field hospital, as lightly as he had carried him when Daniel was a child and they were together on the Kentucky plantation. On the way thither Daniel fought feebly to be free, not knowing well what he did, thinking only of the danger which had come upon Carlota.

"Let me go, Montgomery, let me go," he pleaded. "Corliss has found her. He has enticed her away."

"Leave that to me for the present, my lad," replied Montgomery. "The best thing you can do now is to get well without delay."

The next day Daniel was suffering from a high fever. Montgomery attended him through it. When it broke on the fourth day after, Montgomery bade him farewell and set forth on a journey which had now the added purpose of the rescue of the Señorita of Dreams. Daniel's impatience and anxiety were somewhat relieved by his departure, and he began rapidly to mend.

Taylor's army rested at Saltillo after the victory at Buena Vista. The loss of the American forces was 746. The Mexican army had lost more than 2000 in killed, wounded, and captured. It was disbanded, annihilated. Santa Anna was hurrying back to the city of Mexico to prepare a defense against General Scott, whose intentions against Vera Cruz were known to the Mexican general. Felipe, not without some anxiety for his sister, went with the Mexican commander. He knew of the bitterness that had been between that one and his father. He knew that his father mistrusted him. He had never been told why it was. As for himself, he was one of those beguiled by Santa Anna's craft. He saw no reason for his father's prejudice. Like many sons of his age, he considered that his own judgment in the matter was more enlightened and trustworthy than his father's, and still gave his loyal support to the general. Probably he would have done as much had he known fully what manner of man Santa Anna was. That was his sense of patriotism. In all events, he went his way discountenancing all fear for her safety, assuring himself that she was secure in one of the many *ranchos* or mining villages which belonged to their father. It was in one of these, a mountain *rancho* not far from San Luis Potosi, that he had left her with her duenna and a bodyguard of *peons*, before the battle of Buena Vista.

As Daniel mended, the necessity that he should have to depend upon Montgomery to rescue his sweetheart grew into a melancholy conviction in his mind. He was a soldier, fighting for his country. That was first. It was of less consequence before God and man that he should seek out and succor his Señorita of Dreams, he reluctantly admitted to his conscience. Wherefore he stayed at Saltillo without complaint while he convalesced, attaching himself to his regiment with a lofty sense of patriotism and sacrifice, and with a heart that was dead.

At sundown on April 2 he was roaming among the foothills of the Sierra Madre, melancholy and forlorn, heavily considering within himself many disasters that might have befallen Carlota, when he was met in the trail by a party of fourteen men, armed and alert, swinging down the side of the hill at a lively pace. Their appearance alarmed him. They were dressed in leather trousers and shirts, with sombreros flopping on their brows. Their hair was long and unkempt; for the most part they wore long, wild beards. Each was an armament unto himself, with rifle, knives, and pistols. In their grimy, sun-blackened faces, their dusty clothes, their worn boots, they showed signs of much travel. Daniel's alarm passed with his first surprise, for he saw immediately that they were Americans.

"Young feller, perhaps you can direct us to the headquarters of General Taylor," said the leader of the band, while he was yet at a distance, without pausing in his stride. He was a small man about sixty years old, with grey hair, red face, and bold eye.

Daniel, desiring to know who these men might be, sought to promote acquaintance by a little levity. He gazed at them quizzically as they came closer, and from them to the sky, with a droll face.

"I don't see any hole where you came through," he ventured, making his meaning clear by a further search of the sky.

"You 're looking the wrong way, young feller," the leader made answer. "We came up out of hell."

"An' we left it full of Greasers, too," added another in the line.

Daniel laughed.

"Looking for General Taylor, are you?" he said. The file had now come to him and halted abruptly. Only the leader and the two or three next him paid heed to Daniel. "Taylor is at Monterey. General Wool is in command at Saltillo. If you want to see General Wool, I 'll guide you there."

"But don't pull no wool over our eyes, young feller," observed the second in line, the one who had waxed facetious about filling hell with Greasers.

"Come on, then," said Daniel, laughing again. Without further parley he turned and led the way toward Saltillo.

"Where do you hail from, if it 's a fair question?" asked Daniel, after they had gone a few steps.

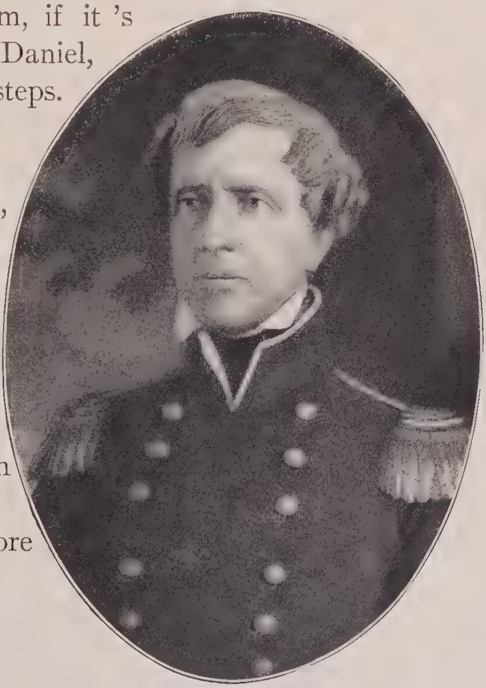
"Chihuahua."

"Chihuahua!"

Daniel arched his brows, whistled, and turned to look in astonishment at those that followed. "How did you get to Chihuahua?"

"Fought! Fought all hell to get there!" replied the leader. "We 're with Doniphan."

Daniel exclaimed still more loudly.



General Stephen Kearny *(Engraved by J. B. Welch from a daguerreotype)*

"Is Doniphan at Chihuahua?"

"'S what he is; and he 'll stay there, too!"

"Great God!" was all that Daniel had breath to say in his astonishment.

"Otherwise known as Colonel Alec Doniphan, of Missouri," commented the wag.

"How did he ever get to Chihuahua?" asked Daniel, wide-eyed.

"Fought, I tell you!" answered the small, grizzled leader. "Fought his way through trackless deserts, through two thousand miles of waste places. Fought thirst. Fought starvation. Fought Indians. Fought the sun, hot enough to frizzle your brains out through your ears. Fought cold that gnawed into your bones. Nothing to eat but what he could carry, and kill,—and a few critters that died by the way. Nothing to drink but what he could find in the dry dust along the route. Nothing behind him but wilderness. Nothing in front but enemies. Four thousand of 'em, on a hill covered with forts, prickly with guns, swarming with cavalry. They 're what we filled hell with."

"You licked them, then?" Daniel asked the question only in the hope of hearing the story. His answer was a grunt of disgust from the grizzled man, and subsequent silence. Even the wag offered no rejoinder.

But that night he had his wish. Leaving them at headquarters, he spread the news with all speed that Doniphan was in Chihuahua. The wonder of it grew so swiftly that when the party emerged from the headquarters to the mess prepared for them, half the officers in the camp and a large proportion of the soldiers, were on hand beseeching the tale.

"Go ahead and tell 'em, Collins," said the wag, filling his pipe and stretching himself luxuriantly along the ground, when their supper was eaten. "Gentlemen of the jury, this is James L. Collins, guide and interpreter to Colonel Doniphan, and a holy devil to fight. He will now interpret to you the meaning of our little expedition."

"Don't know any particular reason why I should spin the yarn," Collins commenced, filling his pipe and sitting cross-legged upon the ground. "I ain't much at speech-makin', nor was I with the boys all the time. I come in at El Paso, thereby missing a fight or two as well as a chance agin the Indians. Howsomever, I heard tell about it times enough, an' ef I go chuckin' in anythin' that ain't strictly so, why, Hughes here, who has been through it all, will put a stop to it quick enough.

Zachary Taylor at the Time of His Command in Mexico (*From the painting by Chappell*)

"The strange part of it all might seem to be that Alexander W. Doniphan, of Clay County, Missouri, wa'n't no soldier; leastwise, he wa'n't specially trained for it, bein' a lawyer. He was a nachral-born fighter, though; which is not to say that a soldier is not a fighter, but only to observe that a man can be a fust-rate fighter and nothin' much of a soldier by regular trade. Barrin' a connection with the trouble with the Mommons at Far West in '38 and such incidental matters as came forward now and then in regard to Indians, Doniphan, as I am told, was not a soldier by trainin', nor yet by taste. But when the Greasers got bucky, Governor Edwards of Missouri asked Doniphan to help him raise troops, Doniphan bein' at the time a man of prominence in Clay and the State, and a member of the State legislature. That's how the First Regiment of Missouri cavalry come to be, and that 's how Doniphan come to be at their head.

Alexander W. Doniphan, Colonel 1st Missouri Mounted Volunteers

"I reckon you all know how they went with Kearny to Santa Fé, New Mexico, occupyin' that place on the eighth of August, 1846; and how Kearny went to the coast with three hundred men. After a little difficulty there with the Navajos, requirin' a trip across the mountains in the snow, Doniphan and his men set out for hereabouts in December, with orders to report to General Wool at Chihuahua. The boys had a fine Christmas present on the trip, considerin' that they were so far away from home. They had a chance to lick the Greasers at Brazitos, twenty-five miles from El Paso. Naturally, they made the best of their chance, and got to El Paso on the next day. Bein' myself in the country on a little matter of tradin', which is what I did among the Greasers for some years, expectin' the present trouble, I joined them there, thinkin' I might be of some service to them, knowin' the country pretty tolerable, and understandin' somewhat of the ways, as well as the words of the Mexies.

"Now, bear in mind that Colonel Doniphan was under orders to report to General Wool at Chihuahua. Naturally, it was to be supposed that General Wool would be at Chihuahua to be reported to. But nothin' of the kind was known. In fact, rumors come that he was not goin' there at all; that he was tied up by Greasers at Saltillo, and a number of other things that would interfere with his gettin' there anywise recognizable. But that had nothin' to do with Doniphan's order to report. If Wool wa'n't there to be reported to, that would be Wool's lookout. With that understandin' Doniphan sets out on the eighth of February, with somethin' less 'n a thousand men, not countin' teamsters — sets out for Chihuahua, I say, havin' first waited for some artillery from Santa Fé.

"Likely some of you know what a *jornado* is? It 's a desert. Do you know what it is in winter? It 's a blowin', blisterin', blindin' hell! The air and the ground is all the same sand, floatin' and stingin', gettin' continual in your eyes whereas you would wish to have it somewhat beneath your feet for a footin'. There 's one that 's sixty-five wicked, windy miles wide, with no more water than the end of a pin.

"Say, has any of you been across a sink like that alone, or with two? Maybe you know the manner of dust that gets into your throat, chokin' you an' gaggin'! Can you guess what would be the kickup of nine hundred flounderin' there? Thirsty? Why, we 'd 'a' pinched our own babies for the tears they 'd 'a' shed, we were that thirsty. Some of the boys loaded up their scabbards with water for the trip; some commenced by carryin' it in their hats, when their canteens was full. For three unholy days we was crossin' that *jornado*, gettin' to a lake we knew of. The wagons was buried in the sand. I should 'a' mentioned that a number of enterprisin' Americans went along with goods for trade. We left two of them, filled in, and from others much in the way of flour and such food-stuffs was thrown overboard. In the third day we come to a lake; and in the third day we likewise had a rain; which was a trick no livin' man would have dared play on us at the end of that journey. And when we was through, every man alive of us would rather fight his way through the whole of Mexico clean to the other side, than turn back over that desert again. Which is approximately what we done. Now, you fellows had a nice, pretty fight of it here. Nobody grudges you a minute of it. You done a good job, and somethin' we 're proud of with you. But it is somewhat different to be out at the end of a long line of established communication, with the enemy in front of you, from bein', as it were, all by ourselves, two thousand miles from nowhere, with a knifin' enemy all about, where all we had to eat and drink was what we could get, and the shortest way home was the way through. If you 'll stop to think, you will see we was in a frame of mind when we come to the enemy at last. Not that we was faint-hearted. We was simply a bit sober and earnest, standin' there with four thousand Greasers waving black flags in our faces.

The Battle of Sacramento

"It was like this." He traced a plan with his thumb as he went on to describe the position of the two armies. "The Mexicans was along the Sacramento River twenty-five miles from Chihuahua, where we was to report to General Wool, whom we had meanwhile learned was at Saltillo; surrounded, as we heard. They was on a hill, a right-angled hill, of which both faces were fortified with redoubts and batteries and breastworks, and the like. The hill was all across a valley. On either hand was batteries clingin' up on the mountains. And twenty-five miles beyond lay Chihuahua, where we was to report to a man who had n't got there.

"What I principally know about the fight is that we drove the Greasers, or such as were left of them, from their hill, some of which are runnin' yet, accordin' to the latest reports. For a time we peppered them with our cannon, and then we chased them out with our rifles and knives, and such swords as we had; not to name pistols, which was plentiful. I should say that before we attacked we swung around so and came upon this angle of the hill, from the westward, which was the softest part in the line; but none too soft, at that."

"Collins, you did n't tell 'em how you and Kirker charged a battery all alone," interposed one of the number — the one who had been waggish in the afternoon.

Collins growled and fumbled with his pipe.

"I 'll tell 'em, then," the other went on. "Collins and Kirker got into a fight two days before the battle. They had been so long without a fight that they could n't stand it, so they were a-goin' to kill each other mutually. Doniphan told 'em they 'd pretty soon have a chance to see how brave they were without tackling each other. So when we came to the Mexies at Sacramento, Kirker he rides around the end of the line out in front where Collins was and says,

says he: 'Collins, let 's us see who can get to that battery first!' pointin' out the biggest one on the hill. And off they goes, side by side, cussin' and laughin' somethin' awful to hear. That started the procession."

"Yes, and if De Courcy had not been drunk at the time and ordered a halt it would not have taken us as long as it did," interjected another of Doniphan's men. "De Courcy was adjutant, and wanted to give Captain Reid a chance. Reid was a pet of his, and he wanted him to get across the lines first."

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI (*From an original drawing of the time*)

"After we were inside the works," said another, "I was chasing the Greasers, and come up to one who got down on his knees and surrendered. Just at that time John Rice come along. Rice was a great big man, mild as a girl most times, but that day he was mad all through, or crazy. I told him the man had surrendered, but he ups with his sword and split him all to pieces. He was the only man who ever split a Mexican in two twice with one blow."

Anecdotes came thick and fast.

"One young feller named Holt was detailed to hold horses on the right wing," said another of the visitors. "Every seventh man was told off for the duty. He roared like a bull. 'I did n't come two thousand miles to hold no horses,' he hollered. 'I can do that in Missouri.' So he got another feller to hold them; but the other feller did n't. He hid behind a bowlder."

"You should have seen old Doniphan all the while, sitting with his leg over the horn of his saddle, whittling a stick. When he saw how things were going and that they did n't need a commanding officer any longer, he turned loose with the rest of them, and cut into the Greasers in a way that was wicked."

An officer of the line, who had been listening throughout with some skepticism, found opportunity to get in a word.

"Do you mean to tell us that nine hundred men charged four thousand troops strongly entrenched on a hill!" he exclaimed, not in a spirit of contradiction so much as of incredulity.

"That 's what we did!" ejaculated Collins.

"That might be considered poor tactics," said the officer.

"Tactics be damned!" shouted Collins. "I told you Doniphan wa'n't no soldier. You see, for the most part, every time any one of the boys fired, somebody tumbled. That scared the rest. Why, we killed three hundred and four of 'em, wounded more than five hundred, and took seventy prisoners. All we lost was Major Samuel C. Owens killed, three mortally wounded, and eight hurt."

"What amused me most," said the wag, "was to see all the ladies of Chihuahua out for a holiday on the hills, to see their soldiers butcher the American invaders. There was at least a thousand of them sitting around out of range, in the beginning. It was worth seeing, too, but they did not think so."

And so, until the hour was late, they told tales of the fight, of foolhardy deeds of valor, of desperate encounters, of bitter hardships; told them as a matter of course, without boasting, without consciousness of heroism, after the manner of brave men. They told of the march into Chihuahua, of the occupation of the city, of the submission of the inhabitants, and of their hazardous journey over the mountains to Saltillo with despatches for the man to whom they were to report. At the last, they rolled in their blankets upon the ground, and slept like innocent babes until the morning.

On the morrow Daniel went with the couriers who carried the despatches to General Taylor at Monterey. He had not visited the town since the army left, before the battle of Buena Vista. It was by special favor that he was permitted to go on this occasion. He was soon to leave to join Scott's army in the campaign to the city of Mexico. Before he left, he wanted to visit Casa Estévan once more, alone.

A bent and wrinkled *paisano* came to answer his knock at the gate leading into the garden. The man had been there during his stay, and remembered him. He was unwilling to admit him, but Daniel prevailed with a piece of silver.

The *patio* was desolate. The fountain had ceased to play long before. The sides of the basin were stained by receding water levels, and covered with dust. The rose vines against the wall drooped and withered. Only one, bearing white roses, made a weary struggle for life. He went to it and plucked a flower. The petals rustled to the ground in his trembling hand. He stood with bared head in the center of the *patio*, smiling sadly upon the stem he retained in his hand. Thus was his dream to tumble into dust!

The sound of a footstep came across the *patio*. He turned, startled. He looked upon the countenance of a Mexican gentleman, a man of middle years. In his face was the last sadness. It was hollow, drawn, disconsolate. Through the grief that was there he traced the likeness of the one he had taken prisoner in the first day's fight before the city, the one whom he had learned was her father.

"*Madre de Dios!*" cried the Mexican, "is it you? What do you seek here?" If there had not been so much grief in the man, his tone and bearing would have been those of anger. As it was, his sadness admitted no other emotion than a degree of surprise.

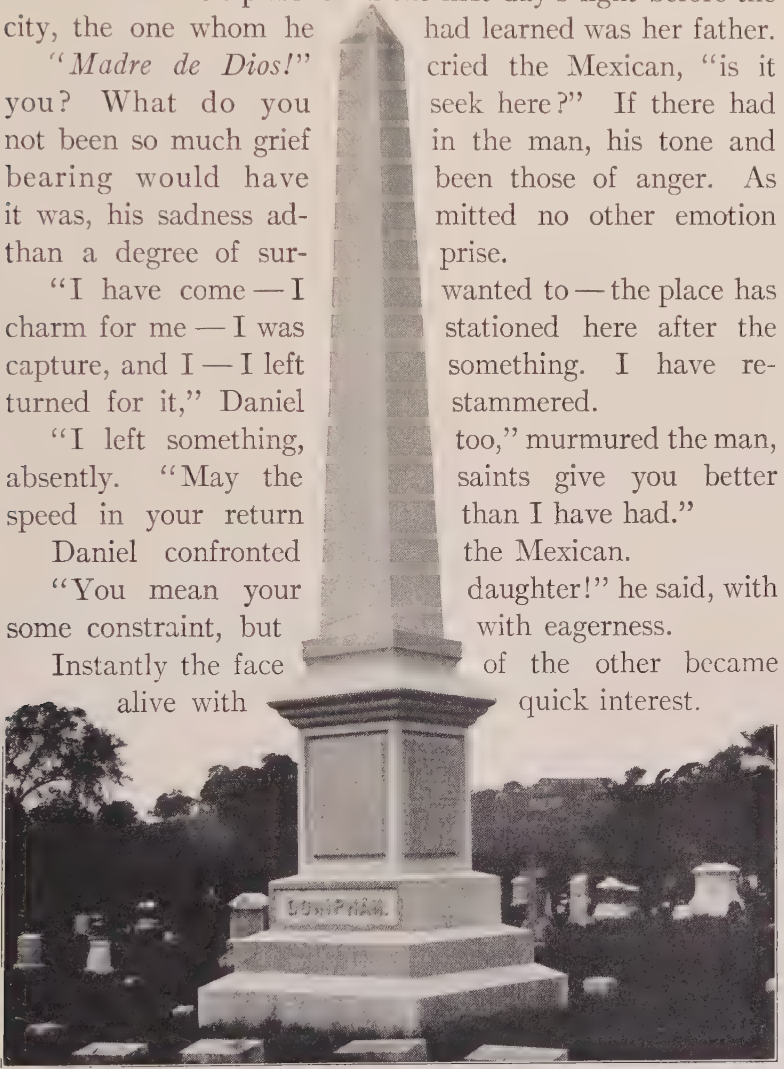
"I have come — I wanted to — the place has charm for me — I was stationed here after the capture, and I — I left something. I have returned for it," Daniel stammered.

"I left something, too," murmured the man, absently. "May the saints give you better speed in your return than I have had."

Daniel confronted the Mexican.

"You mean your daughter!" he said, with some constraint, but with eagerness.

Instantly the face of the other became alive with quick interest.



Colonel Doniphan's Grave at Liberty, Missouri

"*Si*, señor, my daughter, my beautiful daughter, my fair, my innocent, my helpless child!" His hands were clasped before him; his eyes wide, almost to wildness, as he spoke of her with hurried, trembling voice. "For my son I have not such anxiety. He can be nothing worse than dead. But for her my heart has run out through my eyes. Tell me, have you seen her? Does she live? She has — tell me, tell me!"

"I have seen her," Daniel made answer, at a loss to tell him what he would have known. "She was still here when we came."

"You saw her? She was here? She was well? She went safely away? Where is she now? She has come to no harm?"

"She left here in safety, with her brother, your son, who was slightly wounded."

"You did not kill him then? I saw you shoot him. I feared you had killed him."

"Señor, I learned to regret that shot as deeply as yourself, and I learned to regret having made you my prisoner. I hope you can learn to forgive me for both."

"Hah, it was nothing. I had not thought of it. One who goes to war must get shot. As for me, I should not have gone. I am but a baby in battle. But my daughter, my Carlota! *Madre de Dios*, to think that I look into eyes that have gazed upon her! Know you where she is now? I have but now returned from Matamoras, where I was paroled, to find the house empty and desolate, thus. I have searched for her among her kin. I have been to my *ranchos*. I have sent couriers through my mines. None bring me the least word of her. And you, you have seen her? You say she left here, and in safety?"

Daniel nodded his head. He blushed as he thought of their parting there in the *patio*. He turned pale when he thought of what he had to tell this man, her father.

"Know you where she is now?"

He hesitated for an instant. The other grasped him by the elbows, as though to drag his knowledge from him by physical force.

"Tell me, what is it that you know of her?" he cried.

"It was six weeks ago I saw her last. It was on the battlefield of Buena Vista, at the close of the day. She was giving aid to the wounded. Some one came to her, to bring her to your son, who he said was dying."

"Jesu, pity her! She has none to aid her now!" moaned the man.

"But your son was not dying. He was alive. I saw him soon after. He was not hurt."

"Hah? How is that?" The man clasped his head in his hands in sudden fear.

"He was not hurt. It was a trick."

"*Madre de Dios!* And this one who came for her, know you who he was?"

Daniel laid a hand on his arm to restrain him before he made answer.

"It was one who does Santa Anna's bidding, señor; one who is called Corliss."

Don Federico threw himself prostrate on the bench beneath the olive tree.

"*Madre de Dios*, it is the worst that I feared!" he cried.

Daniel, permitting him time to compose himself, approached and bent over him.

"But there is something in which you can find hope, señor," he said. "Santa Anna will not be too bold; and there is one who follows to give her aid."

The don turned his tortured face toward the American.

"Felipe?" he asked.

"Felipe does not know." He would not tell that Felipe had heard the warning, and heeded it not, being a doubter.

"But it is another who loves you well and who bears toward Corliss implacable enmity. It is the one who was your fellow in the prison in Mexico, whose sweetheart you sheltered."

"Don Montgomery?" cried Don Federico, in amazement. "And Señorita Luella, what of her?"

"She is dead," said Daniel, simply.

"Jesu, pity her! Miguel! Miguel!" he called out to the *paisano*. "My horse! Saddle my horse! Speed, villain, and fetch my horse! You will go with me?" he turned to Daniel. "You will help a father to find a daughter whom the fiends hold in their hands?"

A rending doubt came into the mind of Daniel. His chivalry, his love, his conscience, cried out to him to go. Against it was his sober duty as a soldier and the sense of honor built up by the traditions of his race.

"I will go with you as far as Saltillo, señor," he said, at last, hoarsely, with a stifled heart. "Farther I cannot go. I am a soldier."

"A thousand thanks, señor. You are right. I asked too much. You have put me under ten thousand obligations to you as it is. And when I shall have found my daughter, I shall tell her to ask a benison upon you."

As he said it, his white teeth gleamed in a smile. His volatile spirits arose under the slight

ALONG THE ALAMEDA,
VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

ray of hope which was mingled with the dark news that Daniel brought him. As for Daniel, the thought that she would be asked to plead a blessing upon him for the part he was taking in her succor added one more weight to the burden that was upon his heart; though upon the top of the heavy pile which crushed whatever of heart was left to him lay his conscience.

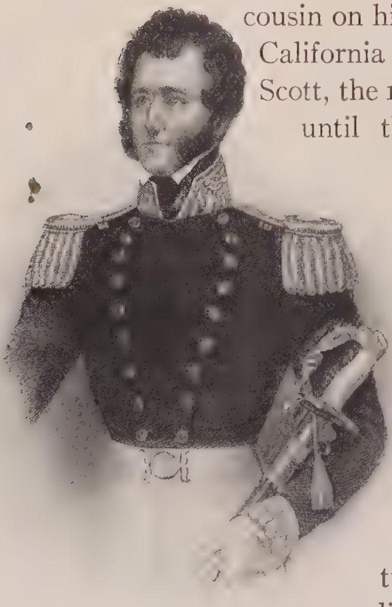
San Juan de Ulua, Vera Cruz, Mexico

CHAPTER XXVIII

FRÉMONT

DOUGLAS STEVENS, government agent, sat in the portico of Fernando Stevens's mansion early in September, in the year 1847. Stopping to visit with his cousin on his way to Washington from his post in California he found him gone to the front with Scott, the reports of war having stirred his blood until the old tradition was dissolved and borne away. Douglas's wife and son Frederick, four years old, were upon the high seas, having taken ship from Monterey to join him in Washington. The overland trip was too severe for them.

Sitting with Douglas was Colonel Lee, advanced in years and asperity. The talk ran on the occupation of California by the Americans, accomplished within the twelvemonth. The old gentleman, inclined at first to be querulous about it, had been subdued by the tact of the other and was now listening with condescending attention to all he might say.

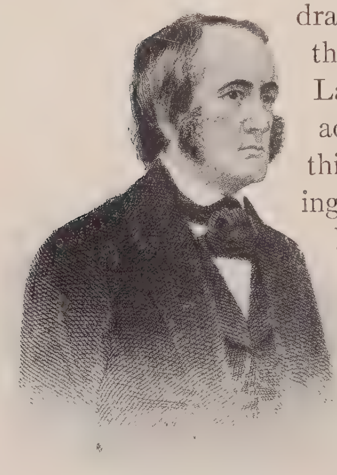

COMMODORE ROBERT F. STOCKTON
(From a miniature on ivory by Newton)

"The contention that we have no business in California is not well taken, as you have said, Colonel Lee," Douglas was saying, "but criticism concerning the manner of occupation might well be brought. Not, however, against the policies of the government so much as against the acts of some of its agents, both authorized and self-constituted. I refer to the activities of John Charles Frémont and their subsequent endorsement by Commodore Robert F. Stockton. If the truth were known concerning the adventures of Frémont, the pathfinder, I do not think he would obtain the popular approval which is promised him. He is coming to Washington to stand trial by court-martial, it is true; but with the backing of his father-in-law, Senator Benton of Missouri, I doubt whether the full significance of his actions will be brought before the people.

"Frémont, a colonel in the topographical service of the government, intruded upon the territory of Mexico in 1846, before war was declared, with a body of armed men, on an exploring expedition. Castro, military head of the territory at Monterey, made him some concessions. He promptly imposed upon the Mexican good nature. Being then warned off, he openly defied the authority of Mexico and fortified a camp for resistance. Thomas O. Larkin prevailed upon him to abandon his belligerent attitude, and he withdrew toward Oregon, for the time being.

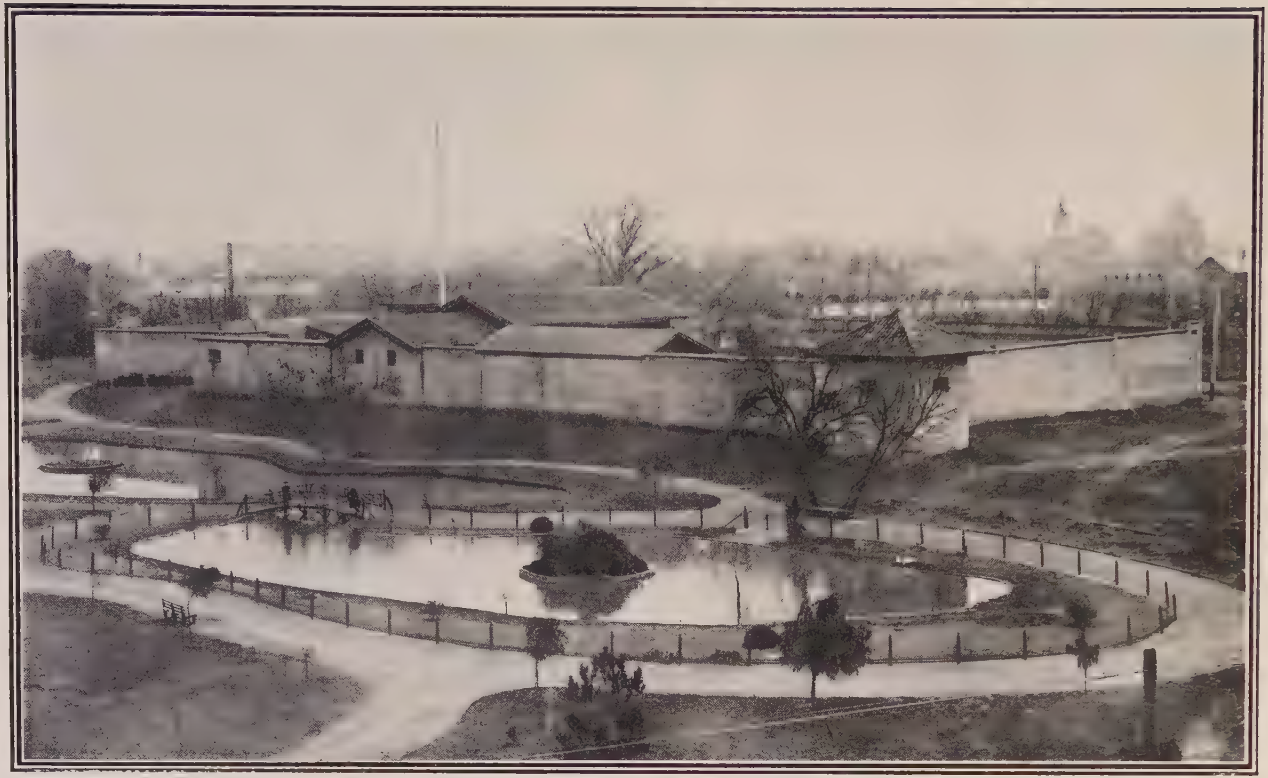
John Charles Frémont, Pathfinder

"To understand the situation more fully, you must know that Larkin, consul at Monterey, was carrying out a policy of conciliating the Californians with a view to bringing them into the United States by their own choice. The inhabitants were dissatisfied with the administration of affairs under Mexican rule, and contemplated a change. There were two factions. Don Pio Pico, the governor, favored a protectorate by England; Castro was warm toward withdrawing from Mexico and becoming annexed to the United States. It was this sentiment which Larkin was fostering with marked skill and adroitness, and encouraging success. It was this policy which I went out to further, acting with Larkin. I can say that now without breach of confidence or etiquette. Considering these things, the subsequent behavior of Frémont was the more reprehensible.


Thomas O. Larkin, a Massachusetts Pioneer in California

"Let me tell you precisely what he did. He was returning from Oregon, whither he did not make great effort to advance, when he was met by Lieutenant Gillespie of the army with despatches from the government. Gillespie had come *via* Monterey. What those despatches were is only inference. Frémont would have us infer that they were secret instructions. That they were not is a matter of stronger inference. Gillespie brought instructions for Larkin, making suggestions along the line which he was then pursuing, duplicates of which were to be delivered to Frémont. And they were so delivered. It is not likely that Frémont was instructed to take a course directly antagonistic to Larkin's.

"Frémont soon appeared with his force of armed men in the vicinity of Sutter's Fort. Simultaneously, there broke out among the settlers there, in June, an armed revolt.



Sutter's Fort, California

Those implicated claimed that they were acting in self-defense against certain expulsory proclamations issued by Castro, and because the Mexican authorities had stirred the Indians against the Americans. As a matter of fact, the revolters had enjoyed privileges in the territory, which they had entered in defiance of Mexican laws. The leaders were for the most part irresponsible adventurers who were influenced by considerations ranging from the prospect of looting Mexican *ranchos* to opportunities which might offer of political advancement in a new order of things. Their followers were recruited from those whom they were able to convince of the sincerity of their intentions.

"To my positive knowledge Frémont gave them secret promise of his moral support, and of his physical assistance if necessary. In fact, he not only acknowledged that he had done this, but asserted it vehemently when events moved to such a crisis as seemed to justify such a posture on his part. The revolters, on the fourteenth of June, moved upon Sonoma, took captive Colonel Vallejo, a warm advocate of annexation to the United States, raised the Bear Flag, and left Vallejo a prisoner in Sutter's Fort. Matters having progressed so far satisfactorily, Frémont made an open movement in support of the rebels and identified himself with them. In no light can it be considered as other than filibustering — unless it could be proved that he acted under instructions from Washington. This could hardly be maintained, there being no state of war existing at the time; and it is distinctly disclaimed subsequently by Frémont and Gillespie.

"Early in July Commodore Sloat, with the Pacific squadron, arrived at Monterey, under general orders to blockade and occupy the ports of California in the event of war with Mexico. He had come from Mazatlan on the strength of information that there was war. Larkin, still hoping to bring about peaceable annexation, advocated delay, believing that the movements of Frémont would be repudiated by the government. Sloat, learning of Frémont's activities, was convinced that the man had secret instructions. Under that conviction, he formally took possession of Monterey and San Francisco.

"When Frémont and Gillespie came to Monterey shortly afterward, and Sloat learned from them that they had acted without authority, he told them that he had taken the places because of his interpretation of their operations, but refused to act with them further. On this Frémont has based a claim that the occupation of California by Sloat was due to him; whereas it was strictly in conformity with Sloat's orders. He would have done as much on his own responsibility had he not been somewhat of a vacillating and faint-hearted mariner.

"Sloat issued conciliatory proclamations, requesting the Mexican officials to continue in office, and promising protection to the inhabitants as citizens of the United States. On the arrival of Commodore Stockton on July sixteenth, he withdrew from command in his favor. Stockton immediately

Dedicating the Sloat Monument, at Monterey, June 14, 1910 sided with Frémont and gave the filibustering operations his hearty support and coöperation. On the twenty-ninth he issued a bombastic, ill-advised proclamation, dictated by Gillespie and Frémont.

"Frémont, given countenance by Stockton, enlisted his band regularly under command of Stockton, who immediately set on foot plans to occupy southern California. Castro, military head of the province, and Pico, civil governor, were at Los Angeles, the capital. Stockton moved his force south by water, landing Frémont at San Diego and himself at San Pedro. Castro and Pico left for Mexico, and Los Angeles was occupied without a struggle.

"Gillespie, left in control of the southern city when Stockton and Frémont returned north, immediately began to lay heavy hand on the light hearts of the Californians. The only semblance of civil government established by Stockton was the election of *alcaldes*. Gillespie was supreme military commander. His treatment of the escapades of

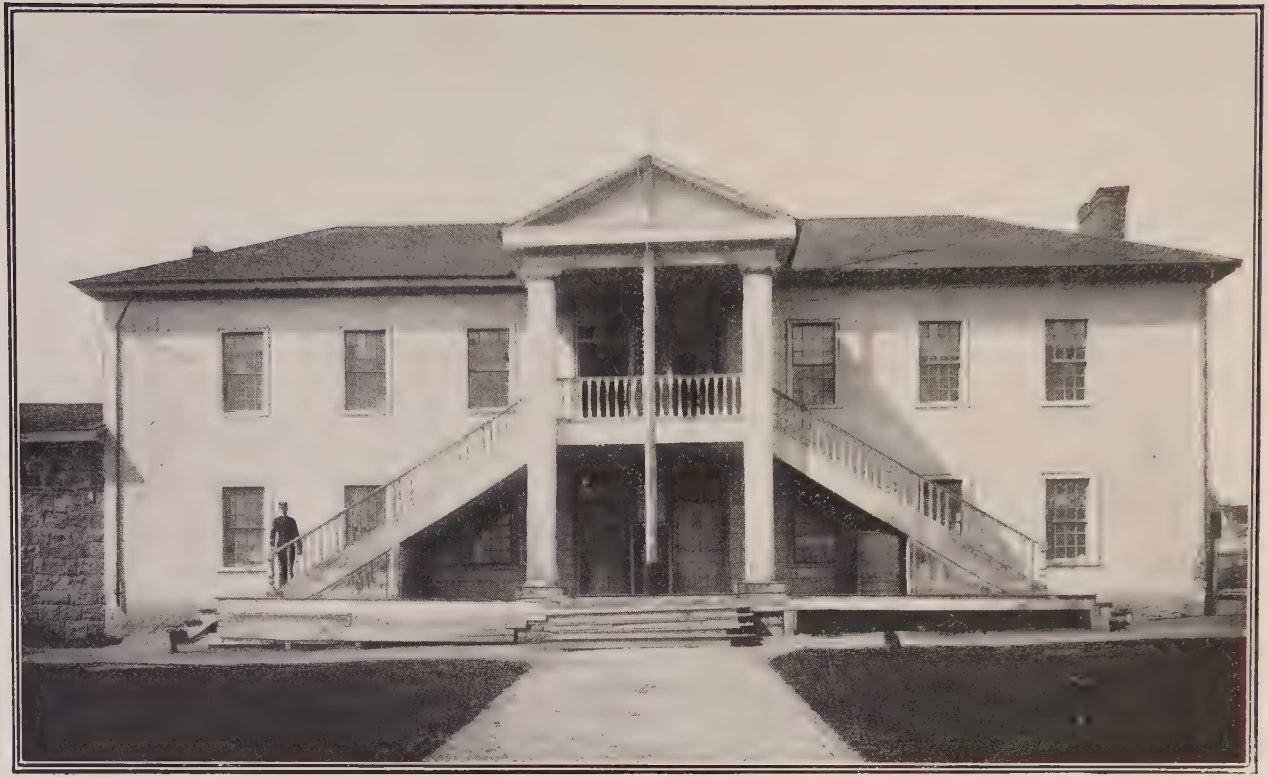
A Picturesque Woodland Drive near Monterey, California

Valera, a haphazard rascal bent on annoying the government by petty depredations, aroused the southern population to a revolt, headed by José Maria Flores. They captured an American party at Chino ranch, and hemmed Gillespie up in Los Angeles. He was permitted to retire to San Pedro with the honors of war in the last of September, a year ago.

"That gave the revolt added impulse. Mind you, if Stockton had left things to Larkin instead of taking up with the filibustering operations of Frémont, the chances were good that by this time the country would have been on the way to annexation. But now all the Californians were stirred up. Captain Mervine landed in San Pedro from San Francisco in the *Savannah*, and marched upon Los Angeles. He was repulsed by the cavalry tactics of the enemy. Stockton tried his hand, but could not make a landing at San Pedro. The enemy were too many for him; so he went to San Diego.

"Then General Kearny came through the mountains from the east with one hundred men. Kearny set out from Fort Leavenworth for Santa Fé with sixteen hundred the year before, you remember. From there he went with three hundred, leaving some under Sterling Price to hold New Mexico. Most of the other troops went with Doniphan on his wonderful march to Chihuahua. On the way west he was met by Kit Carson, the scout, who had been with Frémont, and who had gone east with expresses. Learning of the occupation of California by the navy, Kearny sent back two hundred of his men and proceeded with the rest to California. He had orders to assume command of all troops and marines, to occupy the interior of the territory, to establish a civil government, and to appoint a governor.

"By the time he got to California the rebellion was weakened by a revolt against Flores; but the Californians were still strong enough to oppose Kearny. He encountered



Colton Hall, Monterey, the First Capitol in California

them at San Pasqual River, between San Diego and Los Angeles. As a matter of fact, he need not have attacked them. Nothing was to be gained by it. He should have joined Stockton first, as he might have done. His men were exhausted by their long march. His animals especially had suffered. But the soldiers were impatient. They had heard that the Californians were cowardly fighters. Kearny indulged them. They charged and drove the enemy. In the midst of the pursuit, when the Americans were scattered, the Californians turned and cut them down piecemeal. They killed eighteen and wounded nineteen.

"On the twelfth of December Kearny joined Stockton. Together they moved against Los Angeles, defeating the Californians at the San Gabriel River in a sharp engagement. Meanwhile, Frémont was advancing from the north, where there had been an engagement at La Natividad, which was of little consequence. Aside from that, the only event of consequence was the capture by the Californians of Mr. Larkin, whom they took because of the moral effect they thought it would have. He was on his way to his family, which he had sent to Yerba Buena for safety.

"Now, here is another thing that showed what sort of a man Frémont is. When he arrived at San Fernando, twenty miles from Los Angeles, at the time of the battle of the San Gabriel, the Californians offered to treat with him. In spite of the fact that Stockton and Kearny, each superior, were on the other side of Los Angeles, and in spite of the fact that it was their success which brought the Californians to terms, he negotiated with them the treaty of Cahuenga, receiving their capitulation and closing the rebellion.

"Then began a series of bickerings and petty quarrels. Stockton refused to subordinate himself to Kearny, holding that the latter's order, which gave him supreme command, had been issued before Stockton's reports had reached Washington, and that the order never would have been issued if the government had known what Stockton had already accomplished. He maintained that he had established civil government, in spite of the overthrow of Gillespie, and appointed Frémont governor. Kearny, not strong enough to urge his position by force of arms, for the time submitted.

Colonel Kit Carson

"But Stockton was soon replaced by Commodore W. Bradford Shubrick, who supported Kearny's position. Thereupon Kearny demanded of Frémont that he turn over the government and come to Monterey, which he declined to do, on the ground that he had been appointed by Stockton and was under no one's else orders. He made a trip to Monterey to make the excuses that there was a threatened rebellion and that the Mexicans were planning to invade, which rumors were never in the least substantiated. In the end, Kearny received supplementary orders which left Frémont no ground of contention, and he submitted. Kearny thereupon preferred charges against him, and ordered him to Washington to stand trial. We all came over the plains together, leaving Mason as governor of California.

"Shall I tell you what I think will happen, Colonel Lee? Frémont will be tried, and probably nominally convicted of insubordination. But he will not fail to take advantage of the luck that has been with him to create a popular impression that he is a hero who suffers martyrdom through the jealousy of his enemies; he will make it appear that he brought California under the flag, whereas he did a vast deal to increase the difficulty of making her one of us, and he will rise to the level of a popular idol until a cooler headed posterity brings analysis to bear upon the times and the man. As for myself, Colonel Lee, in the light of all the facts, personally known to me, and my acquaintance with the man himself, I choose to consider him a shrewd and lucky adventurer whose good fortune may carry him far."

THE OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE IN MONTEREY, THE OLDEST PUBLIC BUILDING IN CALIFORNIA. ON THIS POLE THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS FIRST RAISED IN THE STATE

CHAPTER XXIX

IN THE PATH OF CORTEZ

MARCH 9, 1847, General Winfield Scott with 12,000 men appeared before the city of Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, accompanied by Commodore Connor's squadron of war-ships. Hence the long, strong arm of the United States was to be thrust over the mountains to grasp the heart of Mexico in strangling fingers. Here was to enter the machine of war, the organized Army of the Center, planned, organized, and tuned to highest efficiency by the brain of General Scott, master of the detail and technic of warfare.

Never was machine so precisely calculated to do the work before it; never machine more nicely assembled to express the idea of its creator. From the general of division to the least private, every man of them was a wheel or a cog or a crank or a piston, with work to do. That triumphant success crowned the difficult task was because each part of the machine stood when stress came upon it. The harmonious system was harmonious because each part was true steel. Only, it was a slight machine for such bulky work.

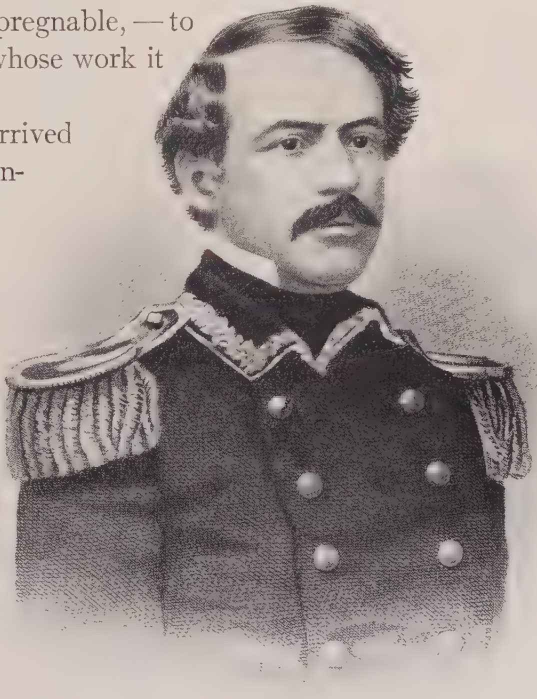
To the last inch the ground round about Vera Cruz was known by Scott, through that part of his machine which was the engineering service. To the last ounce the force of the enemy was computed. With an accuracy that was marvelous the 12,000 troops were landed without mishap. With a directness appalling to the Mexican forces the lines of investment were thrown about the city, and the first work before the machine was commenced. Commodore

Connor bombarded the water defenses, — the famous Castle d'Ulua and the forts along the city front. Shells fell in Vera Cruz from the works of the artillery with a punctuated regularity that destroyed the Latin courage, when it did not take the Latin life. On March 27 the city surrendered.

It was necessary that the machine should then be taken from the seacoast to escape the fevers of spring. Jalapa, 260 miles inland, among the mountains, was healthful, and on the road to the city of Mexico. There was another road in, which was not of such salubrious promise. Toward Jalapa the army marched, General Worth's division in advance.

High in the mountains they came upon Santa Anna entrenched at Cerro Gordo. The road wound along the edge of a defile. At each turn were batteries. Towering above, on the top of Cerro Gordo, was the castle of Cerro Gordo. The place was impregnable, — to anything but the machine whose work it was to take it.

On April 13 Scott arrived with the main army. His engineers knew every slope, every defile, every precipice in the mountains. One of them, Captain Robert E. Lee, had explored them to the last detail. It was then for that part of the machine which was the engineering corps to take up the work. Along the edge of the



Captain Robert E. Lee

Cerro Gordo opposite the road, up flinty ridges, across the faces of craggy precipices, over rough and jangled cañons, they built them a way, so silently, so secretly that the enemy knew nothing of it. They were not used to machines that fought. Behind and beyond the batteries that frowned upon them they carved out the path, beneath the beetling crag whereon the castle stood, heavy with cannon, and out at last upon the road again, in the rear.

Night Scene at the Battle of Vera Cruz

In three days the thing was done. The master mechanic, General Scott, gave the order of the fight. His order is the accurate history, in minutiæ, of that which took place at Cerro Gordo on the eighteenth of April, 1847. The Americans passed behind the batteries, while Pillow held the attention of the enemy in the front. Dragging by ropes their artillery over the forbidding slopes, they took their positions, Twiggs far in advance, Worth to storm the hill, if need be. The attack was made. The hill was stormed. Three thousand Mexicans were prisoners. Their guns fell into the machine. Scott in his report said that he was embarrassed by the amount of spoils. Among the spoils was the wooden leg of Santa Anna, which took the place of one which he lost at Vera Cruz when he defended the city against the French in 1838.

The army reached Jalapa. It moved to Perote, a citadel on the crag of a mountain. There was no enemy. Santa Anna was in the capital, preparing to oppose the machine at the gates of the city. They marched into Puebla, a city of 100,000 people, who came upon the streets to witness the spectacle. Here Scott waited for reinforcements. The time of many of the men had expired. His force was reduced to 5000. By August he had 11,000, and moved forward again.

GENERAL GIDEON J. PILLOW (*From the engraving by H. S. Sudd*)

Here it was that Fernando Stevens joined the army, colonel of a regiment of volunteers. Here it was also that Daniel joined them. Father and son met in the ranks that were to go against the country whose men were of their own blood, parts of the engine that was to crush and destroy. With few words they met, and with few words they parted to take their places in the machine, being in different divisions.

They came to Lake Chalco. The way lay across a narrow place in the lake. Beyond was El Peñon, a mountain which even that machine could not master, so splendidly was it defended by nature and art. It called again for the work of the engineers, Captain Lee, Lieutenant P. G. T. Beauregard, Isaac I. Stevens, Z. B. Tower, G. W. Smith, George B. McClellan, J. G. Foster, men who were to come to fame through what they learned there, added to what they had from nature. These built a road about the bottom of the lake, debouching at the foot of a range of mountains south of the city.

On a night Robert E. Lee, Tower, and Beauregard crept across a field of lava beneath the breath of the enemy to learn where they were and how many. They learned. That part of the machine ran sweetly. High against the hill, at Contreras, protected by the Pedregal, or lava beds, and by sheer mountains, were 6000 Mexicans under General Valencia. The City of Mexico, ten miles away, was approachable only by two causeways lifting the road above the low ground. One of these was guarded by Contreras; the other by works at San Antonio, to the east and north.

General Scott at Contreras (*From the painting by Chapin*)

Churubusco in 1847

Nearer the city on this same causeway were the heights of Churubusco, fortified.

Scott, master mechanic, adjusted his machine. The morning of August 20 came. Before the sun that morning looked down upon the defenses round about the city, the American army, already in position in the flank and rear of the entrenchments at Contreras, charged. In seventeen minutes 4000 had driven 6000 in a rabble flight.

A turn of the machine, and Worth struck through San Antonio. Another, and Pillow crashed down upon one of the heights of Churubusco. Here the battle was bitter about a stone church and yard, where deserters from Taylor's army manned the guns. But that part of the machine held true. Another turn, and another ponderous wheel of the engine rolled over a second of the heights of Churubusco; a fourth, and Shields, in the rear, met and held Santa Anna, advancing with reinforcements. Five times that day the vast device of man overwhelmed and broke that which it was to overwhelm and break. Not the least of the machine were the soldiers who fought with an intelligent courage to be found only in an Anglo-Saxon army that is largely volunteer.

Farther along those two causeways the machine could not go without too great wear and tear upon its parts. The master mechanic turned it to the left, until it came upon the castle of Chapultepec, three miles southwest of the city, — a strong, almost invincible height, flanked by defenses at Molino del Rey. Hence led causeways to the gates of Belen and San Cosmo.

Here Scott rested. N. P. Trist, special messenger from Polk, was at this time in the city attempting to bring about a peace. The terms proposed by the Mexicans with a victorious army at the gates of the capital were audacious and insulting. The negotiations failed, as the Mexicans intended they should. They believed in their honor, the Mexicans.

September 8 it was the work of Worth's part of the engine, that was crushing in the Mexican heart, to take Molino del Rey, a group of stone buildings beneath the frown of Chapultepec. He did it, 3000 men against 14,000. Here it was that Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, seeing some Mexicans on the roof of a building, climbed up on a cart and drew himself over the eaves into their midst to capture them. They were already prisoners, surrounded by a solitary private who had beaten him to the roof. Such was the stuff of which the parts of the machine were made.

The next day, and the next, that part which was Lee and Beauregard and Tower and Stevens searched out the hidden places of the slopes of Chapultepec, for a footing on which the engine might climb. This was the last that stood between the master mechanic and the gates of the city.

On the night of September 11 artillery was moved into position to fire on the heights. Throughout the next day that part of the engine did its work. That night word went

The Castle of Chapultepec

through the camp which raised the men to their feet by the side of their camp-fires, and set a flame in their blood. On the morrow there would be a call for volunteers to storm the heights!

Hearing the word at the door of his tent, Daniel silently vanished from his companions into the darkness. In half an hour he returned with an exultant countenance. He felt at last that he could lift the weight of his heavy conscience from his heart forever. Somewhere within the city was the fiend Santa Anna. To-morrow, with the fall of Chapultepec, he would be broken. Carlota would be released from his power; for after that he would have no power. And it was assured to Daniel that he should have part in striking the blow which was to lay this infamous man in the dust.

The morrow came, September 13. Out of all who clamored when the call came for volunteers, 500 were chosen. They were to attack in two columns, 250 in each. The assault was in the hands of General Pillow. They were to ascend at the north and west. Daniel was of those who were to attack from the west.

The storming party moved into position. High above them, 400 feet in the air, on the crest of the glorious hill where Montezuma had held his state, glistened and gleamed the white walls of the fortress. Between was rugged rock, over which the eye could scarce trace out a path, and rough growth of brush and tree. Above bent the deep blue of the warm southern sky. About them sparkled the sunlight, kindling in the east where the sun was coming into his own. Parakeets chattered in the trees. Love-birds, gorgeous in green livery, nestled close together on the boughs, through which war was to pass. The whole world was indolent and happy.

Through the soft and balmy air rang the blast of bugles. Out upon the face of the precipices swept the two small bands of heroes. There was no cheering. They would have need of their breath ere they came to the top. Silently, slowly, step by step they rose across the sheer wall, compact and steady. The machine was running smoothly.

Down upon their heads rained torrents of hurtling lead. Men, gasping, let go their hold on brush and rock, and tumbled back among their coming fellows. But the living part of the machine moved on.

XOCHIMILCO, THE VENICE OF MEXICO

Among them was no sound save the groans of those who died, the breathing of those who lived, the scraping of boot upon hard stone, the screaming of bullets that swarmed about their ears.

Daniel, well to the fore of the column on the western slope, burst into tears before the way was half traversed. Weeping, his feet were lighter, his breath came easier, without effort, his heart beat full and evenly. As he climbed he whispered to himself, and his conscience, "Señorita of Dreams, I am coming; I am coming, Señorita of Dreams!"

Now were they at the top, such as were left. Now they were against the very walls themselves, standing high before them. Now they climbed on each other's shoulders to reach the cornice, pulling themselves over and those behind after them; dying fast, but gaining faster upon the Mexicans.

On the Viga, Ready for Market: The Only Bit of Ancient Mexico that Remains Unchanged

A shouting in the valley behind, below them, where their comrades watched them gain, and die. Cries to the left, where the other column assaulted on the north. About them, a swirling, cursing mob of Mexicans, fighting by hand as cats fight, save that their claws were of steel and that which they spat upon their enemies was death-dealing flame.

A half-dozen hovered about Daniel, where he pressed toward the sounds of the other assaulting party. Sobbing, he struck among them, scattering them. Beside him was a man of years, who gave way before the fierce onslaught of a young Mexican. In the half-glimpse he had he found something strangely familiar. He had no time to look at him. He had no time to give thought to him, so sorely was he pressed by numbers about him.

In a moment of respite, he looked beside to see how fared the man of years. As he looked, he gave a loud cry. It was his father, struggling valiantly in the last extremity against the nimble sword that was raised against him. And as he cried, he struck aside the blade of his father's assailant as it leapt for his breast. Whirled from the stroke, the sword laid open the shirt that was beneath, but nothing more. In the instant that it whirled, he who wielded it gasped, and let it fall to the floor.

Robert E. Lee in the Uniform of the Mexican War Period

"*Caramba!*" he cried. "We cannot fight those whose ghosts come back against us!"

It was the voice of Felipe. Daniel, turning, saw him staring in utter amazement.

"I would almost rather that you told me it is not you!" said the Mexican, with blanched lips. "Did I not leave you dead on the battle field of Buena Vista?"

Fernando Stevens, breathing heavily from the exertions of the encounter, observed the two with unmingled astonishment.

"You have met before?" he said, ere Daniel had time to respond to the other's exclamations.

It was no time for explanations. There was work to be done by the engine of war, even by its least parts. It was time for haste.

"A thousand pardons, but would it offend the señor if I delivered him a prisoner into the hands of my father?" said Daniel to Felipe, abruptly, ignoring his father's bewilderment.

He was gone back to the fight, which had swept past, with the last words still formed by his lips.

Americans were all about. The Mexicans were already fleeing down the opposite side of the hill. Felipe, picking up his sword, handed it to Fernando Stevens in token of submission. He took

Stratford, Virginia: the Birthplace of Robert E. Lee it and returned it to him, still puzzled by the scene between this young man and his son. The young man himself seemed no less bewildered.

"Father?" he exclaimed in broken English, which he had acquired since the beginning of the war. "Father? you are hees father? Hah! Eet would seem that theese war ees a family affair. What new tweest of family matters ees thees, that you are hees father?"

More perplexed than ever, Fernando was summoning to his tongue what little Spanish he knew, out of courtesy to his prisoner, in the hopes of making something out of the enigma, when Daniel returned to them running, his face intent and eager. The enemy had broken and fled, and that part of the machine was done with its present work.

"Your sister! Where is she?" he cried to Felipe. "Have you found her? Have you seen your father?"

The matter had gone past the comprehension of Fernando, even if the conversation had not been conducted in Spanish. He was content to be an idle spectator of events.

The young Mexican could not immediately gather his wits together for a reply, so confounded was he by Daniel's words.

"Carlota? My father? What of Carlota and my father?" he stammered, at last.

Quickly Daniel told him once more that which he had told him on the field of Buena Vista, which had been as a dream; of the meeting with the father and of what had taken place between them. As he spoke, Felipe stared more and more at him, stupefied with dread and horror.

"Jesu, pity us! I thought it was but the wandering of your dying thoughts!" he cried, his head between his hands. "*Madre de Dios!* If I had believed! I might have saved her! Hah!" He caught a thought from out the chaos in his brain. "Wait! That was what Santa Anna meant.

That is the meaning of this house of mystery, this house where he went, where none might follow him. *Madre de Dios!*" A burst of understanding came into the staring eyes — a knowledge that came too late. He leaned forward, whispering wildly. "I know, I know where she is, then!"

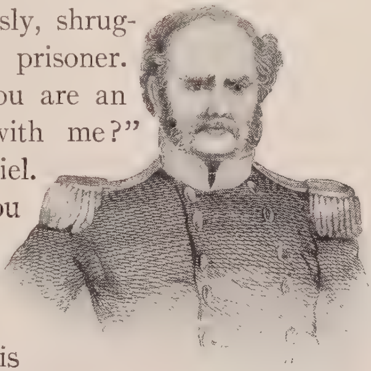
Daniel grasped him by the hand.

"You know where she is? Come, we shall go there!"

Felipe looked about him helplessly, shrugging his shoulders. "But I am a prisoner. How is it that I can go? And you are an American. How can you come with me?"

"It is not too late," returned Daniel. "Do you know a way from here? You can escape. As for me —"

He threw off his coat, tore a uniform from the shoulders of a dead Mexican, wrenched it upon his own, flung his hat over the brink of the wall, snatched up one of a Mexican officer, placed it upon his head, and stood before them in haphazard disguise, with a speed that left the others staring dumbly at him.



General D. E. Twiggs

"Now perhaps I can get through your lines," he said, dragging Felipe by the hand. "Come!"

Fernando, having long ago abandoned all hope of understanding what it was that he saw, watched the two as they passed swiftly to a part of the castle so remote that the Americans had not yet fully penetrated to it, and saw them disappear over the wall, closely pursued by a squad of soldiers who fired upon them as they ran. Having watched them, he sat down upon a marble bench to marvel.

CHAPTER XXX

THE MAN-SERVANT

NOW did the conscience of Daniel Stevens rest more lightly upon his soul. It was nothing to him that he had left his country's army in a time of crisis. He did not stop to consider that he was a deserter. If he had reflected, he would still have run on. The Mexican army might march through the streets of Washington; it would concern him not at all, until he found the Señorita of his Dreams!

Descending the hill at the southeastern corner, the two emerged upon the low plain near the causeway that led to Belen Garita, untouched by the few bullets which were sent after them. They ran along in silence, gaining the road and turning toward the city.

THE TREES AT CHAPULTEPEC

Presently Felipe, laying his hand on Daniel's arm, stopped abruptly.

"How is it, then, that *el señor Americano* goes to such pains in the succor of my sister?" he demanded. Into his settling thoughts there had come reflection upon the strange conduct of this enemy in leaving his army and forgetting his honor, on such an errand. His countenance, when Daniel looked upon it, carried the question further than his words. Daniel, nonplussed, hesitated and stammered. The dark visage of the Mexican clouded.

"Soho!" he cried, divining what it was that embarrassed the other. "Let me tell you, señor," he added, blazing into indignant anger, "that you need not go farther with me. Let me tell you that it is not for any Gringo pig to let his thoughts rest upon my sister, in whose veins flows the best blood of Spain! It is only what you have done for me, boor, that holds my hand from striking you down!"

THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC IN 1847

Daniel made no answer. Pressing his lips together, he held his resentment in leash, thinking only of her and her need.

"Come!" broke in Felipe, "there lies your way. See, even now your soldiers come along the road."

He pointed where the column of Quitman was winding out upon the Belen causeway about the foot of Chapultepec. Daniel glanced behind, merely out of curiosity.

"I take upon myself the responsibility of going to your sister," he made answer. "I alone shall answer whether I go or stay. If I go not with you, señor, I go without you. Neither you nor all the men of Mexico shall hold me back!"

The sword of Felipe flashed from its scabbard.

"By all the saints of Mexico, those shall be your last words!" he cried.

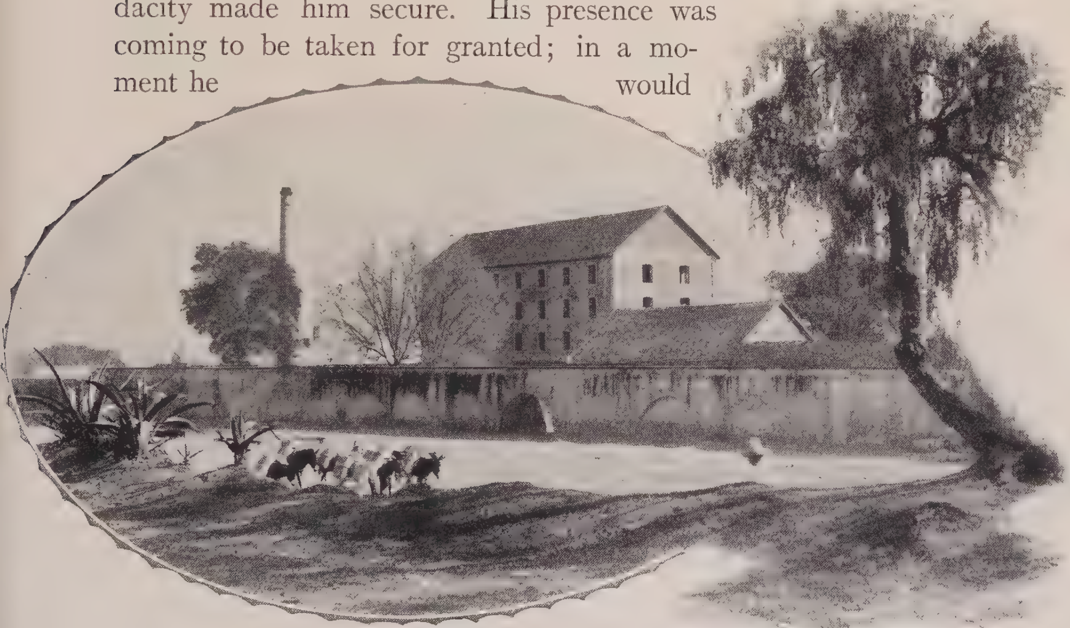
"For her sake I will not risk your life, or mine," Daniel replied, containing himself. "I will not fight you now. When she is safe, I will meet you how and where you will." He leapt past the Mexican, dodging the thrust sent after him, and ran on down the road toward Belen Garita. Felipe, outdistanced, followed.

THE BATTLE OF MOLINO DEL REY (*From the painting by Chappell*)

Now the American army was in motion against the gates of Belen and San Cosme. General Quitman headed a column against Belen; another under General Worth fought its way down the causeway toward San Cosme. Along the center of each road ran an aqueduct, lifted and carried on masonry supported by stone arches. The Americans fought from arch to arch, firing from behind their shelter. The enemy from behind trenches and from the tops of houses opposed them stubbornly, but in vain. Step by step the American army pressed forward.

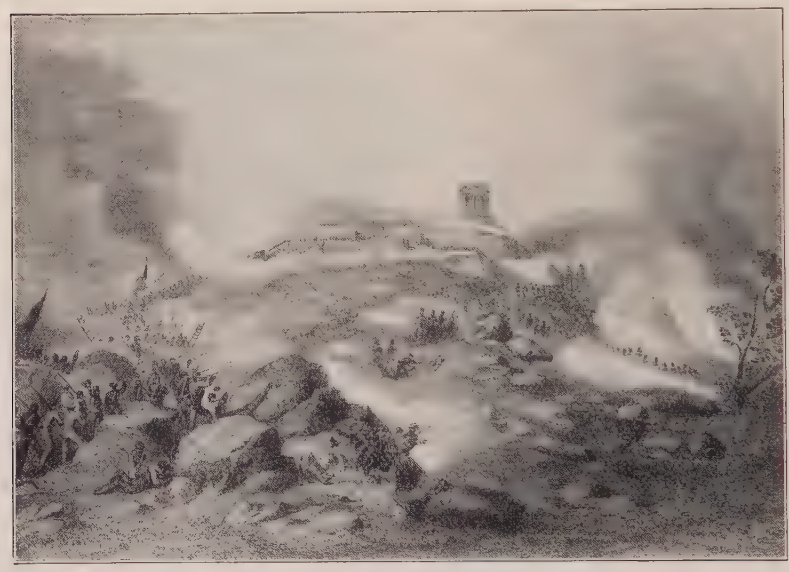
Daniel, determined, desperate, reached Belen gate. A soldier stopped him with bayonet at his breast. His American face and such parts of his American uniform as he had not changed betrayed him. He nodded slyly at the guard, winked, and laid his finger along his nose with an expression of profound significance. With his other hand he softly removed the gun of the soldier from his breast, and passed by, administering another nod as he did so. The stupid fellow, impressed, permitted him to do it.

A group of soldiers, seeing him pass the guard, stared hard, but offered no interference. He met and saluted a lieutenant, hurrying forward on business of the fight. That one returned his salute, somewhat perplexed to see him in his pied dress. His assurance overbore them. His audacity made him secure. His presence was coming to be taken for granted; in a moment he would



The Molino del Rey or King's Mill, near Chapultepec, Mexico be fairly within the city. What would follow then would be developed by circumstances.

A loud clamor at the gate! Excited cries! A soldier following him swiftly! A dozen, a score, running after him! Among them Felipe, gesticulating and dropping soft Spanish curses. He gathered all his strength and threw it into his running. Momentarily he expected to hear the sound of their rifles firing at him, to feel the sting of bullets in his back. He would not stop. Thus far had he come upon the adventure. He would finish it.



THE BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC (*From the drawing by H. Billings*)

He was now within the scattered buildings of the outskirts. Twenty, thirty, fifty yards behind him came his pursuers. He wondered that they did not fire. He considered that it was because Felipe would not let them; that to so much he was impelled by gratitude. He came to the corner of a street. At right angles to his course was a wall skirting the street. It was high enough to hide him. There he might find escape. He turned into the street. Five feet from him was the head of a column of Mexican soldiers, moving to the gate!

He laughed, once, grimly, as he threw himself at the foot of the wall and sat there, catching his breath. The officer leading the column halted it. Felipe, at the head of the pursuers, came around the corner. The soldiers with him grasped Daniel by the arms, by the legs, by the body, clinging to him like ants. The column moving toward the gate took up its march, casting curious glances aside.

THE AQUEDUCT NEAR THE CHAPULTEPEC BATTLEFIELD

"Hah, gringo, you run fast!" gasped Felipe, leaning against the wall, exhausted, "but you run in the wrong direction."

"*El señor* may have observed that Americans always run toward their enemies," retorted Daniel, making the best of his situation.

The column, moving past, brought with it a slight, dark man, with restless eyes. He was mounted on a magnificent charger, richly caparisoned. His uniform was that of a general. Seeing the group by the side of the wall, he turned and halted, his staff with him. It was Santa Anna.

"So, Captain Estévan, you have found a convenient wall," he sneered. "And who is your companion who has been running so hard with you?"

Each was still breathing heavily, warm with the exertion of the past few minutes.

Felipe, noting the presence of Santa Anna for the first time when he heard the voice, threw himself into military attitude and saluted.

"It is a prisoner, señor general," he said. He would rather have met any one, on the errand which had brought him to the city, than this man. "As for me," he went on, discomfited, "I am on my way to rejoin my command, having delivered over my prisoner."

"As for you, Don Felipe, I know your ways well," returned Santa Anna, severely. He turned to an officer of staff. "Colonel Ybarra, place Don Capitan Felipe Estévan under arrest for neglect of duty and desertion. To-morrow, when we have done with these Americanos, I shall attend to his case."

He leaned gently forward in his saddle; his charger, responding, pranced forward toward the gate. The staff fell into the column which still swept past, and followed; excepting Colonel Ybarra, who led Felipe away, stricken dumb by the change in his condition and filled with apprehension over the hostile attitude so suddenly displayed toward him by Santa Anna. Daniel, his wrists bound with thongs as being a desperate character, was brought behind.

The attacking columns continued to pound their way to the gates of the city. The Mexicans fought bravely. They clung to their defenses. They were torn loose only by the greater bravery, the more intelligent persistence, of the Americans. By night the gates of Belen and San Cosme were the defenders' by the slenderest tissue. The American troops were in the suburb, tunneling through the houses as they had learned to do from old Ben Milam, ten years before.

The Storming of Chapultepec (*From the painting by James Walker in the Capitol at Washington*)

As the shadows deepened through the city two men passed silently, with an appearance of stealth, along the narrow streets that lay in a maze to the northward of the Hall of the Montezumas. The one walking ahead was a slight man, but moved unsteadily, and continually peered into the darkness where it gathered in the corners along the way. The other, big and burly, was like the first in the care with which he investigated each angle of wall, each doorway, as they passed along the street.

They came, after more turnings than the journey demanded, to a small house which differed from those of the city in that it was set away from the street, with a garden space in front. Skirting the street before the house was a heavy stone wall, higher than a man's head. It was pierced by one opening. Here hung a heavy gate of solid oak, studded with nails and bound with copper bands. The house was low. Only the eaves were visible to those who walked in the street. Pausing to look once more, the man who led put a key in the gate, and turned the lock. The other swung the gate open for him, and closed it after him, remaining in the street when he entered.

The man, crossing the garden, passed by the side of the house and went in it at a side door, screened from prying eyes by a lattice of roses. He did not stop to knock or give other signal, but went in as one accustomed there. Only a faint glow of light from a distant room was in the passage into which the door admitted him. Treading the floor as lightly as a cat, he passed into the room.

A Mexican girl, beautiful beyond desire, sat beside a table whereon was a group of candlesticks, drawing threads from a piece of linen. Her eyes, black as the night in the midst of a starless sea, had in them a trace of sadness which added to their beauty — if, indeed, it were a beauty capable of increase. Her hair, black and flowing as the midnight sea, was parted, falling over her ears and caught at the back of her neck with a trinket of silver, exquisitely wrought. In it she wore a white rose. Its petals were not more soft than her cheeks, and scarcely more white; for pallor was upon the dusk of her complexion.

"Señorita Carlota, I have come for the last time," said the man, whose entrance had been so catlike, in spite of the impediment in his walk, that he stood unobserved for a moment before he spoke.

Carlota started, almost imperceptibly, at sound of his voice. She did not turn to look at him. She did not cease to draw threads from the linen. But the sorrow died entirely from the bottoms of her eyes, as being an emotion of tenderness. Her delicate chin grew sharp and firm against the mellow light of the candles. Almost the softness of her cheeks became hard.

"Then it will be the last time I shall have the honor to spurn you, Señor Santa Anna," she made answer, calmly.

"It is better that you should hear what I have to say first, before it is too late," Santa Anna returned. His voice was harsh and ominous.

"There is nothing in the black heart of *el* Señor Don Santa Anna that I have not already heard," said Carlota. Her words could not carry the burden of her contempt.

"You have not been fair with me," Santa Anna began. "You do not give me credit for those things which I have not done. For months you have been beholden to me for protection and the comforts of life; for months you have been in my hands, and I have shielded you. For this I have asked your love, and you have scorned me. You have affronted me. You have insulted me without ceasing. My crime against you has been that I loved you. If in the desperation of my love I sought an extreme means to bring you to me, my love ought to plead its own excuse. If I

The Monument and Mill at Molino del Rey, Mexico

brought you to me it was only that I might have opportunity to win your love as any suitor would strive to do. Ask your own heart if there has been in my behavior aught that was not honorable and worthy of a gentleman of Mexico."

As he was speaking, a man, in the simple garments of a servant, entered the room, placed a decanter of wine on the table, set a glass, and left. He was a tall, graceful man, with gray hair and a brown beard that hid his face. He came and went softly, humming a tune, paying no heed to the two in the room. He scarce turned his deep brown eyes in the direction of the one who was speaking. He glanced only slightly at the señorita, as if to see if she had further commands for him. Neither showed themselves aware of his entrance or departure.

When Santa Anna finished, Carlota looked him fully in the eyes for the first time. His own eyes flitted restlessly before her steady gaze.

"Can Señor Santa Anna speak of honor?" she said, scornfully. "Have you forgotten the child who is your wife, your unwilling wife, whom you were compelled to wed; whom you dishonored and defamed first, by such petitions as you make to me, when her father was a prisoner in your hands, and then wed that you might hide behind her skirts like the coward that you are when you were discovered? What can such an one speak of honor in love?"

"She was forced upon me," replied the Mexican general. "Our bond is nothing. She is nothing to me."

"She should thank God and all the saints for that," Carlota interjected.

The bearing of the other became threatening. He came closer, leaning toward her.

"You have exhausted my patience," he muttered. "You force me to another plan, repugnant as it is. Listen then. Your brother was arrested this morning as a deserter.

Unless I intercede for him, to-morrow he will be shot. Would you have your brother die?"

She arose, and confronted him standing.

"I would have him die, if he is a deserter. If he is not, you dare not lay hand upon him."

"Your father is in the city. To-night I liberate the convicts; for we must turn the capital over to the invaders for the time. It would be a slight thing for one of them to gain my favor in a way I might hint to him. Would you have your father die?"

"Yes, if need be; and win his eternal blessing thereby!" Her eyes flashed defiance upon him. Her slender frame quivered with defiance.

Monument to the Mexican Cadets who Fell at Chapultepec

The man's face went black.

"Nay, by Heaven, there is yet another way; and when I go from the city of Mexico, you shall go with me!"

With the leap of a cat he was down the passage through which he had come from the door where he had entered. With the quickness of a cat he threw the latch from the heavy wooden gate, flung it open, and called to the man who paced before it. Swift as a cat he was back again within the room, the man thundering at his heels.

It was empty. In the whole house she was not to be found.

Neither was the servant, the tall, graceful man who had brought the wine into the room, humming a tune and paying no heed.

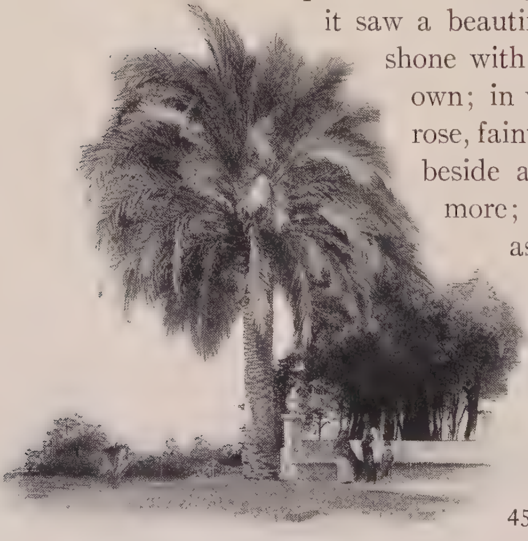
Bronze Mexican Mortars in the Trophy Garden at West Point

CHAPTER XXXI

AT THE END OF A DREAM

THE rising sun, on September 14, 1847, saw a vast horde of men moving in serried ranks across the valley of Mexico, leaving behind them a white and beautiful city. It saw another army, fewer, creeping in cautious lines through the streets of the city. It saw straggling knots of men, hiding on roof-tops and behind windows, firing desultorily upon those who came, and fleeing, to fire again from other points of shelter and vantage. It looked aslant upon 2000 convict prisoners, liberated the night before by Santa Anna, working their evil wills through the defenseless city, lawless and uncontrolled.

Rising higher with staring faze, it glanced upon a scene that brought a smile upon its face. It peered through a window of a tiny house on an obscure street not far behind the plaza. In the light which it brought with it it saw a beautiful maiden whose black eyes shone with a brilliancy that rivalled its own; in whose raven hair was a white rose, faint, faded, forgotten. She knelt beside a man of twoscore years and more; her cheek was against his as he leaned over her, her arms about his neck. The glow of joy that was in his face as she fondled and petted him almost made it again the full, happy face that it had clearly been



Palm Tree in the Alameda of the City of Mexico before anxiety and sorrow had levied upon it. His hands trembled with gladness as they passed over her cheeks, her hair, her shoulders, in fatherly caress.

Apart from them, looking through a window that gave upon the street, but which was now nearly closed by shutters, was a tall, graceful man with flowing hair, gray and brown, and a full wide beard of brown. From time to time as they spoke softly to each other, they looked at him, and at each other with smiles of love and gratitude.

CHAPULTEPEC AND MOLINO DEL REY (*From a drawing*)

"To think that he was my servant for four months, and that I never knew him," she said, on a time when they had fallen into silence, gazing at him. "To think that he was sent to me for a servant by Santa Anna himself! To think that once I tried to slay him, and wounded him — what a brave man never to have told you of that! — and that it was he who watched and waited by my side to save me at the last from the monster! It is all like a fairy tale, like a dream, is it not, *padre mio*?"

"Yes, Carlota, like a wonderful dream with a beautiful ending," he answered. Pressing a kiss on her hair, his lips fell upon the softness of the white rose forgotten there. He had not seen it before. He arched his brows, smiling with wisdom. Smiling, he looked quickly at her.

She did not see. She was gazing wistfully through the window, past the man who stood there, past everything that other eyes could see.

"A beautiful dream," she murmured to herself, "a dream that shall have no end!"

He looked tenderly upon her, from her eyes to her lips, from her lips to her hair.

"Have there been white roses in a dream?" he asked.

She glanced swiftly to him, blushing, confused. He kissed her on the lips. He brushed a tear from her cheek.

"Tell me again the story, father," she said, hurriedly, seeking refuge.

"That, too, has been like a dream. They gave me my freedom. I hurried home. There I met one who told me how you had been enticed by this monster's villain — " she turned away her head.

"Ah, then surely, surely he lives!" she murmured. "I had thought him dead!"

The Hill of Chapultepec

Her father opened his eyes wide, as one who stumbles upon a discovery. "He stood in the *patio* of our house in Monterey, beneath the white rose-bush over against the wall." He could see the color that spread over her face and neck, though her head was turned away. He drew her to him, and kissed her again, upon a cheek moist with tears. He went on. "I followed. He, like a brave hero, stayed to fight. I met this man, and we came to this city, whither he had traced you. He found you out. He hid me here, and by devices brought it about that he became your servant. The rest you know."

"And the man Corliss, father? You have not told me of him." There was dread in her tone as she spoke.

"The base wretch, Santa Anna, when that his tool had done the work, thrust him into jail. He knew too much to be at liberty."

"Then he did not find him?" She made her question intelligible by her glances at the man by the window as she asked it.

"Ay, he found him; and he took revenge by permitting him to live. 'Such an one is punished more by living than he would be by death,' he said. *Madre de Dios*, but he is brave, and has suffered much!"

There was silence between them. It was the man who broke it.

"Our dream is at an end now," he said. "We have but to find our Felipe, who was surely released with the others when they turned the prisoners loose, and then we shall go back to Monterey, and to our old, contented life."

She made no answer. Presently she rose and went to the one who watched by the window.

"For what you have done there can be no true thanks," she said, taking his hand, with an expression in her face that approached reverence. "Words cannot tell it. Not even a lifetime of deeds would suffice to display our gratitude."

He turned his face toward hers. His eyes were beautiful with the light that was in them.

"What we can find to do for each other in this world must not be weighed," he made answer. "If God gives it to us to be of help, we should thank God for it as a blessing. If there were any debt between us, it would be mine."

She raised his hand to her lips and kissed it. As he withdrew it from her a tear fell upon it. She said no more.

A noise of shouting in the street! The mad, maudlin shouting of the unrestrained! Montgomery, making a sign for silence to those in the room, drew the shutters close without a sound. In one of them was a tiny hole for the purpose, through which he peeped. The turmoil increased! Many feet beat upon the street close at hand! They saw his back stiffen. They saw his hand reach beneath his coat, and come forth with a long knife. They saw him leap swiftly to the door and

The Avenue of Cypresses at Chapultepec

PILLOW'S ATTACK AT THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC (*From the painting by Carl Nebel*)

open it, motioning them to conceal themselves as he did so.

A young man, hard pressed from without, leapt into the doorway beside Montgomery and turned with him against his pursuers. He was dressed in the coat of a Mexican officer. His trousers were those of a captain of the American army. In his hand was a broken sword. So swiftly had he turned against those who pursued him that the two standing in a far corner could not see his features. But as he stood in the doorway, fighting fiercely those who surged without, something in the lines of his figure, in the poise of his head, drove the blood leaping through the veins of Carlota, sent her breath between her parted lips in a little gasp, and lighted a glow in her eyes which her father had never before seen there.

The refugee, finding an instant in the fight to glance at the one who had sheltered him, gave a cry of astonishment.

"Great God, Montgomery, is it you?" he said. "I have brought you your chance. It 's Corliss that leads them. He set them on me!"

"Let him go in peace," returned Montgomery — they talked as they fought. "It is God's work to settle my score." Montgomery was beginning to laugh. "I was never going to fight again," he said, beneath his breath, "but if they force me to it, they will find me ready. Now, then!"

With the grace and strength of a panther he leapt among them where they crouched out of reach, brandishing the knives and swords and *machetes* which they had gathered as weapons. Daniel was beside him. The mob scattered.

"Not too far from the door, Dan, my lad!" cautioned Montgomery, laughing and breaking into a song. It was the old song he sang, — "Won't You Come into My Bower?" — the song he had sung at San Jacinto eleven years before.

A cry from the doorway reached them above the howling of the frantic group. Montgomery leapt back to it. Don Federico was driving before him a heavy man with mottled face and pale hair, who cursed as he gave ground. It was Corliss.

"You dirty cur!" swore Montgomery, seeing him.

With upraised knife he rushed toward him. Corliss, hearing his voice and recognizing him for the first time, shrieked with fear and struggled to pass out of reach. Montgomery lowered his knife, and restrained Daniel when he would have fallen upon him.

"Let him suffer as long as God wills it," he said.

Another sound arose above the bawling turmoil about the door,— the regular beat of feet upon the ground and the clank of arms. A squad of American soldiers came into the street and approached rapidly. Like leaves before a whiff of autumn wind the rabble scurried away, scattering for shelter. Foremost among the fleeing was Corliss.

Daniel, drawing a deep breath, leaned against the door-post to rest. Montgomery wiped his knife across the edge of the adobe bricks in the opening.

" 'T was a good fight you made against the scoundrel, Don Federico," he said, addressing the man who stood within.

"Truly, I am but a babe to fight," he made answer, his eyes fixed curiously on Daniel's back; "but when it is my babe that I fight for perhaps I am a very devil. *Madre de Dios*, it is he, then!"

Daniel, at the sound of the other's voice, had turned, revealing his face.

"Your — your daughter?" he cried. "Have you found her?"

Behind, in the shadow of the room, some one was coming slowly toward them — some one wonderfully beautiful

The Grave of Santa Anna

who came with eyes half closed, with hands stretched before her, like one groping where she did not know the dark way. In her hair was a faded white rose.

"Señorita! The Señorita of Dreams!"

He spoke to himself, beneath his breath.

Don Federico looked from one to the other with curious interest.

Montgomery, still in the doorway, watched the approaching soldiers fixedly.

Carlota, at sight of Daniel, uttered a little scream. It was half a cry of gladness, half of surprise and doubt. She clutched her father's arm for support. He raised the hand on his sleeve and held it toward Daniel.

"Come, speak to her," he said. "Tell her — tell her that it is not a dream."

In the corner of his eye was a slight twinkle of pleased amusement. His was a light soul, was Don Federico's!

The girl opened her eyes fully and looked upon Daniel. For a moment she suffered her hand to rest where her father had placed it. Daniel could find no word.

"Until to-day I had thought surely you were dead," murmured the girl. "Even now I cannot believe that you are not."

"But for you I should have been," he made answer. "It was you that saved me on the battlefield. I saw your face; I heard your voice; I felt your hands on my forehead; and I would not die. I could not speak to tell you; I could not stir; I lay there stunned, in a vision. I was helpless when that hound came and took you away. But I would not die, having seen you again."

She withdrew her eyes from his as he spoke. Between them there was silence.

Montgomery Stevens, standing in the doorway, raised a mighty shout.

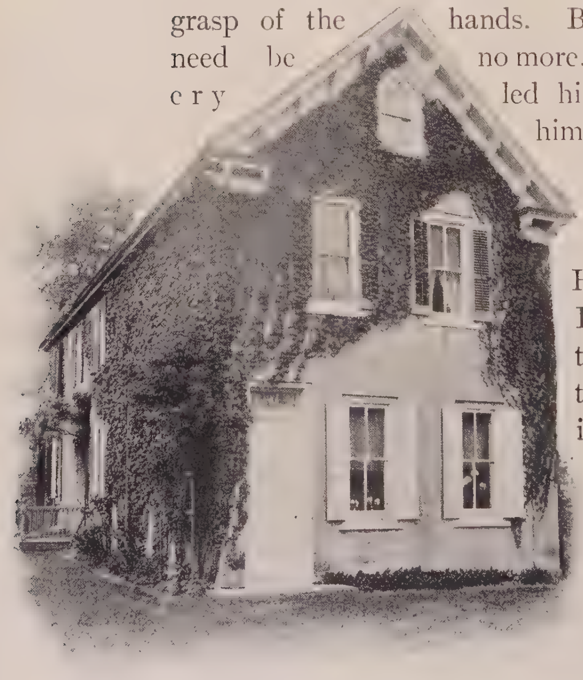
"For the love of Heaven, Daniel, look who it is that comes marching at the head of the detachment!" he cried. "Hello, Uncle Fernando!" he called to some one in the street. He was still wrought upon by the excitement of the fight.

The one in command of the troops, a colonel of the American army, stopped in utter amazement before the house, halting his squad. For a moment he scrutinized the bearded face of the one who had saluted him, without recognition. At last his gaze rested on the brown eyes.

"Montgomery! Montgomery! My boy!" He grasped him by both hands. "Daniel told me you were somewhere hereabouts. Daniel has told me much, Montgomery! You, you — it 's all right? It 's all right now, Montgomery?"

There were tears in his eyes as he spoke. There were tears in the eyes of Montgomery. There were tears in his voice, so that he could make no reply, save an answering grasp of the hands. Between strong men, there need be no more. Without words, Montgomery led him into the room to bring him to his son.

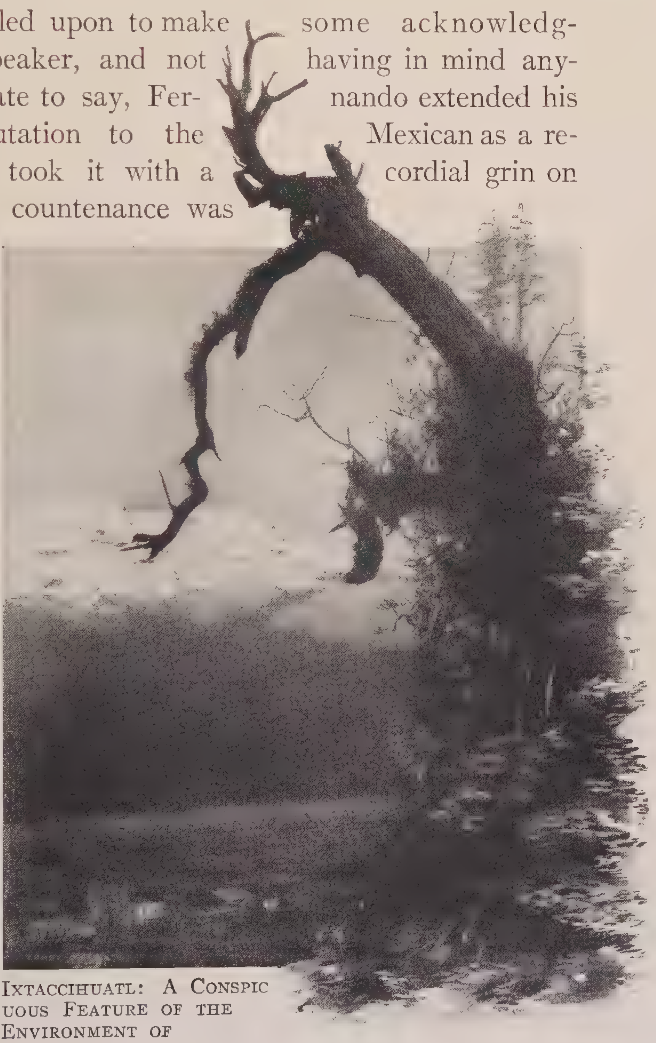
Daniel stood by the side of Carlota. Her lips were moving through her story. He bent his head to listen. It was of little consequence to him that his father was in the room. He did not know it until he heard his voice. Even then, he paid slight heed, merely gazing vacantly upon him for a moment.



The Home of General Winfield Scott,
Burlington, New Jersey

“This Mexico is a land of many and marvelous mysteries!” ejaculated Fernando, staring from Daniel to Montgomery and back to Daniel. “Perhaps if I live to a ripe old age I shall be able to comprehend some of the things I have seen here since I came to war.”

“You see now a dream,” chuckled Don Federico, in broken English. There was still youth in the blood of Don Federico.



Ixtaccihuatl: A Conspicuous Feature of the Environment of Mexico City

Feeling called upon to make some acknowledgment of the speaker, and not having in mind anything appropriate to say, Fernando extended his hand in salutation to the Mexican as a rejoinder. He took it with a cordial grin on his face. His countenance was already expanding to its wonted fullness under the effects of the happy events of the past few hours.

Fernando, not without hesitation and reluctance, approached Daniel and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

“Well, my son, you seem

to have done what you set out to do," he said. "And you seem to be alive and whole."

Daniel, dizzy with being brought to earth again, stammered in reply something that was nothing.

"How came you here?" his father went on. "How came Montgomery here? How — ? What — ? Who — ?" He held up his hands in an attitude of mimic despair. "What became of your comrade, the young Mexican?" he added, abruptly.

Daniel's eyes opened wide. Felipe had passed completely from his mind. He looked quickly at Carlota, and her father.

"Have you seen Felipe?" he asked.

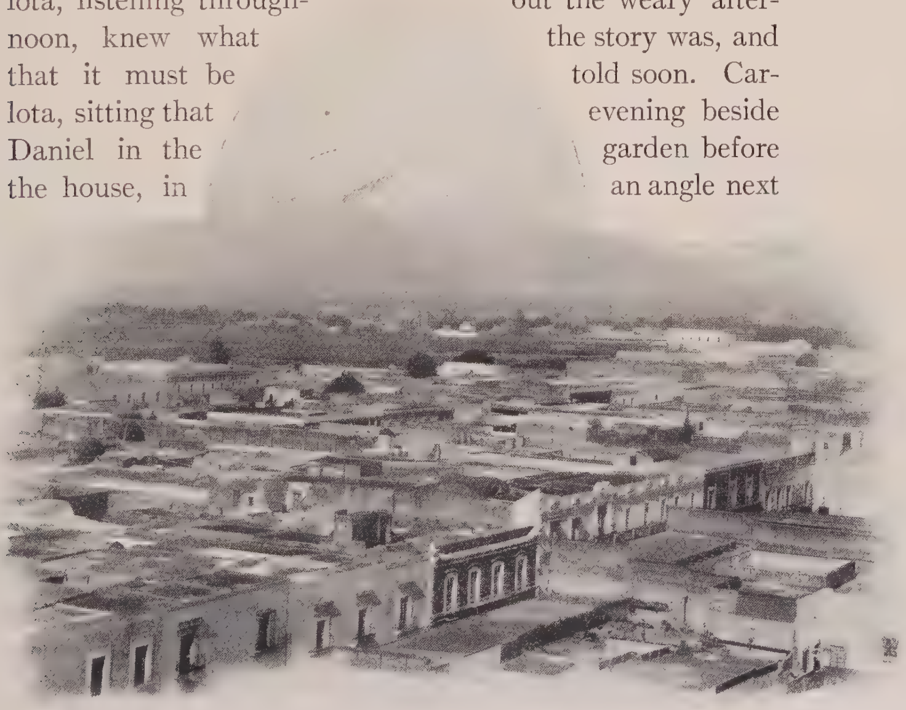
They had not. Had the other any word of him? Yes; he had met him by chance at Chapultepec. He had told Felipe of the danger that was about Carlota. They had come in haste to succor her. They had been thrown into prison — he did not tell of the quarrel — and confined separately. He himself had been set at liberty with the convicts. Undoubtedly Felipe had been liberated as well. If so, he would come there to look for her; for he had hit upon the place where she was detained.

Hearing him tell these things, Montgomery, restored to equilibrium, pointed out that if Felipe had known where she was detained, they had best return thither straightway, for there was the place where he would search for her. They did so without delay, escorted by the squad of soldiers, some of whom were placed on guard at the house by Fernando.

They had not been there many minutes before Felipe arrived in the disguise of a civilian, and was admitted to their presence by the guard. What he thought at seeing Carlota and Daniel hovering together while Don Federico looked on in complacent enjoyment; what were his feelings at sight of his father himself, and of Montgomery, were too complicated for expression. He made no attempt at it. What he did say and do was too trivial to warrant record. It is sufficient to chronicle that he was thoroughly subdued and amenable, Daniel taking especial care not to harass his soul, and none other knowing the delicate situation in which he found himself.

The city, in turmoil for a time by reason of the withdrawal of the Mexican army and the liberation of 2000 convicts, was rapidly reduced to order by the army under the minute direction of General Scott, master mechanic. Those whom the events of the morning had so strangely reunited told their several adventures that afternoon, leaving Fernando Stevens tolerably clear on some few points of the mystery.

But there was one story that was not for ears to hear — too sweet, too delicate, too tender for the light of day. Carlota, listening throughout the weary afternoon, knew what the story was, and that it must be told soon. Carlota, sitting that evening beside Daniel in the garden before the house, in an angle next



Snow-Capped Popocatepetl from the City of Mexico the wall where the gleaming moon cast shadows, where the warm breath of the valley came to them heavy with the odor of roses, knew that the time had come when the story was to be told.

For a long time they sat in silence. Yet even then the story was being told — told by the beating of his heart, told by the gentle touch of his hand upon hers, told by the very silence.

"Carlota," he said at last, "Señorita of Dreams! Shall I tell you of my dream?"

"*Si*, Señor of Dreams," she made answer.

"When I was a little child, I had my dreams!" he began, after a pause. "I had no little sweethearts, as other children had, save her who was of my dreams. As I grew, I still cherished my dreams in my secret heart, and none other could come there. In youth my love grew, clinging about this fairy thought. I knew no other love than it. It became a vague longing that possessed my soul. It was no one; it was nothing. It was all. It was a flower seeking the light. It was a song that murmured to be sung.

"On the day I came to the war, the creature of my dreams became real. Into my mind, where there had been no form, there sprang a vision — distinct, definite. It was as though I had seen her whom I had loved all the years of my life. I felt then that she lived; that I should find her. It sprang from a strange story that my father told me before I left; a tradition in our family that in Mexico there lived a race that had sprung from a brother of one of our line in the dim years of long ago; a brother who had come with the early explorers and had been lost."

Her hand quivered beneath his as he spoke. He caught it up.

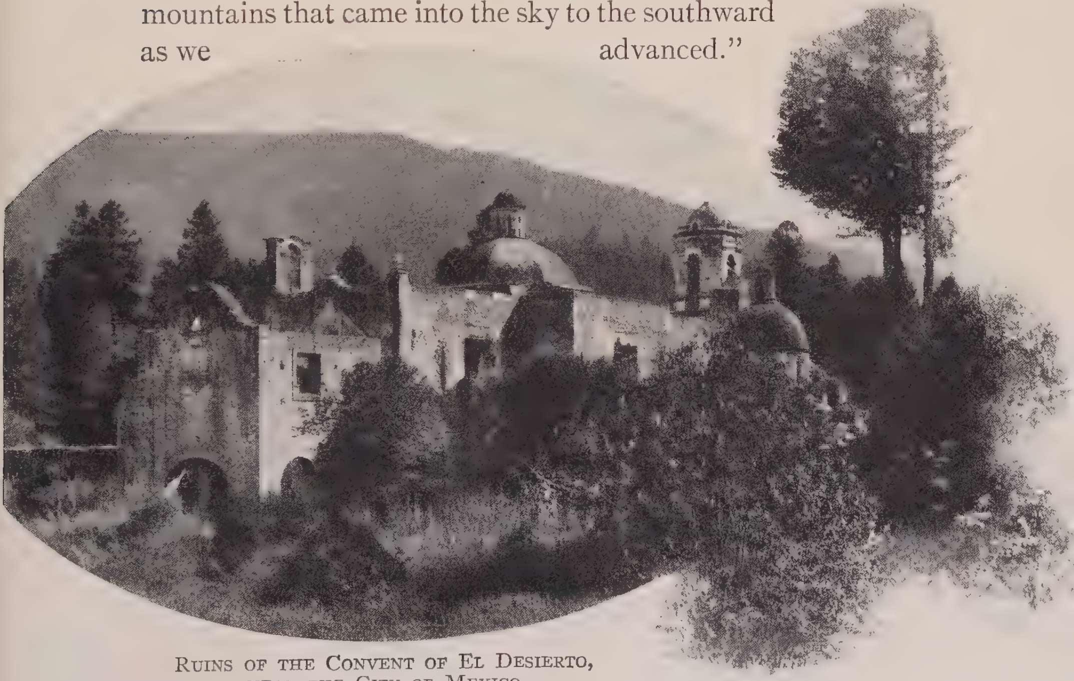
"Does the night breeze find you?" he asked. "Shall we — must we go in?"

She shook her head. "Nay, it was nothing. Tell me of your dreams."

"From that hour the beloved of my dream became real. Thinking much of the romantic story my father had told me, my fancy pictured the family of tradition. I thought that I should find them here. I thought that the ancient lines would be reunited after the lapse of centuries. And as I thought, the one of my dreams became one of them; a rare and beautiful maiden, whom I should know when I saw her. I called her the Señorita of Dreams."

He could hear the beating of her heart, so softly he spoke. He could hear her breath coming and going.

"I came marching with the troops into your country. With every day, with every step, I felt that I drew closer to the Señorita of my Dreams. And with every day that other part of my fancy fell away. I forgot the ancient line. I gave no thought to the tradition of my forefathers. Only I thought of the Señorita who awaited me somewhere beyond the mountains that came into the sky to the southward as we advanced."



Ruins of the Convent of El Desierto,
near the City of Mexico

CHAPTER XXXII

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES

THEY were married in the cathedral within a week, to the eminent satisfaction of their respective family groups. If any objection to his brother-in-law had lingered in the mind of Felipe after learning the true state of affairs between Carlota and Daniel it was removed by the revelation that Daniel could trace his line to Spanish blood. He was glad that he was able to approve of Carlota's husband, whom he was inclined to like for himself. As for Don Federico, it was sufficient to him that his daughter was made happy. Fernando, deeply impressed by the discovery of the traditional family, hailed the union as auspicious and the plain working out of fate. Montgomery rejoiced in the joy of the young people for the love be bore them.

Nothing would do but that they must all set forth at the earliest for Monterey, to make holiday in Casa Estévan. Daniel and his father were both able to obtain furloughs which were equivalent to discharges, for the war was clearly at an end. Felipe went with them, there being little left in Mexico that could be called an army. Montgomery, free to go and come as he chose, accompanied them to partake of their joy, and to increase it.

Only once more was there conflict between the troops of Mexico and the United States. Santa Anna, pernicious and vengeful, went with what soldiers he could gather to attack the American hospitals at Puebla. They were guarded by a small force which made shift to withstand him until a column under General Lane, moving from Vera Cruz to the capital, came upon and dispersed the

General Scott's Entrance into the City of Mexico (*From the painting by Carl Nebel*)

besiegers. Negotiations for peace were begun by N. P. Trist, already present in the city of Mexico on the peace mission which he had undertaken months before under direction from President Polk. February 2, 1848, a treaty was signed at Guadaloupe-Hidalgo, which was subsequently ratified by both governments. By it Mexico ceded to the United States all of New Mexico and upper California, with boundaries as they are at present, and acknowledged the annexation of Texas to the States. In return, the United States agreed to pay Mexico $15,000,000, and to settle claims of her own citizens against the government of Mexico to the sum of some millions of dollars.

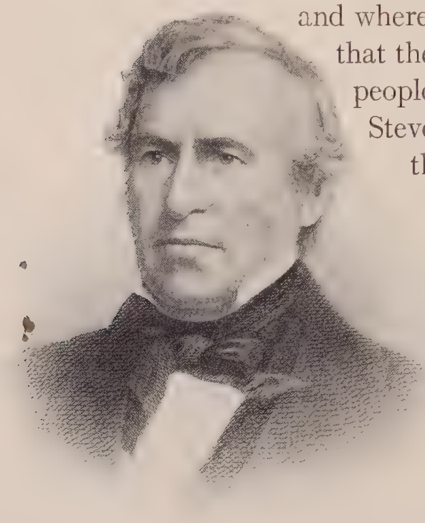
The acquisition of territory gave new point to the slavery struggle which was already beginning to rend the two sections of the country. The North was unwilling to permit slavery in New Mexico or California, and refused to extend the line of the Missouri Compromise to the coast. The Wilmot Proviso was introduced into Congress prohibiting slavery in the new territory. It failed of passage; but it struck deep into the wound from which the Union was suffering.

Zachary Taylor, hero of the war, was nominated for the presidency by the Whig party in the campaign of 1848. The policies of the party were not clearly and vigorously defined in a platform. Taylor himself was a slave-holder. Cass was the nominee of the Democratic party. A third important ticket was put in the field, supported by Democrats who had quarreled with the party or who demanded recognition of the Wilmot Proviso in the party principles, which had been withheld by the Democratic convention. The party was called the Free Soil party. Van Buren was the nominee. Taylor was elected. Millard A. Fillmore was chosen vice-president.

In 1848, before the close of President Polk's term, Wisconsin was admitted to the union.

It was Christmas time when Daniel and his bride arrived at the mansion of his father in Kentucky. Fernando and Montgomery had preceded the two, bringing with them Don Federico and Don Felipe for a reunion. They had loitered in Texas, where Daniel had purchased a ranch and where they were to take up their abode, that they might not be too far from her people. To the reunion came Douglas Stevens and Doris, with Frederick, their son. Douglas, continuing to rise, was in prospect of being sent to Saint Petersburg as attaché of legation.

What merriment there was in the old halls, what festivities of the season went forward, what cheer was made, what tales were told of the many adventures that had brought them there, need not be related. Neither need it be told what further conquests of Mexico by the United States were set afoot when Felipe first looked upon Frances, Daniel's beautiful sister, nor with what lingering heart and tender promises to return he bade her *adios* when the time came for parting.

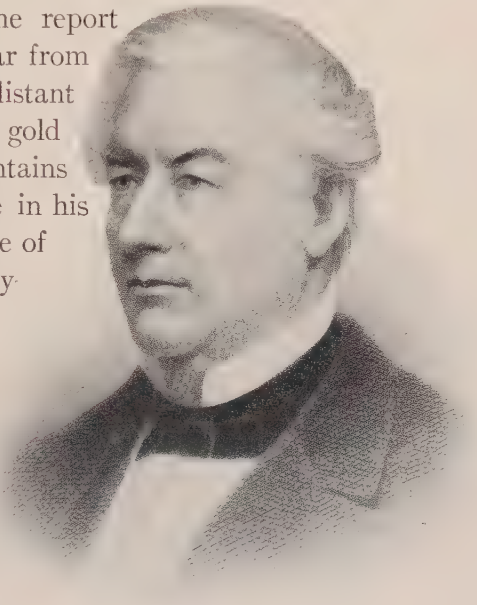


Zachary Taylor

For the time did come. The reunion dissolved at last, when the year was young. Daniel and Carlota set out for their new home in Texas, Don Federico and Felipe going with them on their way home to Monterey. Douglas and his family repaired to Washington, and the plantation settled down to its even ways.

Montgomery, accustomed through many years to the free life of the plains, was from the first ill at ease. The sight of others living in quiet domesticity made him sad. The scenes so closely associated with her who had gone, and a time when all was joy and promise in his young life, bore heavily upon him. All life about him chid him with the fault that had been his when he left many years before in a pique of anger against his generous uncle, and her.

It was not strange that the report which came early in the year from over the mountains, from distant California, of the discovery of gold in the rivers and the mountains there, cried with a loud noise in his heart. Day by day tales came of wonderful riches to be found lying free on the ground; of a man, digging a ditch for Captain Sutter on the American River, who turned up gold with his spade; of his seeking and finding it strewn about; of others who had found it along the river bottoms; of some who picked up as much as $500 a day, free gold!



Millard Fillmore

It was not the tale of wealth that fascinated him. It was the adventure that called to him, — the lure of the old free life beneath the sky; the voices of the winds, the rains that whispered, the ghosts of big hills that beckoned him. Here was a quest on which he could find that which was more precious to him than gold. Here would he find forgetfulness, oblivion, content. Here would he go!

Fernando was disconsolate to have him leave. It was not until his wife talked to him quietly in the seclusion of their room that he was reconciled. Even then, it was with a tear that he bade his nephew farewell. As for Oliver and Rosalind, the joy went out of their lives when the wonderful bearded uncle departed.

He crossed the plains with a party which set out in early spring from Leavenworth. Already the tales of El Dorado had traveled wide. In the party were rough men of the frontier, adventurers, fugitives from the law, thin-chested clerks from New England, fine-haired gentlemen from Virginia, unfortunates from the Middle West, leaving their families for a time to try once more to make a start in life — men of all classes and conditions, mad for gold.

When he reached San Francisco it was teeming with the new life. Buildings were raised while he looked. Everywhere was hurry, confusion, turmoil. It was a community of men for the most part, with the roughness that men generate when by themselves. It was a city of strange happenings and big hearts, fascinating, uncouth, irrepressible.

He went with the swarm of argonauts up the Sacramento River, bearing his cradle and pan. From those who were there before he learned the trick of washing the heavy gold out of the lighter sand; he picked up the talk of mother-lode and sluiceways and tailings and hard pan, and went forth into the wide reaches of the American River tributaries.

He found gold, — enough, for him. He did not need much. He found much more than gold. He found a restless, roving content in the solitary places. He wore the poignancy from his sorrowful memories.

He came at last, as winter drew near, to a little mining camp high in the jaws of the Sierra Nevada mountains, where a tiny stream passed by the side of the main street, and the pines trooped down to drink at it. There were not more than a dozen houses and a score of tents, counting

On the Viga Canal: A Venetian Thoroughfare in Mexico City

saloons, store, and dance-hall. Gold was scarce in the stream and growing scarcer; but something about the angles which the ridges made against the sky, the whispering of the brook to the pine trees at night, the slope of the cañon below the town, some indefinable charm, held him to the place.

At the end of the street above the town, by the side of the stream, he built a little cabin of logs which he had felled and hewed himself. The snow was on the ground before he had the chinks filled up. The first storm of winter blew in his roof before he had finished it. He set to work again, smiling and humming a tune through it all, and at the last he was secure against the weather.

A man was taken for what he was worth in manhood those days. Without prejudice a value was placed upon him, — a value determined and tested by rough things in life that uncovered the quick. Montgomery Stevens, passing among the wanderers there on the face of the earth, was respected and loved with the affection that rough men bear a true man. He did not gamble, he did not drink, he did not fight, he swore only in mirth; but they indulged him in his virtues and forgave them, knowing his strength of soul.

Winter came on at last in full stress. Snow piled high on the mountains and filled the cañon. Montgomery cut a path through it that he might reach the store to buy tobacco and chat about the stove. Many were the hours through which he entertained the circle gathered there with tales of Texas, of Mexico, of old Ben Milam, of Houston, of Davy Crockett, of Colonel Bowie, of Indians and bears and the things that men delight to hear.

Returning one evening through the first light of the full moon as it swung above the high hills, as he was passing a saloon and gambling room he heard loud quarreling. Two swift reports of a pistol leapt into the night. The door swung open. A man reeled through it, staggered toward him, and fell near his feet. As he fell, the light from the door struck upon his face. Montgomery, seeing his features, exclaimed sharply and knelt by his side.

Many men came from the saloon, clamoring angrily, and gathered about the prostrate form.

"Lynch him! Kill him! Give him another!" they cried.

Montgomery fought them off when they would have laid their hands upon the creature lying in the snow.

"Stand back!" he cried. "In God's name, what do you want with him? Can't you see that he is dying?"

"He 's a cheat!" growled one of the group. "We caught him at it. It don't go here, Stevens! He raised a fuss about it, and got what he deserved!"

Martin Van Buren: Probably the Last Picture Made of Him in Life

Some one had a rope. Montgomery grasped the hand ready to slip it about the neck of the prostrate man. He, lying in the snow, opened his eyes in wild terror and groaned, beseeching their mercy.

"Wait a minute!" commanded Montgomery. "You 've got no call to string him up. Give him another chance. Leave him to me. I 'll guarantee he won't bother you any more. I 'll take charge of him."

Their regard for the speaker made them waver for a moment. They muttered among themselves, irresolute.

"If I say he shan't bother you, he won't," resumed

Montgomery, decisively. "What more would you accomplish if you killed him?"

"Well, fellows, we 'll let him off this time," said the man with the rope, after a pause. The object of the demonstration looked with blanched cheeks at Montgomery, whose features, outside the gleam of light from the door, were barely discernible. A fear, other than the fear of the outraged mob, seized him.

With some grumbling and many threats, the men broke up and returned to the saloon.

"Come, can you walk?" asked Montgomery of the man, leaning over him again when they had gone.

The other, looking fearfully into his face, struggled to his feet with the assistance which Montgomery gave him.

"This way," said Montgomery, supporting him. "Can you make it?"

The man with great effort staggered a few feet, and sank to his knees

"No," he groaned, "I 'm done for!"

Without another word Montgomery grasped him by the body and swung him over his shoulder. It was a weary way over the snow-covered path through the stinging cold to Montgomery's cabin. When they reached it at last, it was little better than the cold outside.

Montgomery, still without a word, groped his way into the dark room and placed the man in his bunk, the only bunk there. Closing the door, he lighted a candle and set a fire in the chimney. A little feeble flame crept among the sticks, melting a spot of mellow glow in the cold darkness. Montgomery, taking the candle, returned to the man, who was groaning on the bunk with closed eyes and face twisted in pain.

"Let 's see; are you hit bad?" he said, laying his hand on the other's chest.

The man opened his eyes quickly. A look of terror came into them.

"You don't know me, do you, Stevens?" he asked, faintly, in the manner of one who dreads the answer which he seeks.

"Yes, I know you, Corliss. But that is n't going to make any difference here," replied Montgomery, calmly, opening the clothes over the wounded man's chest to examine his hurt.

"What do you mean? What are you going to do with me?" The voice of Corliss was husky from exhaustion and fright.

"I am going to see what sort of a hole they made in you."

"But what — what are you going to do with me?" He repeated the question with another inflection, which made his meaning more clear.

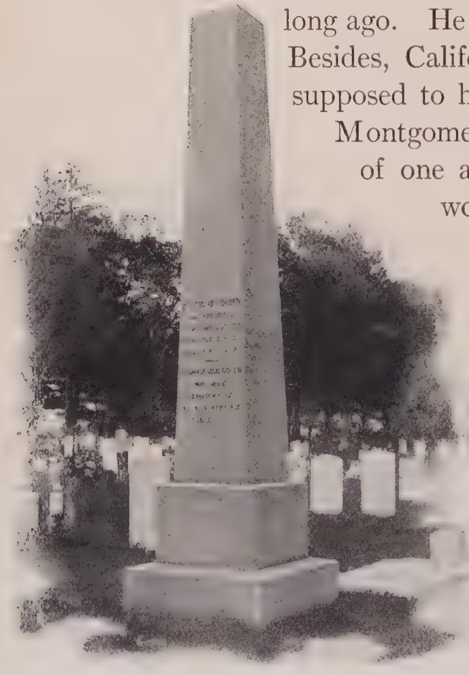
"Oh, you mean about that score of ours, do you?" Montgomery returned. "I 've left that to God, Corliss, long ago. He seems to have settled it pretty well. Besides, California is a place where everybody is supposed to have a chance to begin over again."

Montgomery's tone and manner were those of one at rest with life. He uncovered the wound, and brought the candle close for a better light upon it. Corliss watched his face eagerly.

"I guess I 'm done for," he whispered, closing his eyes in a sudden whirl of pain.

Montgomery, seeing the wound and being used to violent death, thought so too, but held his peace.

"You won't let 'em get me, Stevens?" said the sick man.



The Grave of Martin Van Buren at Kinderhook, New York

Dying as he was, forgiven by the man whose life he had wrecked, his only thought was that.

"I guess they won't come after you again if you make the most of the chance I am going to give you," returned Montgomery.

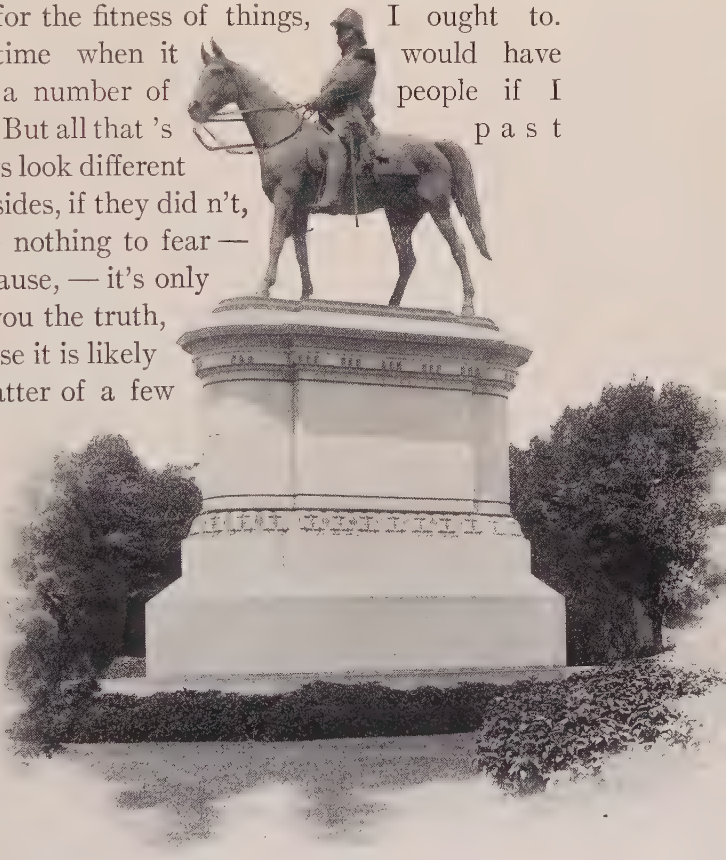
The distorting brain of Corliss found ominous significance in the words. "Now see here, Stevens," he whined, "don't go playing any tricks on me. "If you 're going to do anything to me, let me know. For God's sake, don't kill me like a cat in a bag!"

Montgomery, with a grim smile, studied his face before he answered.

"Same old Corliss, are n't you?" he said. "I know what you think. You think I am going to kill you. I am not. Perhaps, for the fitness of things, I ought to. There was a time when it would have been better for a number of people if I had—perhaps. But all that 's past and gone. Things look different to me now. Besides, if they did n't, you would have nothing to fear—from me. Because,—it's only decent to tell you the truth, Corliss,—because it is likely to be only a matter of a few hours now anyway."

The face of the stricken man went livid.

"No! no! no! Don't let me die!



Statue to General Scott at Washington (*By H. K. Brown*)

For the love of God, don't let me die! I can't die — I don't want to die!" His voice was as near a shriek as his weakness could lift it.

Montgomery sat on the edge of the bunk and took his limp hand in his own.

"Corliss," he said, "I don't know that you should feel so bad about dying. There has n't been much satisfaction for you in living, has there? Naturally, a man who has lived the way you have would be a little embarrassed at the prospect of balancing up the final account; — no, Corliss, I am not going to preach about anything," — the face of the dying man implored him. "I presume that you could make a better sermon out of that at the present moment than I could. But you need n't feel so bad about going.

"Corliss, a great many centuries ago there lived a man on the shores of the Mediterranean who knew more about these things than any man who has ever been here on earth. He said a number of things about dying that are full of comfort. I have them here in a book. Shall I read a few of them to you?"

"Christ, you mean?" whispered Corliss.

Montgomery answered with a look. Corliss shook his head, feebly. He was sinking fast in weakness.

"No," he whispered. "I can't hear them. I am too wicked for that."

The earth was slipping away from him.

"According to my understanding, you are just about wicked enough," said Montgomery. There was no malice, no reproach in word or tone. "But I won't oblige you to listen," he added.

"Great God, if I only had it to do over again!" mumbled the dying man.

"The Man I spoke of is glad to hear you say that, Corliss."

Corliss made no response. His breath was low and slow.

His lids were closed across his eyes. The candle, fluttering in the drafts that came through chink and window, made shadows on his face. Presently Corliss, opening his eyes, looked at Montgomery with the least spark of defiance in them.

"Those fellows lied to-night," he whispered. "I was n't cheating!"

The ebbing life for an instant set back into the man.

"That is of small moment between you and God, Corliss." Montgomery, still holding the hand, pressed it gently. For a long time there was silence. Corliss, laboring with himself, spoke at last.

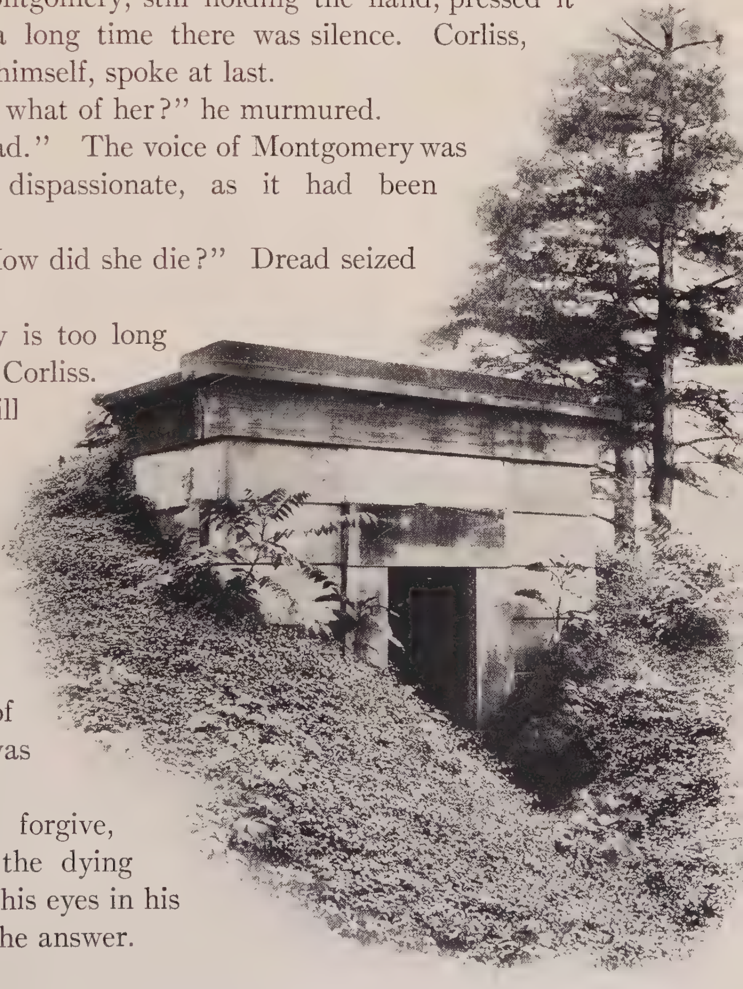
"Luella — what of her?" he murmured.

"She is dead." The voice of Montgomery was as calm, as dispassionate, as it had been throughout.

"Dead? How did she die?" Dread seized him again.

"The story is too long to be told now, Corliss. Perhaps you will learn it presently." Into the voice of Montgomery a change was coming. A note of tenderness, of compassion, was entering.

"Did she forgive, too?" asked the dying man, opening his eyes in his eagerness for the answer.



THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF ZACHARY TAYLOR

"It was not for her to forgive."

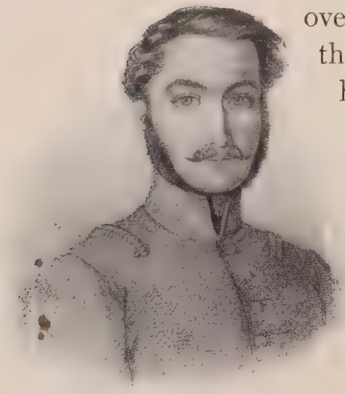
"You do not know! You do not know!"

"I know all."

"You know, — you know — " He beckoned Montgomery closer with his eyes to listen. Montgomery bent over him, his ear to the moving lips. In all the world they two were alone, yet what he had to say must be whispered silently lest the night hear it, lest the pine trees take up the cry, lest the moon hide her face and the stars flee from the sky!

"That I know," said Montgomery. More of tenderness, more of compassion, was in his voice.

"And you, you let me live even these few minutes?" Deep wonder was in the fading eyes of the dying man, marvel was in his voice. "You forgive that, too?



John A. Sutter

Where Gold was First Discovered in California

"It is not for me to forgive. It is for Him of Galilee to forgive."

The eyes of the man closed once more. His lips moved uncertainly for a space. At last they made sound.

"God, if I could only pray!" they whispered.

"That is prayer," answered Montgomery, whispering back.

Another silence. Into it came the voice of the man on the bed, faint, afar off; slow, and measured.

"Can — you — pray?"

Silently Montgomery knelt beside the bed. His clasped hands rested on the breast of the dying man. Now it scarcely moved. His voice when he spoke was solemn, soft, tender, full of the love of man.

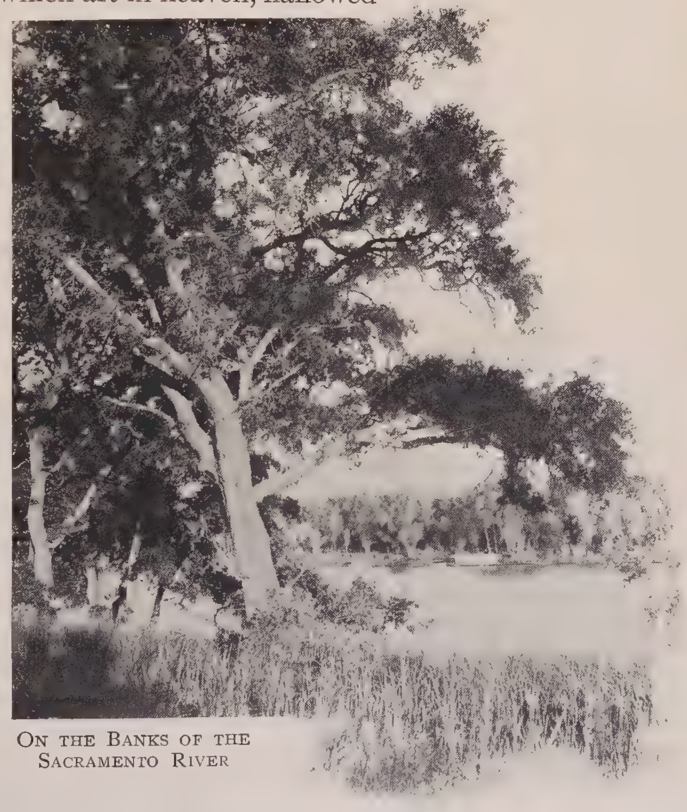
"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name —"

From the lips of the dying man came a breath, — "Thy name!"

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven —"

"Heaven!" Faintly, through the moving lips!

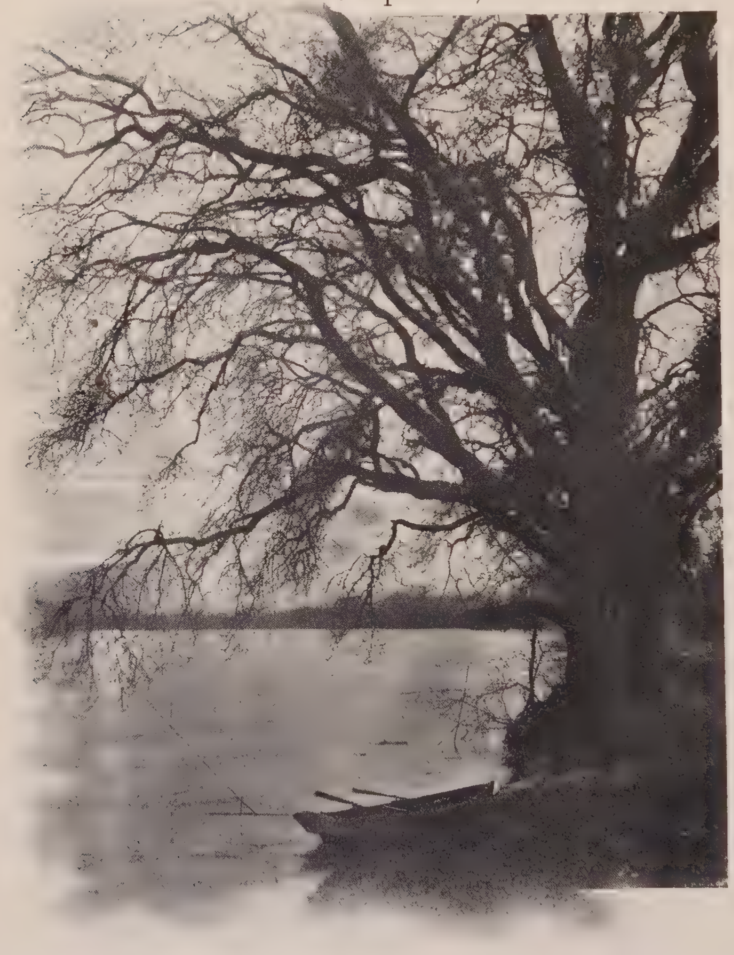
"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive — "



On the Banks of the Sacramento River

"Forgive!" Scarce a sound. Scarce any motion of the white lips.

"Those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil — "



A Glimpse of the Beautiful Sacramento River

"Deliver!" The breath that came through the parted lips was a low, long sigh. Only a soul could have heard the whispered word.

"Amen."

There was no movement of the lips. There was no sound from them. Only a smile of rapt wonder.

"Amen!"

The breast beneath the clasped hands was still.

THE END

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